THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Weekly

Founded by Benj. Franklin

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JULY 26, 1924

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Beginning **BALISAND**—By Joseph Hergesheimer

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"THE SPIRIT OF 1924"

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Mr. Horace Jimpson, proprietor of the Busy Bee Hive, retail clothiers in Mr. Scruggs' home town, tells a different story.

It seems that when Mr. Scruggs was first struggling to market his newly patented corkscrew, he came into good friend Jimpson's store one day and asked to see the cheapest suit in stock. Mr. Jimpson protested. Mr. Scruggs insisted. He pointed out the precarious state of the corkscrew business—the importunities of his creditors—the conservatism of his bankers.

"How would I look," he said, "parading down the street in a good suit? What would my creditors think?"

"'What would they think?'" shouted Mr. Jimpson. "Why, you poor fish, they would think that you had actually sold one of your blasted corkscrews!—If you want to tell the world you're through—don't worry. Buy this cheap suit and you'll get it across all right!"

It is believed that the earnestness of Mr. Jimpson carried conviction to Mr. Scruggs. At least, he bought the suit Mr. Jimpson recommended. Mr. Bilger, the banker, seeing him the next day, told the directors he believed it wise to carry Scruggs' loan a little longer. Six months later Scruggs was on his feet.

Today, when anyone comments on his meticulous grooming, Mr. Scruggs is wont to say: "Looking my best has always been a basic principle with me. In fact, at a critical time in my early days, when I could ill afford the expenditure, I bought a suit of unusually fine quality. I have always worn good clothes since then. But," adds Mr. Scruggs, with a meaning but modest smile, "I believe it has paid."

. . .

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. . .

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BALISAND

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

SWEEPING about the thrust of Ware Neck Richard Bale lost sight of the wooded shore of Balisand. The four negroes rowing his canoe sang, in low concerted voice to the rhythm of the oars, an Anabaptist hymn. God's children lost in the land of Egypt! The sound was muted, scarcely above the breath, but it had an astonishing power: Richard Bale thought that it must be audible across all the shining reaches of Mockjack Bay. The servants, he reflected, were singing well, rowing smoothly, because London, his headman, was there. A tall, strongly built negro, no longer young but narrow in the hips and flexible, he sat in the bow, singing with an immobile, rapt face. His hair, Richard Bale saw, was definitely gray, and he was sorry; but not on account of any depreciation in London's value—he was a part, from its beginning, of Bale's consciousness and of the life at Balisand.

They were turning to the right, toward the mouth of Ware River; soon Todd Hundred, where he was bound, would be clear; but now the sun blazing on the water made the far shore practically invisible. It was past the middle of June; noon lay hardly back of the canoe—he had heard the bells ringing from the plantations—and the scents of the gardens on the river, of heliotrope and roses and Cape jasmine, floated out in the still heat. Richard Bale, shifting the cushion behind him, thanked God that it was hot: he couldn't, actually, grow accustomed to summer; he had been unable to take it for granted since the winter of '77, when it had seemed that all life was frozen into a perpetual cold. Even now, in memory, a chill like ice invaded him. He saw ice bright with blood.

Somewhere beside him London had put a flask of peach brandy, and, finding it, he took a drink. He drank and swore in bitter retrospect. The negro nearest him, just beyond Richard Bale's leather box, looked up half dazed, startled out of his abstraction of song. What was it? London demanded. Richard Bale answered that it was nothing. The old familiar ache in his right leg crept up from ankle to knee, from knee to hip; and, as usual, it gave him a perception of the futility of both body and mind, a feeling of age not warranted by his thirty years. It was ridiculous, and he returned to the brandy; but the sensation persisted, the conviction that nothing was safe or permanent except, yes—except General Washington.

That he allowed; but what, he asked himself further, had Washington's integrity secured, either for his country, his officers or himself? Nothing, Richard Bale silently concluded. But he didn't, then, want to recall things so gloomy. He wasn't in the Congress at Annapolis but going to a long gay party at Todd Hundred. And no politics! Yet that, probably, was a vain declaration, with Gawin Todd back from the Virginia Legislature and Jasper Robine, the friend and supporter of Patrick Henry and of Jefferson, present. Just the thought of Thomas Jefferson, or, rather, of his principles, inflamed Bale's anger. But he admonished himself again, rigidly—no politics; he shifted his thoughts to Gawin Todd's announced engagement:

To a Miss Roderick of Henrico County. Her given name, he had heard, was Lavinia. In some way it suggested the perfume of the flowers, growing stronger as the canoe drew near to land. The Rodericks were people of consequence—her father, Peyton Roderick, was in the Virginia Council of State—although not one of the older families of the Virginia Colony; and its interests, Richard Bale suspected, lay with the new disaffection on the West. Yet that, of course, would be in perfect keeping with Gawin Todd's particularist fallacies.

Damn it, there he was again relapsing into a resentful and partisan spirit. Lavinia Roderick. Gawin had put off marrying a long while; he must be nearly thirty-five. But then he, Richard Bale, was past thirty, with no sign of an attachment of the heart. Absolutely none. However, he had been seven years away in the war, from his captain's commission in the Sixth Virginia Regulars, at Williamsburg, to Yorktown; and not only had marriage been impossible through that time; it had, as well, left him in no mood or condition for tenderness. It would have been different, perhaps, if Balisand were less capably managed; as it was, he had never seen a young and personable woman who even promised to match later the ability, the wise active force, of Mrs. Patton, his housekeeper.

It was true that she urged him to go out, in place of sitting home over a bowl of lime toddy, to attend the balls at the tavern, where, she predicted, he would soon meet with a happier fate; she thought Balisand lonely and said so; but he had no inclination for dancing. At any moment the pain might flare up his leg. The girls about him, though they had come into their early maturity while he was away, he knew too well for the entertaining there of romantic illusions. And the women, the society, he had met at Annapolis during the early session of the Congress, were too gayly metropolitan to be thought of in the terms of his quiet plantation. Still he felt that, like Gawin Todd, he would eventually marry, since he was strongly conscious of his duty toward the Bale succession. However, it must come in its own way; it couldn't be forced or deliberately planned.

That much, at any rate, he knew about love, and he asserted to himself it was enough. He wasn't lonely at Balisand. He was too glad to be back there to allow any sense of emptiness whatever. And where the lime toddy was concerned, it was his habit to ask Mrs. Patton why, then, she prepared it so beautifully. Besides all this, Morryson Bale, his uncle, although aged, was an admirable companion. Only the nights, perhaps, with Morryson asleep in his deep chair, seemed sometimes long; they would be impossible without the toddy bowl; but his days were occupied in riding about the fields, parleying with Thomas Ekkes, his overseer; meeting the gentlemen of his neighbourhood at crossroads and the Court House; playing whist at rather more than he could afford, and matching his horse Spadille against any others in Gloucester County. And now, in

With the Pistol in His Grasp, Richard Bale Suddenly Grew Steady. He Raised It With a Rigid Sweep of His Arm

"Garret"—Richard Bale Was Solemn—"There is Only One Explanation for You. It is Love. You Have Been Fatally Wounded"

addition, he was a member of the Congress of the Confederated States.

Yes, as it was, he was well employed. In reality, he had tried to avoid the party at Todd Hundred; but Charles Todd, finding him at the ordinary, had insisted that he would take his absence as an act of unfriendliness; and Mrs. Patton had prepared and laid out his formal dress without stopping to consult his wishes. Now, however, viewing the light-painted walls of Charles Todd's house across the garden, with the live oaks and cottonwood trees beyond, the dark magnolias and taller tulip poplars, he was glad of his decision to go. He had no doubt Mrs. Patton was right and that it would do him good. That naturally hadn't been the end of what she hinted . . . but he had paid no attention to a mere feminine sentimentality.

It was so pleasant on the river, in the sunlight, that he ordered his servants to stop rowing. The canoe lost its way, it half turned and slowly drifted. The negroes sat motionless, with parallel dripping oars, watching him intently. Richard Bale removed his broad planter's hat and the sun's rays fell directly into his eyes. For a moment he was blinded; he held a palm across his vision, and the river, the shore, returned through the blaze.

Suddenly he didn't want to land, again to take up with that act the difficulties and burdens of living. They had multiplied and grown heavy beyond all reason. Not that they touched him intimately, or extended to Balisand to disturb its isolated peace; but in consequence of that, they were none the less real. He wondered a little why he had consented to become a member of Congress; why, when he was so worn with struggle, he had gone back into a fight more hopeless, that promised to be more prolonged, than the War with England at its darkest. This questioning was only superficial; he was aware of all the reasons, or, perhaps, the reason, for his course. But for the moment he was annoyed at his further voluntary commitment. No one could have demanded it of him, for he had, certainly, discharged every atom of his obligation to Virginia: When the thought of that, his State, flashed into his mind, he was conscious that a change of obligations had overtaken him—at the beginning his whole duty had been to Virginia; but somewhere, midway of the late past, his allegiance had been removed from the Commonwealth, a place, to a personage. He had begun by serving the State and he had ended by a jealous devotion to General Washington. Exactly that had happened! It was, apparently, a simple affair, and growing simpler at the last: but the reverse was true: what was now a passionate attachment to an individual had been magnified into the service of a cause with no more substance than a chimera.

The same change, Richard Bale realized, he had seen come over Washington himself—the growth of a fantastic belief in the possibility of a strong and honourable Federal government for the Sovereign United States. Bale silently repeated those three words, sovereign and united states, with an utter savage contempt. If he could have remembered them all, he would have cursed the States separately. He recalled, in spite of his contrary determination, the negligence politics and selfishness had shown the Continental Army. The war had for ever killed in him any regard for the supposed sacredness of the individual. He had come to hate troops of men, the militia, and to detest the instruments of what was called self-government. On one side he had seen the Toryism of merchants, rich shippers, who wanted to keep their privileges and wealth at any cost to independence; and on the other the ignorant apathy of a poor who asked nothing better than a wild without responsibility, and the game of killing or being killed by Indians.

There had been, he recognized, absolutely no connection between the body of the newly united states and the army that won its freedom. The federated Congress had been as bad as Pennsylvania—he chose a notorious example. During the war there had been forced upon him, and the officers he operated with, a feeling of complete detachment from the people for whom, ostensibly, he was fighting. Yes, his allegiance had been removed from Virginia, even from the inhabitants of the Tidewater, to a man who, by some process of magic, had lost his identity in a heroic ideal.

That, for him, was what had happened to General Washington—he had entered into an obligation where no loyalty or force or purpose existed, and he had created them all out of his own spirit. More than that—he was obsessed by the conviction that they could be made permanent. Such was the conviction which had carried him, Richard Bale, into his present uncomfortable position. It had all the aspects of a battle hopeless from the first; but, he reminded himself, he was accustomed to that. His mature experience had been made up of nothing else—forced marches, retreats in the night, lost engagements, guns without ammunition, companies without men, leaders who had no faith.

That had been impossibly bad; but this, the dragging inaction at Annapolis, was worse. In battle, at least, there were men to be confronted—he had slain deserters—but in Congress there were nothing but concealed and unendurable insults. There was hardly a member present, out of the scant twenty-five or so, with whom he would have descended to fight. That, too, the fact that he was consciously, obviously, a gentleman, had begun to add to his difficulties. He thought of himself, with a sense of the deepest [illegible] more highly than he thought of the common multitude. There were privileges, just as there were duties, to which he had been born. And, though he would permit nothing on earth to limit him in their exercise, he realized that a lower order, as a body, was elevating itself into a place from which, sooner or later, it might easily dictate at least the material form of his living.

He had enlisted instantly against the appearance of an intolerable injustice; this, at the time, had been enough; and a stiff smile moved his lips at the memory of his beginning simple fervour. But it was in the establishment of a succeeding integrity that the real, the lasting, struggle began. That, of course, lay between what was necessary, if there was ever to be a nation in America, and what the increasing ignorant mass temporarily demanded. It was to the latter all his power was opposed; and if the worst happened, he thought, he'd retire to Balisand and end his life as it had begun, in the manner of his family. Again he

recalled Washington, who had returned to his plantation, to the life of a country gentleman; but that, in effect, hadn't continued; it couldn't last, Richard Bale reflected. A vision born at Trenton and Monmouth and Stony Point kept Washington bitterly engaged in the blunders of an immaterial country.

The same thing, in a lesser degree, had happened to him. . . . The flask, Richard Bale found, was empty. Only strife for him on the shore; or, to be precise, at Trenton, in November. It was better here, floating tranquilly on the water. The fragrance of a flower was its most invaluable quality. There was still time to drift before he landed, before dinner. He heard, very faintly, the sound of music, of fiddles, and he realized that dancing had begun at Todd Hundred; probably it had started soon after breakfast; and it would go on through the afternoon and for most of the night.

There was a deeper reluctance than any he had grasped for going on shore; it was without reason, nothing more than premonition; yet it was acute, with the effect on him of a suspended grief. This, he told himself, was the result of the distant music and the peach brandy. If it got so that brandy made him sentimental he'd have to stop drinking.

"London," he said abruptly, "I think we'd better come in to the wharf."

"They'll go right along without you if we don't," the negro replied; "sweet sounds are in that house."

The oars slipped quietly into the water and the canoe was swung about. As they drew near the long slight wharf at Todd Hundred, a servant in a white coat moved out to its end.

"You had better take Little York up to the house," London advised his master. "I wouldn't trust those Todd niggers with your fine shirts and gold buttons."

"Mr. Todd's house is a damned sight better run than Balisand," Richard Bale told him. "Any servant that touches my things will get in chains."

London laughed good-naturedly, and then he leaned out, taking hold of the wharf. Bale rose uncertainly, stiff from his cramped position in the canoe, and a number of hands assisted him to the steps. The music of the fiddles grew louder and he could hear a voice calling the figure of a quadrille. A mimosa tree was massed with a fragile white flowering.

On the narrow way leading over the water to the land he recalled the fact that the wharf at Balisand needed mending. There was no proper covering at the landing. It occurred to him to tell London about this at once, and he stopped, bringing the Todd servant following with his box to a sharp halt. But the canoe was already out on the river. London had started for home. The negroes were singing again—Lost . . . in Egypt. And the minor harmony of their voices mingled with the strains of the fiddles. The sun was almost behind him, and the trees that formed the shore of Ware Neck rose bluely from a level silver tide except where lawns, cut from the forest, met the river. The man carrying his things shuffled his feet; he was unable to go on; and Richard moved forward with a slight limp.

On his right there were the trees and close grass, ahead was a dairy house, whitewashed, and a buttercup field; and on the left was the manor of Todd Hundred. The central part was in two stories, with a small portico and flattened roof, and there was a projection of one story at either end. The wing away from the river, which held the dining room, was connected with the kitchen by a covered brick walk; and beyond the kitchen—drawing the façades of low orderly brick into a long line—was Charles Todd's office. There were steps leading down from the drawing-room to the lawn and river. The garden was now hidden from Richard Bale by the house.

He stopped at the main portico, but the negro at his back explained that Miss Ava had directed him to be carried to the room above the schoolhouse. She thought he would be quieter there and have more room to spread out. So he continued past the house, the kitchens and office, and then turned to the left. The schoolhouse was at the corner of a hedge that inclosed the small separate dwellings of the slave quarters. There were no windows on that side, but the room that Richard Bale occupied looked out, on two walls, over the garden and the river. There was, he knew, another room on that floor, where the tutor lived. Very comfortable he must be, Bale told himself aloud.

A bed was small, but the linen choice, and it was carefully hung with mosquito net; there was a case of drawers, a clear mirror, a table and two straight chairs.

The leather box was put down as he directed; the servant, leaving, stood aside for a second, who brought a can of hot water and a tray that held a decanter of Antigua rum.

"Miss Ava says I was to take care of you." The negro unfastened the strap of the box. "Dinner I heard was at three."

He laid out Richard's things with the assertion that Mr. Robine—he was attending him, too—had brought seventeen waistcoats for the day or so he expected to be at Todd Hundred. There was still an hour before he would be expected in the dining room. He took a deep drink of the Antigua rum, and then, critically, tried it again.

"That must be fourth proof," he decided.

"It catches right hold of the gentlemen," the servant admitted. "Whisky's good enough for a headman and Guinea whites, but Mr. Charles and his friends like rum."

Richard Bale had another drink. He sat on one chair with his legs extended over the other. Below him the flower borders were bright with colour, there were blue patches of Canterbury bells, and through the cedars that bounded the garden the river was no more material than the sky. A deep contentment settled over him, and he determined to stay here and not go down for dinner. He had preserved this anyhow, Richard assured himself, out

(Continued on Page 56)

Lavinia Went Down the Steps, Out Into the Garden, and He Walked Behind Her. She Led Him to the Summer-House

Letters From Theodore Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt Cowles

THE letters in this series have been chosen from a large number written by the late Theodore Roosevelt to his older sister, commencing in 1870, when he was a boy eleven years old, and ending with a short note only a few days before his death; they represent about one-fourth of the number of those that were kept, whole years evidently having been destroyed or lost.

During the years that he and his sister lived in the same places the correspondence was very slight.

Included among the letters are several to his mother and father, merely to show his gradual development during boyhood and early young manhood; also one or two to his brother-in-law, Admiral Cowles, which exemplify his accurate knowledge of the condition and needs of our Navy long before he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Theodore Roosevelt's Room at Harvard Which He Mentions in Several of His Letters

I—Youth and College

RICHFIELD, August 14th, 1870, Sunday.

MY DEAR BAMIE: I am here at Richfield now. Of course I came here because I was sick, and it is only ten hours in the cars and two in the boat from Oyster Bay, where I was. My Aunts Lucy, Susy and Mary, with Uncle Hill, Johney, Frank and Maud are up here also. I have been several times sick since I came home and the result was that I visited Philadelphia, New York, Oyster Bay, Saratoga and Richfield.

I can swim now. Yesterday we went over to the Lake and back on foot, and had a very nice time, but it rained in the afternoon, which as I had no book to read, I have a headache to-day.

I am writing on a chair whose seat is almost on a level with the table. Excuse hand writing. Love to all.

Ever yours,

T. ROOSEVELT.

P. S.—I can not think of anything more to day.

DRESDEN, June 22d, 1873.

MY DEAR FATHER: Did you receive my German letter? I wrote it all by myself and it was sent without any corrections. I have also composed and sent another and much harder letter; viz. that one to agent of the Austrian Loyd Co. I did not get this finished and directed to my satisfaction until I had invoked the aid of all the gods and several of the Minkvitz. Now that Corinne has come here she is as happy as the day is long, and so are Ellie and I for the matter of that. We have made the acquaintance of another boy, a friend of Johnie's, named Edward Jacobs (spelled that way?) who is a month younger than me, but much taller and stronger. He is a very nice boy, never swears or uses language that could not be uttered in ladies' drawing-rooms, and yet is always ready to box or swim or do any other thing we propose.

Yesterday he and Johnie came here in the afternoon. First of all, we had some boxing rounds, in most of which I took a part, and in the only one I had with Ellie received a bloody nose and got and gave a number of hard other blows, but he got rather the best of it. I then had several rounds with Johnie and Edward, in which I kept my own, as Johnie is smaller, though more used to fighting, and Edward, although much larger, does not know so much about boxing.

We then went swimming in the Elbe, which was perfectly magnificent fun, and I have not forgotten how to swim a bit. . . .

Your affectionate son,

THEODORE THE YOUNGER.

"Ellie" was his brother Elliott Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt, Father of Colonel Roosevelt

NEW YORK,
Wednesday,
April 15th, 1874.

MY OWN darling little Mother: I went to Miss Nelly Dean's wedding yesterday, and made myself so agreeable that one old Lady paid me a compliment. She evidently had a great deal of discrimination. I made one blunder, however, for some sandwiches dropped into the Charlotte russe and I innocently helped cousin Leila to a fair share of both. When she got down to the sandwiches her horror was only equaled by my consternation. Your own little son TEDIE.

P. S.—Excuse your bad little son, ELLIE.

4 WEST
57TH STREET.

DARLING BYSIE: I am writing on the last sheet of Emlen's paper; with my usual watchful providence I neglected to bring any of my own. . . . I have enjoyed myself very much so far; I have just come back from an eight days trip up Mt. Katahdin with Arthur and Emlen. Rather to my surprise I found I could carry heavier loads and travel farther and faster than either of them; and could stand rough work better. Black flies were very plentiful, but they did not bother me much; Cutler was exceedingly annoyed, his face gradually getting to look like a roughly executed map of the Rocky Mts. Fording a stream I lost one of my shoes, and so I had to do the whole distance in moccasins; which protect the feet just about as effectually as kid gloves would. So I got pretty foot-sore while climbing the mountains; but nevertheless I was the only one of the three that reached the summit. Tomorrow I start for three weeks to the Munsungun, going alone with Bill Seawell in a canoe. Your Loving Brother

THEE.

Best love to old Nell.

"Nell" refers to his brother Elliott. Arthur was Mr. Arthur H. Cutler, eventually the head of a large and well-known boys' school in New York City. He began his New York experience as tutor to Theodore and Elliott Roosevelt.

March 4th, '76.

DARLING MOTHERLING: My mission class today went off very well. En passant, the boys have christened me "Teacher Four Eyes," in playful allusion to my eyeglasses.

Your Aff. Son

THEE, JR.

16 WINTHROP ST., CAMBRIDGE,
Sept. 30th, 1876.

MY DARLING SISTER: I have just received your sweet letter. Darling Bamie, you will not miss me more than I miss you. Ever since I came here I have been wondering what I should have done if you had not fitted up my room for me. The curtains, carpet, furniture, in short everything is really beautiful; I have never seen prettier or more tasteful wall paper. When I get my pictures and books, I do not think there will be a room in College more handsome or comfortable. The fellows at my table seem to be very pleasant, especially Minot Weld, who,

Theodore Roosevelt With Jewell and Dow at Chimney Butte Ranch

poor fellow, is lame in one leg. I am becoming acquainted quite rapidly with the members of my class, although of course I can never get to know the entire two hundred and fifty. Johny Lamson (who, by the way, is *very* handsome) asked me to join his table which of course I was unable to do.

Your Aff. Brother
THEE JR.

The rooms at 16 Winthrop Street were taken because, on account of his asthma, it was considered unwise for him to live in ground-floor rooms, which were the only kind to be had in the college buildings.

16 WINTHROP ST.,
CAMBRIDGE,
Oct. 22d, 1876.

DEAREST FATHER: Your letter with the slip of paper containing an account of your speech has only just come to hand. Was not Mr. Cutler's letter ever so kind? I have also received a letter from Uncle Jimmie Bulloch, which was so sweet and touching that it really almost made me feel like crying. I enclose it to you. I have appreciated greatly the numbers of letters I have received from home and have appreciated still more their contents. I do not think there is a fellow in College who has a family that love him as much as you all do me, and I am *sure* that there is no one who has a Father who is also his best and most intimate friend, as you are mine. I have kept the first letter you wrote me and shall do my best to deserve your trust. I do not find it nearly so hard as I expected not to drink and smoke, many of the fellows backing me up. For example, out of the eleven other boys at the table where I am, no less than seven do not smoke and four drink nothing stronger than beer.

I wish you would send in a petition for me to attend the Congregational church here. . . .

My expenses have been very heavy hitherto, with paying my room rent in advance, buying my clothing, etc., but at the worst I will not have to draw upon you till about Christmas time, and I may not have to do it then.

With best love to all I am Your Loving Son THEE JR.

16 WINTHROP ST., CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 29th, 1876.

BELOVED MOTHERLING: The clock and bag are just what I wanted. The spring of the latter at first proved a sort of Chinese Puzzle to me, but after a day or two I managed to get it open, and it came into use almost immediately, as I spent last Sunday with Mr. Minot. "Dat highly respectable Babbit" sent me a beautiful Testament.

Your letter and one that I have just received from Father have been put away in my private drawer. It seems perfectly wonderful, in looking back over my eighteen years of existence, to see how I have literally never spent an unhappy day, unless by my own fault! When I think of this and also of my intimacy with you all (for I hardly know a boy who is on as intimate and affectionate terms with his family as I am) I feel that I have an immense amount to be thankful for. With many thanks for my birthday gifts, I am Your Loving Son THEE, JR.

16 WINTHROP ST., CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 11th, 1876.

DARLING BAMIE: My short visit made me quite homesick. I enjoy myself ever so much here, and the fellows are very pleasant, but I thoroughly realize that there's no place like home. I have to work harder than I expected; which is the ordinary complaint among the boys. Poor Johny —— (who is by no means well up in his studies) remarked to me that he came to college to enjoy himself instead of which he had to study all the time. It is astonishing how few fellows have come here with any idea of getting an education. Your Loving Brother THEE, JR.

16 WINTHROP ST., CAMB., Feb. 11th, 1877.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: I am going to write such a long, chatty letter that I think it shall be to both of you together. But first a word to Father; not only am I not subsisting on husks, but, to carry out the simile, I still have a good deal of (potted) veal left from the calves so liberally killed for my benefit at Christmas. On the first of next month, however, I shall get you to send me on a hundred dollars, as I told you.

Perhaps you would like me to describe completely one day of college life; so I shall take last Monday. At half past seven my scout, having made the fire and blacked the boots, calls me, and I get round to breakfast at eight. Only a few of the boys are at breakfast, most having spent the night in Boston. Our quarters now are nice and sunny, and the room is prettily papered and ornamented. For breakfast we have tea or coffee, hot biscuits, toast, chops or beefsteak, and buckwheat cakes. After breakfast I study till ten, when the mail arrives and is eagerly inspected. From eleven to twelve there is a

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Outfitted for a Western Hunting Trip. At Right—Theodore Roosevelt Taking Three Horse Thieves to Mandan

JOHN JACKSON'S ARCADY

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE first letter, crumpled into an emotional ball, lay at his elbow, and it did not matter faintly now what this second letter contained. For a long time after he had stripped off the envelope, he still gazed up at the oil painting of slain grouse over the sideboard, just as though he had not faced it every morning at breakfast for the past twelve years. Finally he lowered his eyes and began to read:

"*Dear Mr. Jackson:* This is just a reminder that you have consented to speak at our annual meeting Thursday. We don't want to dictate your choice of a topic, but it has occurred to me that it would be interesting to hear from you on What Have I Got Out of Life. Coming from you this should be an inspiration to everyone.

"We are delighted to have you anyhow, and we appreciate the honor that you confer on us by coming at all.

"Most cordially yours,

"ANTHONY ROREBACK,
"Sec. Civic Welfare League."

"What have I got out of life?" repeated John Jackson aloud, raising up his head.

He wanted no more breakfast, so he picked up both letters and went out on his wide front porch to smoke a cigar and lie about for a lazy half hour before he went downtown. He had done this each morning for ten years—ever since his wife ran off one windy night and gave him back the custody of his leisure hours. He loved to rest on this porch in the fresh warm mornings and through a porthole in the green vines watch the automobiles pass along the street, the widest, shadiest, pleasantest street in town.

"What have I got out of life?" he said again, sitting down on a creaking wicker chair; and then, after a long pause, he whispered, "Nothing."

The word frightened him. In all his forty-five years he had never said such a thing before. His greatest tragedies had not embittered him, only made him sad. But here beside the warm friendly rain that tumbled from his eaves onto the familiar lawn, he knew at last that life had stripped him clean of all happiness and all illusion.

He knew this because of the crumpled ball which closed out his hope in his only son. It told him what a hundred hints and indications had told him before; that his son was weak and vicious, and the language in which it was conveyed was no less emphatic for being polite. The letter was from the dean of the college at New Haven, a gentleman who said exactly what he meant in every word:

"*Dear Mr. Jackson:* It is with much regret that I write to tell you that your son, Ellery Hamil Jackson, has been requested to withdraw from the university. Last year largely, I am afraid, out of personal feeling toward you, I yielded to your request that he be allowed another chance. I see now that this was a mistake, and I should be failing in my duty if I did not tell you that he is not the sort of boy we want here. His conduct at the sophomore dance was such that several undergraduates took it upon themselves to administer violent correction.

"It grieves me to write you this, but I see no advantage in presenting the case otherwise than as it is. I have requested that he leave New Haven by the day after tomorrow. I am, sir,

"Yours very sincerely,
"AUSTIN SCHEMMERHORN
"Dean of the College."

What particularly disgraceful thing his son had done John Jackson did not care to imagine. He knew without any question that what the dean said was true. Why, there were houses already in this town where his son, John Jackson's son, was no longer welcome! For a while Ellery had been forgiven because of his father, and he had been more than forgiven at home, because John Jackson was one of those rare men who can forgive even their own families. But he would never be forgiven any more. Sitting on his porch this morning beside the gentle April rain, something had happened in his father's heart.

"What have I had out of life?" John Jackson shook his head from side to side with quiet, tired despair. "Nothing!"

He picked up the second letter, the civic-welfare letter, and read it over; and then helpless, dazed laughter shook him physically until he trembled in his chair. On Wednesday, at the hour when his delinquent boy would arrive at the motherless home, John Jackson would be standing on a platform downtown, delivering one hundred resounding platitudes of inspiration and cheer. "Members of the association"—their faces, eager, optimistic, impressed, would look up at him like hollow moons—"I have been requested to try to tell you in a few words what I have had from life ——"

Many people would be there to hear, for the clever young secretary had hit upon a topic with the personal note—what John Jackson, successful, able and popular, had found for himself in the tumultuous grab bag. They would listen with wistful attention, hoping that he would disclose some secret formula that would make their lives as popular and successful and happy as his own. They believed in rules; all the young men in the city believed in hard-and-fast rules, and many of them clipped coupons and sent away for little booklets that promised them the riches and good fortune they desired.

"Members of the association, to begin with, let me say that there is so much in life that if we don't find it, it is not the fault of life, but of ourselves."

The ring of the stale, dull words mingled with the patter of the rain went on and on endlessly, but John Jackson knew that he would never make that speech, or any speeches ever again. He had dreamed his last dream too long, but he was awake at last.

"I shall not go on flattering a world that I have found unkind," he whispered to the rain. "Instead, I shall go out of this house and out of this town and somewhere find again the happiness that I possessed when I was young."

Nodding his head, he tore both letters into small fragments and dropped them on the table beside him. For half an hour longer he sat there, rocking a little and smoking his cigar slowly and blowing the blue smoke out into the rain.

"Yes, I've Been Married," He Answered Gravely. "My Wife Went Away With Someone She Cared for Many Years Ago"

II

DOWN at his office, his chief clerk, Mr. Fowler, approached him with his morning smile.

"Looking fine, Mr. Jackson. Nice day if it hadn't rained."

"Yeah," agreed John Jackson cheerfully. "Clear up in an hour. Anybody outside?"

"A lady named Mrs. Ralston."

Mr. Fowler raised his grizzled eyebrows in facetious mournfulness.

"Tell her I can't see her," said John Jackson, rather to his clerk's surprise. "And let me have a pencil memorandum of the money I've given away through her these twenty years."

"Why—yes, sir."

Mr. Fowler had always urged John Jackson to look more closely into his promiscuous charities; but now, after these two decades, it rather alarmed him.

When the list arrived—its preparation took an hour of burrowing through old ledgers and check stubs—John Jackson studied it for a long time in silence.

"That woman's got more money than you have," grumbled Fowler at his elbow. "Every time she comes in she's wearing a new hat. I bet she never hands out a cent herself—just goes around asking other people."

John Jackson did not answer. He was thinking that Mrs. Ralston had been one of the first women in town to bar Ellery Jackson from her house. She did quite right, of course; and yet perhaps back there when Ellery was sixteen, if he had cared for some nice girl

"Thomas J. MacDowell's outside. Do you want to see him? I said I didn't think you were in, because on second thoughts, Mr. Jackson, you look tired this morning ——"

"I'll see him," interrupted John Jackson.

He watched Fowler's retreating figure with an unfamiliar expression in his eyes. All that cordial diffuseness of Fowler's—he wondered what it covered in the man's heart. Several times, without Fowler's knowledge, Jackson had seen him giving imitations of the boss for the benefit of the other employes; imitations with a touch of malice in them that John Jackson had smiled at then, but that now crept insinuatingly into his mind.

"Doubtless he considers me a good deal of a fool," murmured John Jackson thoughtfully, "because I've kept him long after his usefulness was over. It's a way men have, I suppose, to despise anyone they can impose on."

Thomas J. MacDowell, a big barn door of a man with huge white hands, came boisterously into the office. If John Jackson had gone in for enemies he must have started with Tom MacDowell. For twenty years they had fought over every question of municipal affairs, and back in 1908 they had once stood facing each other with clenched hands on a public platform, because Jackson had said in print what everyone knew—that MacDowell was the worst political influence that the town had ever known. That was forgotten now; all that was remembered of it went into a peculiar flash of the eye that passed between them when they met.

"Hello, Mr. Jackson," said MacDowell with full, elaborate cordiality. "We need your help and we need your money."

"How so?"

"Tomorrow morning, in the Eagle, you'll see the plan for the new Union Station. The only thing that'll stand in the way is the question of location. We want your land."

"My land?"

"The railroad wants to build on the twenty acres just this side of the river, where your warehouse stands. If you'll let them have it cheap we get our station; if not, we can just whistle into the air."

Jackson nodded.

"I see."

"What price?" asked MacDowell mildly.

"No price."

His visitor's mouth dropped open in surprise.

"That from you?" he demanded.

John Jackson got to his feet.

"I've decided not to be the local goat any more," he announced steadily. "You threw out the only fair, decent plan because it interfered with some private reservations of your own. And now that there's a snag, you'd like the punishment to fall on me. I tear down my warehouse and hand over some of the best property in the city for a song because you made a little 'mistake' last year!"

"But last year's over now," protested MacDowell. "Whatever happened then doesn't change the situation now. The city needs the station, and so"—there was a faint touch of irony in his voice—"and so naturally I come to its leading citizen, counting on his well-known public spirit."

"Go out of my office, MacDowell," said John Jackson suddenly. "I'm tired."

MacDowell scrutinized him severely.

"What's come over you today?"

Jackson closed his eyes.

"I don't want to argue," he said after a while.

MacDowell slapped his fat upper leg and got to his feet.

"This is a funny attitude from you," he remarked. "You better think it over."

"Good-by."

Perceiving, to his astonishment, that John Jackson meant what he said, MacDowell took his monstrous body to the door.

"Well, well," he said, turning and shaking his finger at Jackson as if he were a bad boy, "who'd have thought it from you after all?"

When he had gone Jackson rang again for his clerk.

"I'm going away," he remarked casually. "I may be gone for some time—perhaps a week, perhaps longer. I want you to cancel every engagement I have and pay off my servants at home and close up my house."

Mr. Fowler could hardly believe his ears.

"Close up your house?"

Jackson nodded

"But why—why is it?" demanded Fowler in amazement.

Jackson looked out the high window upon the gray little city drenched now by slanting, slapping rain—his city, he had felt sometimes, in those rare moments when life had lent him time to be happy. That flash of green trees running up the main boulevard—he had made that possible, and Children's Park, and the white dripping buildings around Courthouse Square over the way.

"I don't know," he answered, "but I think I ought to get a breath of spring."

When Fowler had gone he put on his hat and raincoat and, to avoid anyone who might be waiting, went through an unused filing room that gave access to the elevator. The filing room was actively inhabited this morning, however; and, rather to his surprise, by a young boy about nine years old, who was laboriously writing his initials in chalk on the steel files.

"Hello!" exclaimed John Jackson

He was accustomed to speak to children in a tone of interested equality.

"I didn't know this office was occupied this morning."

The little boy looked at him steadily.

"My name's John Jackson Fowler," he announced.

"What?"

"My name's John Jackson Fowler."

"Oh, I see. You're—you're Mr. Fowler's son?"

"Yeah, he's my father."

"I see." John Jackson's eyes narrowed a little. "Well, I bid you good morning."

He passed on out the door, wondering cynically what particular ax Fowler hoped to grind by this unwarranted compliment. John Jackson Fowler! It was one of his few sources of relief that his own son did not bear his name.

A few minutes later he was writing on a yellow blank in the telegraph office below:

"ELLERY JACKSON,

"Chapel Street,
"New Haven,
"Connecticut.

"There is not the slightest reason for coming home, because you have no home to come to any more. The Mammoth Trust Company of New York will pay you fifty dollars a month for the rest of your life, or for as long as you can keep yourself out of jail.

"JOHN JACKSON."

"That's—that's a long message, sir," gasped the dispatcher, startled. "Do you want it to go straight?"

"Straight," said John Jackson, nodding.

III

HE RODE seventy miles that afternoon, while the rain dried up into rills of dust on the windows of the train and the country became green with vivid spring. When the sun was growing definitely crimson in the west he disembarked at a little lost town named Florence, just over the border of the next state. John Jackson had been born in this town; he had not been back here for twenty years.

The taxi driver, whom he recognized, silently, as a certain George Stirling, playmate of his youth, drove him to a battered hotel, where, to the surprise of the delighted landlord, he engaged a room. Leaving his raincoat on the sagging bed, he strolled out through a deserted lobby into the street.

It was a bright, warm afternoon, and the silver sliver of a moon riding already in the east promised a clear, brilliant night. John Jackson walked along a somnolent Main Street, where every shop

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When the Sunset Fell Together in a Jumbled Heap of Color in the Bottom of the Sky, They Strolled Back Along the Quiet Road

COME AND TRIP UP

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY
RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

"Now," Said Slewfoot, "If You Ladies and Gentlemen Will Stand in Line, So, We Will Begin the First Lesson. I Suppose You All Know the Old Two-Step and Waltz"

A GOOD woman, like it says in the Book, may be far above rubies, but what she can make outta good man is far below rubles. No jane ain't happy till she's reformed the bobo she's backed her charge account into. It don't make no never mind how perfect the lad is at the take-off; in the stretch he don't no more resemble the boy he used to cut when shaving hisself than a plate of onion soup resembles a double quartet of Alabama high-yaller yellers singing Take Me Back to Ireland, My Mother's Still There, at a Fenian fiesta.

I ain't claiming that I was a one hundred per cent gosh-darn-it before Kate dark-parlored me into the idea that two could feel as cheap as one, but I anyways had myselfs doped out as a average young feller that was trained proper at home and whipped into pretty fair shape. We ain't no sooner shook the last of the rice outta our rags when I finds out different.

From hints the frau heaves around the hut the betting seems to be that I was brung up by Digger Indians in the hog run of a slaughterhouse, and that I didn't have nearly so many refinements as a polecat's got changes of silk underwear. After the which she starts out to make me a better but fewer man.

I ain't the kinda egg that can be led around by the yolk and the misses knows well that she can't make me do nothing that I don't wanna; but just for meanness and to show right quick which of us in the roost is got the bass voice, I crosses her and does what she tells me to. No frill, I makes up my mind, is gonna get by with the notion that she can assume that Dink O'Day ain't gonna do like she wants. Not in a never.

Having thus put my best feet forwards and tipped the wife that I ain't to be trifled with without impunity, I takes etiquette and society manners on for a few fast rounds. In hardly no times you could 'a' crashed any affair at the which I was the piece of resistance and easy mistook me for a cross between Lord Chesterfields, a head waiter with a palm he loves you to touch, and a young stock salesman trying to salve a gold-star mother into a buy of German marks, combining the best features of all three.

In the next dozen years I gets more polish on me than they is on a Greek bootblack's wedding shoes. Because Kate wants me to, but thinks I'll refuse, for spite, I goes in for bridge and mah-jongg and other kinda tripey messes that is supposed to make you a man about town, about. I dresses the part, too, and it ain't long before I can tell you offhands what shade of gray spats a cuckoo with red hair and flat feet should oughta wear at a formal dog fight on Sunday evening in the late spring, or the kinda socks that matches a pale-green union suit and a dark-brown taste if you're gonna stay home by yourselfs on a Monday morning in the early fall, just offa Central Park.

Maybe it ain't quite that bad, but that's the way it feels. I finally decides that I've got all the swell finish they is, so one night, after a nifty dinner at the which my delicate handling of a Arthur choke attracts a lotta attentions, I remarks to my bobbed-haired bandit, "Ain't I or is I a sociable triumph?"

"Well," she answers, "considering the piece of raw Hamburger they threw on my bridal doorstep, you ain't such a worse. A few more years of cooking and you'll almost be fit to meet."

"I'm as well done as you'll ever get me," I yelps. "Where do you figure I'm shy?"

"You're anything but that," returns the relative by marriage. "What you need is poise."

"Try and make me wear 'em!" I barks.

"Poise," Kate tells me, "ain't clothes. You put it on, but don't take it off."

"Weight?" I inquires.

"Balance," she comes back. "That's what poise is. It's the arts of walking graceful into a room as if you belonged there, instead of fumbling around and acting like you missed the brass rail to rest your feet on and the counter to park your elbow. It's knowing how to stand and what to do with your hands and the such forth."

"What's the matter," I asks, "with the way I handle my lunch hooks? They ain't been found in nobody's pockets yet, has they?"

"I ain't heard no complaints," admits the frau, "but I noticed when you was talking to Minnie McMatzo before dinner you was jigging around like you was standing on hot plates and that you didn't have no control over your arms from the wrists down."

"Huh!" I growls. "You wouldn't 'a' had no control neither if you'd 'a' heard what she said about you."

"What did she said about me?" shrills the wife.

"Oh!" I shudders. "What a pain in the grammar! Hold your poise, gal," I goes on, thinking fast. "She just asked who that stuck-up wampus was that come downstairs and I shot back hot that nobody could talk to me like that about you at a party."

"How do you know," questions the misses, "that she meant me? I wasn't upstairs all evening."

"Gosh," I mumbles, "that's right! She didn't mention no names. I wonder what made me think it was you she was slamming? I guess it's because I always got you in my mind."

"Get me outta that slum quick then," snaps Kate, "and the next time you tries to shoo me offa subject do something brilliant like falling in the mud and getting drowned. You gotta entertain me if you wants me to forget."

"Forget!" I gasps. "What do you figure I'm trying to make you forget?"

"Them dancing lessons," she replies.

"Them whiches?" I hollers.

"Them dancing lessons," repeats the stroke, "that you is gonna take."

"I'd love to," says I, "but all my time's gonna be filled up from now and on studying poise. I gotta make them dogs and digits of mine behave right."

"Where do you think you learn poise?" asks Kate. "In a pretzel foundry?"

"I ain't quite sure," I kids, "but I oughta find out at Dutch Henry's place. He's always talking about his poys."

"Monday night," goes on the wife, "us and the Magruders and the Ritters is all going to Professor Slewfoot's Salon for ——"

"His what?" I interrupts.

"Not the kind you're used to," returns Kate. "They ain't no sawdust on the floor, and besides they is only one 'o' in the place."

"And that ain't all," I shouts. "They is only gonna be one O'Day there, also, if any. I'm through being slicked. I've stood for you turning me into a card-table cowboy, a davenport dead shot and a pressed-pants pirate; but if you got a idea you're gonna start me on a wicked wabble over the wax, you're as mad as a March herring. Ain't you got no respects for my declining years?"

"What do you mean, declining years?" inquires the wife. "Think you're old?"

"Maybe not," says I; "but just the same I've reached my declining years and I'll prove it to you by declining to make a sucker outta myselfs and ——"

"It's too late for that," cuts in the frau. "Everybody's learning to dance these days. It keeps you young, gives you lotta poise, a graceful carriage ——"

"——and," I finishes, "a team of Charley horses to drag it along with."

"Besides," continues Mrs. O'Day, "we should oughta have a lotta fun with the Magruders and the Ritters at the lessons."

"How comes it," I asks, "that Jim don't know how to dance? I thought they wasn't nothing that's been done, is being done and ain't been done yet that Magruder ain't done better than the guy that suppressed the book."

"He's just coming along for the company."

"That settles it, of course," says I. "Five thousand left-handers talking different languages could get together and be company; but the minute that puncture showed up it'd become a crowd, and how you gonna dance in that kinda jam?"

"Oh, very well," resigns the wife. "I'll call up Lizzie and tell her you won't go, though it ain't hardly necessary. I told her this afternoon you wouldn't."

"You did, did you?" I shouts. "What right you got to say what I ain't or is gonna do?"

"Anyways," goes on Kate, "I just happened to think we got that appointment for Monday night you made with the Stebbinses."

"Break it," I orders, stern. "I'll cure you of the habit of trying to outguess me."

II

ON THE way to Professor Slewfoot's in my gas can, Magruder shows us a good time with a account of what a howling he wolf he is when it comes to tripping the light fanatic; and, as per usual, that Liz of his acts as feeder for his pipe line and yesses him on. Me and Hank Ritter listens with pleasures—the kinda pleasures a guy without legs would get from a radio talk on the care of the toes.

"You mean to say," I asks, wide-mouthed, "that you can keep time to the music and everything?"

"When the music's in step," Lizzie answers for him. "I remembers, oncet, when him and me was dancing at the St. Shimsha the orchestra leader changed beats right in the middle of the piece on the account of noticing from Jim's feet that he wasn't playing proper."

"Can it was!" I gasps. "Hear that, Hank? That's our Jim she's talking about, the feller that we play cards with and call by his front name and ——"

Magruder slips us a scowl and motions to his miss—even marriage couldn't change her from being a miss—to lay off on the testimonials, but they ain't no way to stop her tongue from perspiring.

"Tell 'em," she urges her husband, "what the governor's daughter said to you after that dance at the capital."

"I Know You," Says I. "You're the Younger Generation I Been Reading So Much About"

"Wasn't I there?" I cuts in. "She said, 'Why don't you try the floor, you big hunk of cheese? It's smoother than my feet.' Ain't that the way you got it, Hank?"

"No," he answers.

"Did you hear her?" asks Lizzie, eager, turning to Ritter.

"Yeh," he tells her. "I was nearer than Dink. 'Chunk' was the word she used, not 'hunk.'"

"I suppose you guys think I can't dance," sneers Magruder.

"Not me," returns Ritter. "As far as I'm concerned, Old Lady Terpchicory's paralyzed from the ankles up and the armpits down compared to you, even when you're sitting one out."

"Terpchicory," I repeats. "Where does she wiggle? In a coffeehouse?"

"She's the Goddess of the Wicked Ankle," explains Hank. "Don't you remember that piece about her that Milt wrote?

"*Come and trip up as you go*
Over the light fanatic's toe."

By this time we has got to Professor Slewfoot's Salon and we piles upstairs into it. They is a sleek-looking bimbo playing the piano and shaking the hair outta his eyes, and on the floor is a tea-biscuit muncher and a flip-flapper roughing a rag. She's got her bob in his shoulder, her arms around his thirteen collar, and is curved in toward him like the bow of a bow and arrow.

"She must know him pretty good," remarks Ritter.

"Reminds me of the Englishman," says I, "that was took to see one of them kinda strangle-tangles. After a while the lad that was towing him around asked him how he liked the stuff the couple was pulling. 'Rather nice,' returns the Britisher; 'but of course he marries the woman.'"

"Did he?" inquires Lizzie, who's tuned in.

"Sure," I tells her. "It was one of the swellest weddings ever seen in East Hohokus since George Washington married Dina Shadd."

"They got a coupla kids now," plays in Hank. "One of 'em, they call Anastasia for short, is the smartest boy in Room 6, and if it wasn't for her getting the measles, he would 'a' ——"

"Sh-h-h!" hisses Kate. "Here's the professor."

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"Where Do You Figure I'm Shy?" "You're Anything But That," Returns the Relative by Marriage. "What You Need is Poise"

THE PRYDES NEVER SELL

By Dana Gatlin

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

THAT had been a sort of proud slogan in the Pryde family for nearly two hundred years—the Prydes never sell. For nearly two centuries the whole county had repeated the phrase, respectfully, admiringly, enviously—and then with a gradual indulgence tinged with pity and a gentle sarcasm before Dan Meservey finally acquired Pryde Hall.

Dan Meservey had been in the vicinity of Prydetown coming first to establish his racing and breeding stables less than a year when he added the proud seat of the Prydes to his possessions. But long before he had perpetrated this climactic sacrilege, Jennifer Pryde had hated the man. She hated him with a mounting, savage and vengeful loathing

She had met him first at a dinner party at the Pendletons', one of those gracious old homes in Prydetown that border the end of Main Street. Mrs. Pendleton had said to her in greeting

"How quaint you look in that brocaded thing, my dear! I'm glad you look so pretty tonight, for guess who's coming—that stupendous millionaire who's bought the Wingate property next to you, Daniel T. Meservey!"

Jennifer said nothing, but her delicately cut nostrils seemed to expand slightly and then contract. It might have been a sniff. At that point, even, without having ever seen the man, she didn't care to look pretty for Meservey. Moreover, she knew she wasn't looking particularly pretty, not in the brocaded thing—one of the relics of vanished splendor that Aunt Amity cherished in the store places of Pryde Hall. There were a lot of these ancient relics. Aunt Amity's odd habit was to wear them just as they were. Jennifer, when she felt a pressing need, would hack at one, fold and hem and tuck and pant at it, and then don the result.

She knew that other people commented about her queer clothes; generally she told herself she did not care. And generally this was true; but now and then she would hear a small voice down somewhere deep inside her crying out in bitter revolt. After all, she was a girl.

She thought she looked frumpish that night at the Pendletons'. This was how she looked that night:

She held herself as erect as an Indian, whether sitting or standing, and was as supple and slender and lithe. Her heavy black hair was knotted low at the back of her head. Her lips curved arrogantly. Her eyes were smoldering-dark under their long lashes—only those who came very close could tell that those eyes were not black but intensely blue. Their color might escape you, but not their fire. Under their long lashes they glowed at you attentively or indifferently, or with a half disdain.

Jennifer Pryde's beauty was not the sort to be made or spoiled by the clothes she wore. The self-draped envelope of stiff red brocade could not hide her grace; it served to enhance her flame.

Dan Meservey arrived late and by some chance Jennifer missed being presented before dinner. Down the length of the table she occasionally glanced at him, indifferent, yet with a certain natural curiosity.

He was a big, massively built man. He sat listening to his neighbors; let the people around him do most of the talking. Yet there was nothing passive about his taciturnity. Jennifer was sure that nothing which was said or done escaped him; she adjudged him as profoundly conscious of his power, self-controlled, determined, inflexible—and something else. Once as she glanced at him an odd metaphor leaped into her mind; he suggested a volcano which might at any moment send out fire!

Precisely at that moment, as she was framing this impression, Meservey chanced to look up and meet her eyes squarely, and an inexplicable thing happened. Jennifer felt a sudden sharp sensation. It was almost physical, like a physical contact with a charged battery. She would have died rather than turn her eyes away.

"This is No Place for You. Let Me Send You Home." "This is the Place for Me," She Answered With a Metallic Evenness

For a full minute the two looked at each other, a wordless high-voltage conflict. Jennifer could have sworn it was a mutual conflict, that the man was feeling sensations similar to her own; then, quite deliberately, without altering his expression, he removed his gaze and turned it to his dinner companion.

Jennifer felt her cheeks prickle; she wondered if she were blushing; she was unaccountably furious. Yes, she was going to dislike this man!

Straightway after dinner he was presented. He himself must have pointed out the oversight to Elsie Pendleton, who brought him up with apologies.

"Oh, how do you do?" acknowledged Jennifer. Then—"You're visiting in the neighborhood, Mr. Meservey?"

Meservey viewed her quietly, with no change of expression.

"I live next door to you, Miss Pryde; I bought the place some time ago."

"Oh, yes, I think I've heard of you. You're very rich, aren't you—rich enough to buy the Wingate property, which has been Wingate property more than a hundred years?"

She knew that she was being rude, felt an odd craving to be rude.

Meservey's expression did not alter—or did the slightest hint of flame flicker up, and then down, in his eyes?

"I'm rich enough," he answered evenly, "to buy most of the things I want."

"Indeed? You're very lucky."

"Yes," he said. Then, as if changing the topic: "You have a beautiful old home, Miss Pryde. I've been admiring it ever since I came to Prydetown."

Jennifer shrugged.

"I'm afraid your admiration is unfortunate in this case. The Prydes never sell."

"So I've heard," was all Meservey answered to that.

The evening's program was bridge, and Elsie Pendleton just then bustled up.

"I know you don't bridge, Jenny. Pen has a new two-handed solitaire he's going to teach you."

"Why should Pen be deprived of his bridge?" answered the girl. "I think I'll gamble along with the rest of you this evening."

The hostess looked surprised; she knew why Jennifer Pryde rarely gambled—she couldn't afford the risk. Meservey was regarding the girl with grave but slightly sharpened contemplation. Did he, too, suspect the reason?

"Pen doesn't mind in the least," Elsie began, demurring. "And you almost never play."

Jennifer met Meservey's gaze briefly; her eyes emitted a spark as of challenge.

"I'll play tonight, if you please," she answered her hostess.

Fate placed Jennifer at the same table with Meservey, but the draw seldom allotted them to each other as partners. The girl thrilled pleasurably at finding him her antagonist. Meservey held the stakes down to a half cent a point; and although Jennifer felt relieved, she also held it ranklingly against him. Was he presuming to feel sorry for her poverty? But if it was a charitable intent on his part, it was after all no good turn he did her. Luck hovered by Jennifer that evening as if it were a tangible hand manipulating the cards.

She had a demon of bravado in her; she was in the mood to bid high and to take every kind of chance. But she could do nothing wrong. She held amazing runs of cards; if she did not, her partner held them. The breaks of the game favored her, her partner's hand invariably supported her in just the right way, every finesse worked, and her opponents' high cards accomplished for them the minimum.

Meservey, she recognized, was a shrewd and courageous player, much more skillful than herself; but his superior skill availed him little. She was glad he was again and again her opponent; she thrilled with a mounting, queerly exultant joy.

When the scores were finally reckoned, Jennifer was winner by more than twenty dollars. There were two crisp ten-dollar notes contributed by Meservey which she crumpled into her bag.

"Sorry"—but in a tone not particularly sorrowful—"but it's my lucky night."

"I wonder," said Meservey.

What did he mean by that? His look told nothing and she disdained to ask.

As the guests were saying good night Mrs. Pendleton was asking one of the married couples if they'd drop Jennifer at Pryde Hall—the Prydes had no car—when Meservey spoke up:

"I'd be very glad to drive Miss Pryde home. I go that way, you know."

Elsie glanced tentatively at Jennifer, who was a bit uncertain and hadn't appeared to hit it off too well with

the rich newcomer; but the girl answered acquiescently enough, "It's very kind of you, thanks."

Meservey was himself driving his car, an open runabout, with no appurtenances of panoply. As he helped her in, he said, "I hope you won't feel the wind too much. On a night like this I hate a closed car."

Jennifer merely nodded and leaned back in her corner.

Despite her quick and queer antagonism for this man at the wheel, she could not help a grateful sense of the smoothly purring machine, of the soft air on her cheek, of the truly magical night. It was May, and during the afternoon rain had fallen; but now the moon was out, a moon nearly full, and it sent a running tide of whiteness over all the world The air was drenched with a damp fragrance, the smell of the ground and of green things growing, and the wind which brushed her cheek seemed permeated with that sweet, damp poignance.

Presently he spoke.

"You'd rather not talk, wouldn't you?" She shifted her position slightly as if rousing herself from her relaxation, but he quickly added, "Please don't bother; I know how you feel. We won't bother with talk."

Curiously, she felt a little resentment at that. She relaxed again, gave herself again to the flowing white night and the sweet rushing wind. For the moment she felt strangely at peace, despite her antipathy, and despite their swift, whirring pace. Meservey was driving with tremendous speed, but he drove with assurance, with a superb power.

Once the girl glanced at him. She could see his powerfully set shoulders, his face in profile. Even in profile and in that shadowy light it showed quiet, controlled and purposeful. If he felt her glance he gave no sign, stared at the gleaming roadway ahead. The girl shifted her own eyes; she was recalling what she had heard of this man's history.

Out of the West somewhere—Jennifer didn't know much about the West; the Prydes didn't; but out of that hazily bounded and semibarbaric wilderness Dan Meservey had risen, born to uncouthness and poverty, and by the sheer might of will and determination had forged his way to the forefront of wealth. He had been a mechanic, or something like that, working in the oil fields—those fabulous oil fields one reads about. Jennifer could easily picture him, with grimy hands and grease-stained jumper, slouching powerfully at his humble if dangerous duties of those early days Then somehow the fable had come true for Dan Meservey, just how she didn't know, but luck, swinging his way, had given him his start. Of course, luck hadn't carried him all the way. She'd heard gossiping comment, since his descent upon Prydetown, of his shrewdness and indomitable perseverance and of how he transmuted everything he touched into gold; he was shrewd and purposeful and ruthless in his operations of every kind.

Jennifer had heard he was as hard as nails, and looking at him she could easily believe it. Well, to go through what Dan Meservey had gone through—to come out victorious—he had perhaps needed to be ruthless.

Suddenly he turned and looked at her; then he looked back to the gleaming roadway. No word was exchanged, but a second curious phenomenon had happened.

Jennifer was still aware that she disliked this man. Some instinct was violently in agitation against him, and she resented everything he was and stood for; and perhaps she was more than half afraid of him, though she would never have admitted it. Yet in that brief instant of his scrutiny a stir and change took place inside her. It was not a thrill, either of delight or revolt. It did not rise from a word spoken, nor even from a message of the eyes. But in that one fleeting second she was conscious of something, like a deep sweet hush, falling on her heart.

Before she could analyze the amazement he was turning into the driveway of Pryde Hall. The grounds were in a state of sad neglect, but the moonlight glorified everything. The orchard stretched mysteriously to the left; the apple trees were robed in tremulous white. Every item of the vista was dear to Jennifer, and as familiar to her as her own hands; but now it floated before her, remote and strange. Even the old house, which she knew and loved so well, was something out of a dream. The gracious old edifice, with its walls of mellowed brick, its stately white pillars and its friendly, peering dormers—its friendliness was sweet, but like something vaguely remembered. Odd! It must be the moonlight. Of course she'd seen the old place in the moonlight hundreds of times, but ——

Meservey had brought the car to a halt before the portico. He did not at once jump out, but sat there a minute, still looking ahead.

"This magical night—so soft and sweet."

"Do you like things soft and sweet?" remarked Jennifer, trying to bring herself to. "I shouldn't have imagined it."

He jumped out of the car before he answered her. He held out his hand to help her, looking at her straight enough now—yes, his eyes could smolder! Suddenly she began to tremble, scarcely knowing why. And then he answered her question.

"No, not exclusively," he said. "I like you."

And then suddenly, as she stepped down toward the flagged walk, he slipped his arms around her, held her close.

The second that followed might have been an eternity The girl did not move; she seemed powerless to move; she was in a thrall. Everything was unreal, even the tingling pressure of his arms. A veil woven of the night wind and moonlight and a stealing languor seemed to float between her and all reality. A tiny stinging thread darted through her, like quicksilver in her veins. She trembled - she remembered she must draw away—she tried to draw away; then he bent and kissed her on the mouth. Then he released her abruptly, jumped back in the car, released the clutch and, without even a good night, drove away.

The moment he had gone reason and will returned to her, and a burning fury. She would have liked to shout after him vindictive, insulting epithets. With shaking fingers she unlocked the door; she entered the sleeping house, found her way up the dimly lit stairs.

Aunt Amity called out, "Is that you, Jenny?"

"Yes."

"Did you have a nice time?"

"Quite pleasant, thanks." To the girl's own ears her voice sounded strained and strange.

"Well, good night, dear."

"Good night."

As she undressed, the wind sang round the corners of the house like an eerie harp, a mouse scampered across the floor; but the girl saw nothing, heard nothing Her face was very white, her eyes were blazing.

"Cave man!" she sneered, half aloud "I'll show him! I'll show him!"

Next morning it was raining again; not a gentle rain, but driven by a strong wind. It came down in swirls; it beat against the windowpanes like angry little hands. The big old house was as gloomy as a cave.

Jennifer was restless. She decided to clean the house She set about the cleaning with a furiousness of energy. Aunt Amity first essayed a mild argument that the house didn't require such an upset on such a day; then tried puttering round with the intention of helping, and finally left the scene to her niece entirely. She concentrated on keeping her brother, Jennifer's Uncle Lute, out of the girl's way until calm should be restored.

Things usually went in this manner at Pryde Hall Aunt Amity and Uncle Lute both adored their orphaned niece; but indubitably they were half afraid of her high-handedness, her moods, and what Aunt Amity termed her tantrums. As for themselves, they both liked tranquillity This made for the perfect life when combined with the high privilege of living that life at Pryde Hall. It was

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"But He Can't Do It!" She Cried Angrily. "Why, This Place Has Been Mortgaged Ever Since I Can Remember!"

CHARGE IT, PLEASE

By Clara Belle Thompson

I REMEMBER as a little girl going with my father to a haberdashery. He selected a couple of shirts and then the brisk young salesman said, "Shall I charge them, doctor?"

My father replied, "By no means. I pay as I go."

While he was writing his check the salesman added flatteringly, "Of course you know that your credit is always good with us."

"I have no credit," stated my father in a tone of finality.

His attitude would receive confirmatory approval from some of our foreign confreres, at least.

At a business luncheon in Paris recently an executive of one of the largest French department stores was holding a brief for their cash system.

He said in part—in very minute part, in fact: "A credit system is a mistake. There is a large accounting department to maintain; there are clients whose businesses will fail and who consequently cannot pay for the merchandise they have bought; there is a thirty, sixty, ninety day tie-up of your money. All these points add to the merchandise mark up. The customer has to pay."

"That is why you can sell your goods so cheaply," I interrupted.

I had purchased a couple of frocks and a hat from his store a few hours previously, and had noticed no effort to give clothes away, even when the money was turned from five-cent francs into good American dollars.

However, I never succeed in being ironic in foreign languages. My host beamed, arose, and bowed with his hand across his check-book pocket, shook hands with me and resumed his seat. The luncheon proceeded happily—without charge customers.

But I had a vivid picture of our own merchandising men and their attitude toward charge customers. They not only welcome such a one as a friend and a brother but actually make drives to have cash customers open accounts.

Such drives may vary in intensity and scope, but they exist nevertheless. One large establishment at regular intervals goes over certain lists of financial ratings and sends identification coins, for credit purposes, to all whose names are on the lists but not on the books of the house. The results are not inconsiderable. Some houses content themselves with mailing chatty little notes to likely prospects, giving various advantages of charge accounts in general, and in particular a reason for opening one with them on the instant. More conservative establishments may limit themselves to delicate suggestions made to the customer at time of purchase.

The Husband, Who Was Evidently Not of the Type That a Little Child Could Lead, Demanded to Know the Price of the Hat

The Beguiling Charge Account

I WAS the recipient of such an attention not long ago. I had made a purchase and was paying by check. The aisle man had received my check and had given it to a messenger with such apparent pleasure that I hesitated to introduce a discord into the existing harmony. But I had other errands, and time was on the move.

"Has that girl gone forever?" I asked not too sweetly as I looked at my wrist watch. "Fifteen minutes already!"

"Sometimes there are delays at the elevators," was the reply. "For that reason many customers find it convenient to use a charge account, in order to avoid such waiting for checks. Shall I put you in touch with our credit department?"

He spoke confidentially, as if we were going to participate in a joint initiation.

"No, thank you," I said. "I happen to have an account here. I just paid my bill and am going to be away for several months. That is why I am paying cash. This purchase was an afterthought."

But he was right. A charge account is a convenience. To the customer it is an enormous timesaver. As most of our large houses issue small books of name-and-address coupons to their patrons, a scarf might be purchased with the simple words:

"Charge and send this to me, please," accompanied by a gesture toward the scarf and the extension of an address coupon to the saleswoman.

Not a second to wait for change, for completion of sales slip. "Charge and send"—just like that!

Then, too, the average shopper does not have to feel that she need be weighted to the hold with pieces of eight every time she makes a tour of the shops. If she sees any article that has a lure for her she can make it her own by charging it.

The process is made absurdly easy, so easy indeed that buying has become an almost painless operation—until the end of the month anyway. And then there is just one large pain, and all is well again. Merchants are by no means unfamiliar with trade psychology, which is neither masculine nor feminine.

"Good-looking hat. If I had the money with me I might be tempted to take it."

No temptation; the hat is yours; charge it.

"Nice tennis racket. I've been thinking about getting a new one. Pretty steep, though; might leave me short."

Short? You? Why not charge it?

And so we keep on charging—you and I—and our bills may keep on mounting. But, doubtless, the increased pleasure and satisfaction are worth any additional expense. And we shall not be too reckless in expenditure; the house will see to that. In fact, the house did see to that at the time of the opening of the account.

This brings us to the various factors that attend the opening of an account and the establishment of a credit rating. The prospective customer has a brief talk with a representative of the credit department. He gives name, address, business connection and a couple of references. Of course if he is an extremely well-known citizen he is his own best backer and the matter of reference may be apparently omitted. If, however, he is an average individual, communications will be directed to the references.

I have seen credit men go raving mad over the replies. I saw one the other day. One reply? One man? Answer: Both!

The reply was couched rather formally:

"*Dear Sir:* Your questions make it possible for me to do a good turn to a kind and upright neighbor. Mrs. Blank has lived next door to me for eight years and has gained only esteem in this community. As far as I know she is without reproach."

"G-r-r-r-r," said the credit man. "What do I care about her reproach? She can smoke a pipe for all I care. What I want to know is what she is worth and if she pays her bills."

Credit Problems

SUCH a letter has no bearing at all on Mrs. Blank's account. Too often it is written by a person who is not so stupid as he sounds, but who knows perfectly well that, though Mrs. Blank has a heart of gold, she is not wasting it in liquidating her outstanding debts. He has no quarrel with her personally, but he has no intention of being her financial sponsor.

The quickest and most satisfactory reference is a bank or business house. Information is readily obtainable in the most usable form. But this—the financial—consideration is not the sole determining factor.

Two men may be engaged in the same business and have identical incomes, yet they may not be considered on an equal footing. A married man, for instance, is a better risk than a single one. I omit all the clever remarks that could be inserted here. A man who has held the same position for ten years stands higher in some cases than a man of a few months' service. The professions vary one from another and even have divisions in their own ranks. I am thinking of two religious denominations. The clergymen of one are considered excellent risks; of the other, only fair. I shall not name the denominations. Neither will I divulge between what ages a woman educator is considered soundest financially; but these ages exist, just the same. Nor are educators, doctors, clergymen, lawyers on identical footing, other factors being equal.

Money itself does not spell credit. I have personal knowledge of one man who has a present bank account that I should like to match. But he is a merry little spender, a sky's-the-limit lad. And he has no credit worth mentioning. He is learning that lesson, as well as his feminine acquaintances.

On the other hand, good substantial small accounts are greatly valued. There seems to be considerable misconception on just this point.

I do not know how many times women have said to me, "Oh, I could never afford an account in that store. I haven't the money."

What money? If they have incomes and are solvent, they can afford an account with any house. The point of variance is the rating.

According to the data secured by the credit department, the customer—quite unknown to himself—receives a credit limitation. He may be considered good for a fifty-dollar monthly charge or a hundred-dollar or five hundred, or a thousand. His limitation is indicated by a mystic symbol, which accompanies his name wherever it is recorded in the department of accounts. He is now full-fledged, in good and regular standing—a charge customer.

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The Stage Management of Crime

By George S. Dougherty

Former Deputy Commissioner and Chief of Detectives, New York Police Department

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

CHARACTERS IN THE ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE

THE FINDER	*Gentleman George*
THE HEEL MAN	*Little Horace*
THE DIRECTOR	*Jim Arthur*
THE CHARMING YOUNG MOTHER	*Kate Brady*
THE MAID	*Minnie, the Flapper*
THE BABY	*By Himself*
THE NEAR-SIGHTED CUSTOMER	*Deafy Moore*
THE TRUCKMAN	*Mike Callahan*
THE MILLIONAIRE CRIPPLE	*Deep-Sea Donahoe*

ASTONISHED CITIZENS, VOLUNTEER PURSUERS, INFORMATION SEEKERS, AND SO ON

WHEN George M. Cohan, my friend and fellow Friar, conceives the idea of a play, and works it out in the manuscript, as the different characters take shape in his mind, doubtless he thinks of a certain actor or actress who could play this or that part. When his play is ready for staging, probably he knows either the appropriate actors or the appropriate types, and is ready to engage them directly or through a theatrical agency. Generally that is the way they do it in the theater.

Now a good many forms of crime are staged in almost the same way. The parallel between the theatrical profession and the criminal profession is very close. Robbing a bank or gem shop, or pennyweighting a valuable ring from a jewelry store, or getting a large sum of money from the victim of a wire-tapping game, and practically every other big crime, necessitates the invention of dramatic incidents and the use of criminals as actors therein. They are as carefully planned as any theatrical play. Far from being a reflection upon the theatrical profession, this parallel is really a compliment, for the criminal drama is almost invariably good art. It has to be, because when this sort of show fails with its public somebody goes to prison.

In one respect it is a finer art than the theatrical production, because, where the latter is carefully rehearsed, tried in an outside town, changed and improved, and the actors become proficient in their parts by repeated performances, the criminal drama is in most cases produced only once. The next time it is necessary to stage that particular type of show it must be entirely different in its characters and generally in its plot.

Like theatrical productions, these criminal dramas are rehearsed, but the players must be instantly ready to improvise new lines and incidents. The theater cat may walk in on a stage actor's scene or somebody miss a cue, making a situation to be saved by quick wit and a ready remark. But in the criminal drama the stage cat is likely to walk on any moment.

The Finder

IN A GOOD many years of dealing with criminals I have repeatedly been impressed by the amount of good stage management and acting necessary for successful crime. The professional criminal of even the least intelligent type is instinctively an actor, while the work and thought put into the planning of crimes by criminal leaders arouse one's admiration for the artists and regret that undoubted talent should be wasted in wrongdoing.

At the head of this article I have arranged a fictitious cast of a criminal play. It may be called The Great Diamond Robbery. We will begin with the first conception of that play and follow it through the writing, casting, rehearsal and production.

The play begins when the finder locates the first thing absolutely necessary for this kind of drama—a place where it can be successfully staged. The finder, known to few as an associate of criminals, is genteel, passes unquestioned anywhere and is a skillful reader of character. He does no criminal work himself, and is never seen by any of the people who commit the actual crime, or their accomplices, except the heel man, who is the chief criminal. The finder's function is to locate, study and report upon in great detail the place where the crime is to be committed.

"Say, I've got a soft mark," he says to the heel man, meeting the latter to propose business. "It's a big jewelry shop where they've gone in for this drawing-room stuff. Instead of counters, they have cabinets for the jewelry; and the boss is never seen out in the store, but sits back in a private office, and the salesmen take the best customers to him for a consultation. Why, say, they're so swell, and try so hard to avoid the appearance of business, that customers are allowed to take a valuable article and walk over to the door alone to get a better light on it. I tell you it's soft!"

He goes on to explain what might be called the stage setting. There are so many salesmen and employes in the place. The chief salesman is leading a gay night life, and often comes down to work in the morning dull witted. Another clerk is an inexperienced boy, lately hired. The brightest salesman in the place is a Hebrew-American fellow—can't put anything over on him, and nothing must be done while he is there. Another good head is the jeweler's woman secretary. At 12:30 the boss goes to lunch in a club several blocks away, and the Jewish salesman goes home for his lunch five or ten minutes later. Five minutes to one is the best time to work, because at that hour there are the fewest employes on the premises, and those the least likely to be troublesome, while the chances of customers coming in are remote. He gives the heel man a diagram of the place and, if the latter undertakes the job, they talk about the percentage each is to get from the proceeds.

The heel man heads the heel mob, or gang, that is to stage the criminal drama. But he is seldom a dramatist or stage director himself, because his work is of a decidedly different character. The director is another member of the mob, skillful in originating parts, assigning them to capable actors, rehearsing the production and turning it over to the heel man on the day it is presented to the public for a single performance only.

When the Curtain Rises

STUDYING the situation, the director finds that there are three or four persons inside the store to be covered at the hour chosen for the crime—a uniformed door man outside, and a building, street or alley through which the get-away is to be made. He must know when the policeman is off post for lunch, whether he is relieved or not, and how clear in this respect the coast is. He selects accomplices not only capable of looking and playing the different parts without arousing suspicion but people who, though criminals, are not in the rogues' gallery. This is important, to prevent detection of the actual criminal through identification of someone playing a minor rôle in the drama.

The actors chosen, they meet for instructions and rehearsals. The finder generally comes to this rehearsal to make suggestions and give additional information, but he is seen by no one except the heel man. Sitting in another room, he is consulted by the latter when any doubtful points about the stage setting of the drama are to be cleared up.

Incidentally, I may say that curiosity is as keen in criminal circles as elsewhere, and there is always much speculation and guessing by members of the mob about the identity of the finder. Also, he may be like an unsuccessful playwright, in that his ability at locating soft marks is not particularly good, or he may have been connected with failures. In that case, like the playwright, his job is peddled around from mob to mob until everybody in that part of the criminal community knows about it, and knows him, and word will pass to the police through a stool pigeon, or informant. Such crimes are often prevented in that way; but the cleverest criminals are naturally hardest to locate in advance, and the capable finder is especially skillful at preserving his incognito.

The stage is set, the actors are made up, the psychological moment arrives, the curtain rises.

Into the fashionable jewelry store, at nine minutes to one, walks a pretty, well-gowned

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The Girl Answered, "How Can You Be the Wife of That Old Geezer That's With You? Beat It Back Uptown Where You Come From"

The Status Quo, or Nine Points of the Law

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"You Wouldn't Know What to Do If Somebody Left a Piece of Real Estate to You, 'the Legitimate Heirs of Your Body or to the Nearest Heirs of Your Body'—Would You?"

SOME day, Rosy, you and I will go to the mat together. Meanwhile, give me a light!"

The business end of Mr. Tutt's stogy described an earthward parabola until, at an angle of fifteen degrees and at a point four feet seven inches above sidewalk level, it made contact with that of Sheriff Morris Rosenwasser's Mary Garden and ignited.

"Ven we do I'll hornsvoggle you!"

"I'll swangdangle you, Morris!"

"Not much you won't! I'll have the law on my side."

Mr. Tutt straightened himself, producing thereby the effect of a *Tour d'Eiffel* suddenly erected beside a comfortable little Mosque of St. Sophia.

"The trouble with you, Rosy," said he, placing his long arm affectionately around the diminutive official—"the trouble with you, Morris, is that your heart is too big for your trousers and you don't know any law."

"Me—don't know any law? How could I be a sheriff ——"

"Listen, Rosy! You have to know Latin to be a lawyer. To be a sheriff you only have to know Yiddish. You are a good little sheriff, but a very bad lawyer. For example, while you are *multum in parvo* you are not precisely *mens sana in corpore sano*—to say nothing of *pons asinorum*—if you catch what I mean."

"Sure! I get you!" answered Rosy as they reached the corner of Two Hundred and Thirty-sixth Street.

"You are not sufficiently *fortiter in re* even if you are *suaviter in modo*."

"I'd like to know vy not!" protested the little sheriff. "Anyways, my son-in-law, my deputy, Pat Tuohy, is a good Latiner."

"But ——" Mr. Tutt stopped and lifted his forefinger dramatically. "You don't know the difference between an executory devise and an estate tail—do you, Rosy? You wouldn't know what to do if somebody left a piece of real estate to you, 'the legitimate heirs of your body or to the nearest heirs of your body'—would you?"

"I'd put a mortgage on it!" retorted Morris as he disappeared like a woodchuck into the Subway.

"That's what Talliaferro did!" shouted Mr. Tutt after him. "That's what has made all the trouble and—I'll swangdangle you yet!"

He turned to the neighboring kiosk to buy a newspaper, and felt a hand on his arm.

"Who are you going to swangdangle now, Eph?"

The old lawyer looked up into the amiable and alert face of young Mr. Justice Affenthaler.

"Good morning, your honor! I was engaged in insulting Morris Rosenwasser. I told him he was short on the *suaviter in modo*."

"Well, you're certainly not!" declared the Honorable Affenthaler. "Anything particular on your legal mind?"

Mr. Tutt wheeled suddenly, grabbed the rising legal luminary of Fort George by the arm and pointed to where a steam shovel was puffing and panting against a neighboring hillside.

"Do you see that shanty up there, George?"

Justice Affenthaler adjusted his glasses.

The corner diagonally opposite the one upon which they stood formed part of an as yet unleveled open city block. Building operations were now in progress, however, and two mammoth steam shovels were engaged in devouring the embankment, while the air was filled with the shouts of workmen and the rat-a-tat-tat of drills. Evidently the locality had been an old farm, for every now and then the excavators would turn up some abandoned implement, a fragment of wall, a bit of rusty iron or glass or more rarely an Indian arrowhead. Now swarthy Italians from Sicily and Calabria were demolishing an ancient homestead site of the time of the Dutch patroons.

"They'll make short work of that!" nodded his honor as the nearest shovel bit into the side of the excavation, yanked viciously at it, and with a succession of snorts lifted its rhinolike head, the gravel dripping from its jaws.

"That's why I'm asking you to cast your eye over there," admonished Mr. Tutt. "Speaking *ex cathedra*, and purely in my private capacity, as one of the Sacred Camels of King Menelek in the Brotherhood of Abyssinian Mysteries—of which, George, I may remind you, you are one, having been raised to the Fourth Degree of the Purple Mountain last Friday night—speaking, as I say, *ex officio*, inside my hat, and as one regular he-guy to another, what they are proposing to do over there is an eternal outrage, and I'm going to stop it!"

The Honorable Mr. Justice Affenthaler looked at him steadily.

"Well, speaking *ex dido*, as one of the gang, and as a recently christened Baby Camel, I'm not here, I don't hear you. Say on!"

Mr. Tutt took him by the arm and pointed to the top of the bluff opposite. It was one of those now fast disappearing but once familiar sights of upper New York—a vacant city lot in its original state of granite ledge, with here and there a small patch of level ground dotted with alders, tin cans, newspapers and burdock bushes, and rising to an elevation of perhaps sixty feet above the street—a remnant of the traditional Goatville. Indeed the goat was there, standing at that very moment on a jutting rock above the steam shovel like a *becco* on an Alpine peak. As they watched him two small figures in blue denim, a boy and a girl, joined the goat, and all three gazed solemnly down into the pit beneath their feet.

"Behold the rightful owners of the soil—Rupert and Agnes Talliaferro!" said Mr. Tutt. "The legitimate heirs of the body of Rupert Talliaferro, who owned all the land hereabouts from Spitting Devil to the East River."

"Is this part of the old Talliaferro farm?"

"It is. Rupert Talliaferro, the great-grandfather of those kids up there, inherited it in the early part of the last century, under his father's will, which read, 'To my eldest son Rupert, the legitimate heirs of his body or to the nearest heirs of his body, I do give and bequeath' certain lands—including, I may add, what we're looking at right now. It was a big oddly shaped section stretching from river to river. But Rupert was a reckless sort of chap, lost a lot of money speculating, and sold most of the land to pay his creditors, leaving his son and daughters practically nothing. After the father's death the boy Bayard went west to seek his fortune, married, and had a son of his own, who became a cowpuncher in Arizona That was Rupert Talliaferro, Second, the father of those two children. He's dead now, but his widow lives in the shanty just back over the brow of the ledge. That little boy standing by the goat is Rupert Talliaferro, Third. And I tell you, George, with absolute sincerity and with all the earnestness of which I am capable, that he is the rightful owner not only of that lot opposite but of land in the general neighborhood worth upwards of five hundred million dollars!"

"You don't say!" remarked the Honorable Affenthaler. "Well, he'll not get it!"

"Holy Camels!" ejaculated Mr. Tutt energetically. "Now isn't that just like a judge! Deciding a case before he hears it."

"Nothing of the kind. Why shouldn't the original Great-grandfather Talliaferro have sold the land if he wanted to?"

"Because"—and the old lawyer shook his finger at the learned member of the judiciary much as he had under the nose of Sheriff Rosenwasser—"because he had nothing to sell. What he got under the will was only a life estate. The rest, the *postea* as they call it, he held in trust for his descendants—among them that Little Boy Blue up there!"

"'Legitimate heirs of his body' gave an estate tail," replied his honor, "which by operation of the Statute of 1786 became a fee simple absolute. Little Boy Blue hasn't got a leg to stand on."

"He hasn't, hasn't he?" snorted Mr. Tutt. "You're all off! The rule in Shelly's case never applied here."

"Why not?"

"Never mind now, George! I'll tell you that when the case comes up, if it ever does. It's too complicated for a curbstone discussion. But anyhow, the latter part of the will makes it plain that the testator intended to give the original Rupert only a life estate, for he left a similar piece of land to Agnes his daughter, using the words 'under the same restriction and proviso with my son already named—that is, that all her legacy shall descend to the heirs of her body, and in case of a deficiency of the same it shall descend to her brother or his heirs!' Which, I contend, absolutely controls the first devise and makes everything plain."

"I'm glad you think so!" remarked his honor with a grin. "If that case ever comes before me I shall beat it to French Lick."

"If that case ever comes before you, George, you'll decide it my way or there'll be a deficiency among the Sacred Camels!" declared Mr. Tutt.

"Well, I must hurry along now," said his honor nervously. "I have to open Part I in thirty-five minutes."

"You know you're my candidate for the Appellate Division," Mr. Tutt called after him. "I've spoken to the governor about you already."

"That's no good!" flung back Affenthaler. "You forget that I'm a Republican!"

"Ah," shouted his friend, "but—the governor's a Camel!"

II

MR. TUTT walked slowly down the block, crossed the street and entered the lot where the hill sloped down to the street level. A moment later he had climbed to where the two children and the goat were standing.

"Hello, you two!" he said, giving a hand to each.

"Mamma! Mamma!" called the little girl. "Mr. Tutt's here!"

A wiry little woman of thirty-five came out of the shanty with a dishcloth in her hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Tutt," she said wearily. "I guess this is moving day for us! Marcus' foreman was just up here saying how they were going to cut right under the house. I'd give a good deal to be back in Bisbee! But Rupert always was so sure! You know he studied law ten years to make certain we had a right to the land before we came East. I don't know what we'll do now. He did so want to send Rupert and Agnes to college. But I guess we'll be lucky to see Arizona again."

"Your people live in Bisbee?"

"Yes. I've a brother working in the Copper Queen. My sister's living there too. It's a nice place. Won't you come in an' set down?"

Mr. Tutt followed her into the wretched shack, ducking his head as he did so. The walls and ceiling were sheathed in tar paper, three rickety army cots were ranged near the door, and a small coal stove stood in the rear. Some chairs, a table, a couple of trunks, a shelf with a few books and a stained lithograph of Abraham Lincoln were the most noticeable furnishings.

"The game isn't up yet," Mr. Tutt assured her. "They won't dare pull down the house."

"I can't afford to take a chance on it!" she declared. "Just suppose anything should happen to the children'"

"But my dear Mrs. Talliaferro!" protested the lawyer. "You have been living here for five years under a claim of right. You have what in my opinion is, to say the least, a colorable case; and last and most important of all, you are actually in possession of the property. Keep up your courage and we'll get something for you yet! Not five hundred millions perhaps, but a few thousands, enough to send you back to Bisbee and your boy and girl to college."

"But suppose they begin to dig away the ground under our feet?"

"Let 'em dig."

"But if they go on until the shanty falls!"

"They won't!" declared Mr. Tutt. "If it does—I'll fall with it!"

Coincidently with this conversation another regarding the same matter was in progress in a tall building only a few hundred yards distant.

Mr. Marcus Marcus, the head of the Marcus Building and Contracting Company, was pacing angrily up and down his office addressing a group of cowering subordinates.

"Don't let yourselves be bluffed by a blackmailing old shyster or by a couple of kids and a goat! Do as I tell you! They're trespassers. Throw 'em out!"

"But, Mr. Marcus, sorr!" expostulated a huge man in overalls, with a brick-red face. "We can't be after tearin' the hill down an' lettin' thim fall into th' hole!"

"You can do as you're told, McCarthy! I'll take complete responsibility! Throw 'em out!"

"Mr. Tutt says we ain't got no right!" grumbled the foreman. "He had the judge up there a while ago."

"How's that?" demanded Marcus quickly. "Had the judge there? What judge?"

"His Honor, Supreme Court Judge Affenthaler," answered Murphy, clerk of the works. "The two of them seemed to be giving us the once-over."

"What has Affenthaler got to do with it?"

"Nothing, so far as I know," agreed Murphy. "But he was there, all right! I saw him!"

"H'm!"

Marcus wiped his forehead. It was a mess! He'd thrown dozens, if not hundreds, of squatters off before that. They usually didn't wait. As soon as the old steam shovel heaved in sight they stood not upon the order of their going! If they didn't, half a dozen husky Polacks made short work of them. But this Talliaferro woman was a different sort of proposition entirely. She calmly shook her head and said that her lawyer had told her to stay and she had no intention of going. They could do as they liked, but they would be held strictly accountable for damages. Even the goat had for Marcus a certain insufferable air of conscious superiority. Here he was, tied up under a cast-iron contract to erect an eighteen-story building in ten months, with a penalty of a thousand dollars a day for each and every day of delay beyond that time. Curses!

"The old scalawag is in there now!" he growled. "I've a good mind to blow up the whole outfit, including him and the goat! That fellow has a nerve! Our people have an absolutely clear title; guaranteed by the title companies. It's nothing but blackmail." He paused and scratched his ear. "All the same, I don't like that judge business! I think I'll take a run down to see Pepperill. Is there anything you fellows can do until I get back?"

"We can cut away in back on the other side of the hill," said the foreman eagerly, for he had a small boy and girl of his own over in the Bronnix. "Honest, Mr. Marcus, those folks think they've a right to be there! I don't much like makin' war on wimmin an' childer!"

"You mind your own business!" bawled Marcus as he strode through the door.

III

THIS story properly begins right here—in the law offices of the great Mr. Vincent Pepperill, attorney for the richer sort of corporations and the officers thereof. He was an acidulous, meticulous, dapper little legal sparrow, but he was wiser in his generation than a whole nestful of the fledglings of light, and he thought no more of the great Mr. Marcus Marcus than he did of one of his own office boys. So when Marcus was told to sit down and wait in the outer office until the great Mr. Pepperill jolly well was ready to see him he did so meekly and in a humble spirit, which was in part ameliorated by the sight of the equally great Mr. Lucius W. Winterbottom, of The Lordly Courts, Incorporated, waiting too.

Thereafter when Mr. Pepperill had finished the large red apple and the tall glass of milk and vichy that he always consumed at eleven o'clock and to which he owed his extraordinary health and vitality, he condescended to admit the two vulgarians who had been gnashing their teeth in the outer darkness.

"Well, what's the trouble now?" he demanded, tapping his fingers impatiently. "Why the devil don't you go ahead and build your lordly structure?"

"I am afraid it looks as if we had struck a snag," confessed Marcus. "That bunch of miserable squatters on the corner—the Talliaferro family—refuse to budge."

"Then why don't you throw them out?" snapped Mr. Pepperill. "They haven't any right to be there."

"Well, that's the question. That is what we want to know."

"Didn't the title company insure the title?"

"Certainly. But ——"

"But what?" snapped the elderly and aristocratic old attorney.

"Well, you see," hesitated Mr. Marcus, "you can't exactly tell your men to go ahead and cut away a bank so

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"Get Down Off That Ladder, Rosy, or I'll Kick It Over!" Mr. Tutt Put His Congress Boot on the Top Rung and Moved It Backward a Few Inches While the Sheriff Flattened Himself Against It Like a Frightened Cat

WEBER AND FIELDS

By Felix Isman and Wesley W. Stout

Helena Mora, of the Barytone Voice and Gallery Echo

A SOUTHERN PACIFIC train, coasting through the snowsheds down the Pacific Slope of the Sierras Nevada one May morning in 1889, carried two grimy, seat-weary passengers, with twenty-five cents between them.

Eight days earlier they had set out from New York on tickets—second class—wired them by one Gustav Walter. All they knew of Mr. Walter was that they had found his name in The Clipper as the proprietor of the Orpheum Theater, San Francisco, and had written him for work. Eight nights had they curled up in day-coach seats, eight days had they whiled away in an atmosphere of train smoke, fretful babies and bananas. The twenty dollars with which they had started had been exchanged, save the final quarter, for scalding coffee in armor-plate cups, prop sandwiches and the news butcher's indigestibles.

But San Francisco was four hours away; San Francisco and one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week; San Francisco and a wealthy uncle; San Francisco and golden streets; San Francisco in Wallace Irwin's words

She laughed upon her hills out there,
Beside her bays of misty blue;
The gayest hearts, the sweetest air
That any city ever knew.

Two Boys With Two Bits

THE eight-day passengers, now sorely in need of rewinding, were Messrs. Weber and Fields, now twenty years old, knockabout German comedians of a dozen years' experience in dime museums, beer gardens and the variety theaters, bent on piling up enough money in a summer on the Coast to make good their rash boast to their last employer that they would organize their own variety show and take it on the road next season.

"You're sure about this uncle?" Weber asked for the twenty-first time.

"Like I told you, he'll be at the depot to meet us," Fields repeated. "Didn't mamma write to him all about us? I'll get ten dollars from him right off. Maybe he'll take us to his house."

There was no depot. Rather, the train rolled into the Oakland Mole, a pile-supported terminal well out in the bay, and transferred its passengers to a ferryboat. But depot or mole, there was a smiling, eager, rather plump citizen, a gardenia in his buttonhole and a colorful vest supporting a cablelike watch chain, who waved his silk hat and cried, "Can this be little Lew, my nephew? My, what a fine, big fellow!

"Welcome to the Golden State," Uncle David Frank proclaimed between embraces. "San Francisco awaits you. Your names are upon every billboard. 'The Funniest Men in the East,' 'New York's Favorites,' 'The Great Eastern Stars.' Well, well, can I believe my eyes? So this is Sister Sarah's little Lew and his little partner! My nephew's friends are my friends, Mr. Weber. Take a deep breath of this air, my boys. None of your New York smoke and dust. Better shade your eyes at first. You're not used to this California sunshine. Such a big fellow, and famous too! How did you leave your good mamma and papa? This is Goat Island we are passing; off there is Alcatraz. That is Mount Tamalpais, this is Telegraph Hill, behind it you see Nob Hill, where all our millionaires live."

Weber blushed to think of his unworthy doubts as he listened and looked upon this avuncular magnificence. Even relatives grew bigger and juicier and mellower in California's magic soil.

"Do you live on Nob Hill, Uncle Dave?" Lew interrupted the benevolent chatter.

"Not at the moment," Uncle Dave conceded. "At the moment I am living at my club, I regret to say. Otherwise I should have insisted on having you as my guests. Oh, I shouldn't have taken no for an answer!"

He edged Joe away from his partner and whispered, "By the way, Mr. Weber, could you favor me with twenty-five dollars until the day after tomorrow? Temporary emergency—I'm sure you'll appreciate—no necessity of mentioning the matter to my dear nephew."

Fields read the news in Weber's face. His lower jaw dropped. The Bank of England had burst in his face.

"Why, we got only a quarter between us!" he stammered. "You're just foolin', aren't you? We expected to borrow enough from you to take care of us for a few days."

It was David Frank's turn to be dumfounded. Had he nursed a viper to his bosom? True, these two hadn't the look of ready money, but he had inside information as to the untrustworthiness of appearances. Eight days on the train would account for that, anyway. Was it likely, he asked himself aggrievedly, that "New York's Favorites" would arrive in San Francisco with a paltry two bits' capital? He pondered a suspicion of a niggardly nephew, while Joe and Lew shared a great disillusion. For the remainder of the ride the scenery of San Francisco Bay was viewed in silence.

Uncle Dave, Counselor and Guide

BUT by the time the three had emerged from the ferry building and set out up wood-paved Market Street, a-roar with cable car and horse-drawn traffic, Uncle Dave had recovered his faith in a Santa Claus. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he said with an air of discovery. "We will get an advance of fifty dollars from Walter. Customary—quite customary! Yes, just as soon as you boys have washed up and shaved we must demand an advance. Perhaps a hundred dollars would be better."

Joe Weber, 1889

This mention of soap and razors jogged the boys' minds back to realities.

"Where is a good place to stop?" Fields asked.

"Let me see." Uncle Dave considered. "The Palace is a very decent place. Just a step up the street now. Yes, the Palace is your ticket." The Palace was the apple of California's eye, challenging comparison with New York, London or Paris' finest. Destroyed in the holocaust of April, 1906, it was rebuilt and continues to be a hotel such as Shepheard's, the Waldorf, the Grand Hotel de Pekin or the Adlon, of which travelers speak proprietorially in steamer smoking rooms.

With an ambassadorial flourish Uncle Dave ushered his travel-stained protégés through its marble corridors into the famous palm patio and to the desk.

"How much?" Joe demanded in the midst of diplomatic *pourparlers* between uncle and the clerk.

"Three dollars," the clerk quoted.

Well, that was California, the boys supposed; but what New Yorker ever would have guessed that all this red plush, gold leaf, veined marble and potted palms was to be had for three dollars a week? The half, it appeared, had not been told about this Pacific paradise.

Shaving was an infrequent need with either Joe or Lew in 1889, but a thorough soaping in the Palace's basins disclosed a distinct layer of whiskers beneath the Southern Pacific's coal smoke and the soil of eleven states. A shave was ten cents universally. Only one chair was idle in the hotel barber shop when they entered. Joe took it.

A boy seized one shoe and prepared to polish it. Weber withdrew the foot abruptly.

"Don't you want a shine?" the barber asked.

"Not today," Joe thought.

COURTESY OF THE ORPHEUM CIRCUIT

The Old San Francisco Orpheum, Parent House of the Orpheum Circuit, and Scene of Weber and Fields' California Debut in 1889

"Might as well," the barber advised. "It goes with the shave."

Another California bargain! Weber's shoes were polished. When he left the chair, Lew was just submitting his face to the lather brush in an adjoining chair. Weber handed his quarter to the barber, who dropped it in the till and greeted another customer.

"Change?" Joe inquired.

"No change," the barber replied. "Shave, two bits. Shine thrown in. You must be from the East."

Weber's blanched face chanced to fall on a clock.

"Lew!" he yelled, making for Fields' chair. "We're late now! You haven't got time to get that shave!"

"Late? Late?" Fields sputtered through the lather, as his partner dragged him from the chair. "Late for what? Where we going?"

The Russell Brothers, Jimmy and Johnny, in Character

Exeunt Hastily

"THE bank! The bank! It's closing!" Weber shouted on inspiration, grabbed a towel, mopped the soap from Fields' face and tore him away from the astonished barber. Fields went, waving his hands, one of which held his collar and necktie, in bewildered protest

Once on the sidewalk, Weber explained, but not to Fields' satisfaction. "What do you expect me to do? Pull my whiskers out by hand?" Lew demanded.

"We'll go right over to Walter and get that advance," Joe soothed him. "I've got a shave and a shine, and I'll do the talking. You can leave it all to me and stay outside if you feel embarrassed."

"I left it all to you once today," Lew vetoed, "and you got the shave and the shine and I got some soap in my mouth. Maybe I'd feel worse than embarrassed if I left it to you again. Maybe you'll do the talking, but I'll be right alongside of you doing the listening. Else maybe you'd come out and tell me I could smell the bay-rum bottle if I'd be a good little boy all week."

In their flight from the barber shop they had shaken Uncle Dave Fields' only consolation. This and the procession of billboards they passed, heralding "The Great Eastern Stars" and "New York's Favorites," chirked him up. The Orpheum presently proved to be a theater and saloon on the south side of O'Farrell Street between Stockton and Powell, the theater deserted at 3:30 P.M. and the saloon all but so. A bartender looked up from that morning's Chronicle to say, "Walter? The old gent probably is getting his beauty sleep. He ought to be in around eight o'clock."

This was the San Francisco of before the quake, a Bagdad of the Pacific, a city of ten thousand and one enchanted nights. Someone has said of Kearney Street, that Rialto of the Desperate and Street of Adventurers, that in half an hour he could raise a dozen men for any wild adventure, from pulling down a statue to searching for the Cocos Island treasure. Half the city was restaurants and all were good. It never went to bed. There was no closing law, so that the saloons and cafés kept open nights and Sundays at their own sweet will. Thirty thousand Chinese crowded into a quarter six blocks long, two blocks wide and three cellars deep. The Spanish-Mexican colony dwelt about the base of Telegraph Hill and the Italians tumbled over the hill, building as they listed. The bay was dotted with the brown-stained, lateen-rigged fishing craft of the Neapolitans. The restaurant cuisine was French, the art sense and buoyancy of the people Latin. A bonny, cosmopolitan, devil-may-care city without its like on this earth.

"The Funniest Men in the East" returned to the Palace. When they asked for their key the clerk had a question to put first—"Have you any baggage?"

"Sure," they answered. "We got a trunk. It's over at the theater."

"That won't help us much, will it?" the clerk suggested. "Guests without baggage are required to pay in advance."

"How much?" Weber wanted to know.

"Three dollars, please."

"What?" they cried in unison. "We don't have to pay a whole week in advance, do we?"

"A week!" The man behind the desk was startled into raising his voice "Three dollars a day is our rate—our cheapest."

"I guess we don't need that key after all, mister," they decided. "We didn't leave anything in the room except some cinders."

"That fine uncle of yours again," Weber was unwise enough to mutter as they turned away, thereby reviving Lew's memories.

"That fine uncle of mine didn't spend our last quarter sprinkling rose water on himself like my fine partner!" he snapped. "Uncles I can't help, but partners I wish on myself!"

"South of the Slot," as San Francisco spoke of the wrong side of Market Street, they found a trusting landlord and board and room at six dollars a week each. Street cleaners and beached sailors were their table mates at supper. The door of their room opened just far enough to let them squeeze through. Fields argued that the door blocked the bed, Weber that the bed blocked the door. They felt more at home.

Between suppertime and eight o'clock they learned much at secondhand of the Orpheum's proprietor. Walter was broke, if they could believe what they heard, his friends giving him a week, his enemies twenty-four hours' grace from the sheriff's hands. Walter had emigrated from Germany in 1865 and landed in San Francisco in 1874. There he saw the Tivoli on Eddy Street profitably mixing liquor and music, and opened an opposition resort he called the Fountain in the basement of a building at Sutter and Kearney streets. America then had never heard the word "cabaret," but the Tivoli and the Fountain were its early progenitors. In his cellar place Walter served beer to the accompaniment of a small orchestra and a few variety acts. Among his first performers was Bob Fitzsimmons' wife, a contortionist. The price of admission was a drink. It was the waiter's job to see that the patron bought more and often if he kept his seat. Bully boys up from the Embarcadero, and other trouble shooters, occasionally tried to make one steam beer last the evening; but this exploit required not only an unaccustomed temperance, but complete insulation against insult, and above all, eternal vigilance. Let an incautious hand be removed from a glass, full or empty, and it was snatched from the table and whisked away.

Mabel Fenton, First Leading Woman of the Music Hall

Walter's Plunge

WALTER prospered, and opened a larger place called the Vienna Gardens in 1881 at Sutter and Stockton streets, then the Wigwam at Stockton and Geary streets in 1884, and finally the Orpheum in 1887

The others had been variety saloons, but the Orpheum was a theater, built for the purpose, charging an admission, and with the bar detached from the house. True, a service shelf was set in the back of each seat to accommodate steins, glasses and tobacco, and waiters balancing trays aloft canvassed the house for orders during the show; but that was typical of the time.

He had opened his theater with a flourish, importing from Budapest a twenty-two-piece novelty electrical orchestra and following this up with light opera, then the C. D. Hess Grand Opera Company, playing at twenty-five to seventy-five cents

Rumor had it that Walter had overextended himself Weber and Fields' letter had reached him at a critical moment, it appeared. Playing in poor luck with the low-priced native theatrical talent he had fallen back upon, he shut his eyes and gambled his last white chip on what he

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Weber and Fields in Their Middle Twenties, Proprietors of Three Road Shows

THE EPIC CURE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

EPIC PETERS, Pullman porter superb, sat beside his car and mourned. Up and down the long platform he could see passengers; all manner and shape of passengers—long ones and short ones, genial and grouchy ones, young ones and old ones—but none of them approached the car over which Mr. Peters presided.

The cacophony of the huge Pennsylvania Terminal was relieved by the fairy tinkle of silver coins. A short and pudgy uncompromisingly black individual answering to the name of Georgie, and who portered the Atlanta car which adjoined that of Mr. Peters, scurried hither and yon with a broad grin on his ebony countenance. The Atlanta car was filling with passengers, and according to the enthusiastic Georgie they were a pleasant and tipful lot.

"One of 'em gimme a dollar," related Georgie, "an' a heap of 'em gimme fo' bits an' 'lowed they would see me ag'in later. How's business with you, Hop Sure?"

The egg-shaped head of the gangling Mr. Peters roved sorrowfully around on the top of an amazingly long neck.

"Rotten, Georgie. Heah us is less'n thutty minutes till leavin' time an' not ary passenger has got on my car."

"Not one?" Georgie was incredulous.

"Nossuh. Not even a li'l' piece of one. How much tips I is gwine git this trip woul'n't buy a crease fo' one pants leg. Gosh, Pullman porterin' ain't what it used to be, Georgie. Ise thinkin' of resignin' away fum the service."

"Shuh, Epic—always when money ain't flowin' into yo' pockets you gits solemncholy; an' you the tip-gittin'est man in the Bumminham station. Di'n't I see yo' name on the honor roll in the Pullman News las' month? An' di'n't it have a star in front of it?"

"Yeh, but I cain't cash that star, Georgie. An' besides, bofe them gemmun what wrote how good I was said in their letters somethin' like this: 'An' the wonderful part about the service rendered by Epic Peters was that he did it without askin' fo' no tip which I di'n't give him.' Bein' on the honor roll is all right, Georgie, but it don't buy a hungry man no barbecue. I reckon"—bitterly—"that does travel continue to keep up thisaway Ise either got to quit porterin' or else make up my mind to live on the sixty-six dollars a month sal'ry which I gits."

Georgie patted his friend consolingly. "Nemmin' Hop Sure. Does you not git any passengers you puffoms a good night's sleep on yo'se'f."

Georgie hustled away, traveling fast on short legs. Epic's gaze followed enviously. Both of Mr. Peters' hands were plunged into sadly empty pockets. And then his eye caught sight of a personable young gentleman descending the long stairway in the wake of a redcap. A ray of hope punctured the gloom which surrounded Epic's soul.

"Hot diggity dawg!" he soliloquized. "Tha's Mistuh Robert Furness. He's fum Bumminham, an' I suspec' maybe he's gwine back there."

Epic eyed the young man with proprietary interest. He felt a warm friendliness toward this lone passenger. "Tomorrow," reflected Mr. Peters, "is Thanksgivin', an' I an' Mistuh Furness is most prob'ly gwine be alone together with each other all day."

Mr. Furness turned level eyes in Epic's direction. It was quite evident that Hop Sure had the advantage of him, for no sign of recognition appeared in Mr. Furness' glance. It was on the tip of Epic's tongue to inquire after Mrs. Furness, but something gave him pause—some faint remembrance of rumors which had come to him via Birmingham's Eighteenth Street; rumors of discord in the Furness home on Cliff Road.

Epic inspected the purple check. "Drawin'-Room A, cap'n. Right this way. You, redcap! Tote them grips."

The redcap did as bidden, being rewarded with a fifty-cent tip. Mr. Peters eyed his passenger hungrily.

"Is you alone, Mistuh Furness?"

The man looked up in surprise. "You know me?"

"Suttinly I does. Ev'ybody in Bumminham knows Mistuh Robert Furness, suh."

"S'posin', Miss Edith, That Yo' Husban' Was to Git Them Letters, Could You Get a Divorce Away Fum Him?"

The man smiled slightly. A dollar bill passed from his possession to Epic's. "I'm alone. Please make up the lower."

"Tha's the on'y thing I ain't gwine do nothin' else but." Epic set to work immediately. "Goin' all the way to Bumminham, Mistuh Furness?"

"Yes."

"Have a good trip to New Yawk?"

"No."

Epic made a clucking noise which indicated a sharing of the other's obvious misery. "An' tomorrow is Thanksgivin', ain't it? Reckon us ain't gwine have such a happy Thanksgivin', is we?"

"No."

The lower berth was ready. Epic hoped that his passenger would experience a comfortable and happy night. Mr. Furness answered somewhat dourly that he didn't expect to.

"What time does you crave to be woke, suh?"

"Not at all. I'll get up when I wake—and eat breakfast in Washington."

"Yassuh—suttinly, suh. I does that same thing my ownse'f. Us don't depart out of Washin'ton till 'leven o'clock."

Epic closed the door and returned to the station platform. The hour for departure approached. Mr. Peters was not quite so despondent as he had been; after all, a dollar was a dollar, and where that came from there were probably others. Hop Sure gazed the length of the Pullman line, and a lilting feminine voice came to his ears.

"Epic Peters!"

He whirled and gazed upon a very young and very beautiful lady.

"Well, hush my mouf, if 'tain't Miss Edith! Where at did you come fum, Miss Edith, an' how long sence you come fum there? You gwine to Bumminham?"

"Yes. Goodness, Epic, you look wonderful in that uniform!"

"You is lookin' pretty good yo'se'f, Miss Edith. Golly, how time do change folks! I remember when I used to buttle at yo' house an' you was a li'l' gal an' ——"

There was a shadow in her eyes. "Things have changed a good bit since then, Epic."

"They suttinly ain't done nothin' else. In them days you wasn't even dreamin' of marryin' Mistuh Robert Furness, was you?"

"No." The monosyllable spoke volumes. Epic did some quick thinking, then put out a cautious feeler.

"Drawin'-Room A is done made up, Miss Edith."

She handed him her berth check. "I couldn't get the drawing-room. Someone had it. I'm in Lower Twelve."

"H'm!"

Hop Sure was wise in his generation. He asked no questions. Miss Edith, whom he idolized, in Lower Twelve; her handsome young husband in the drawing-room. Thanksgiving Eve.

"Somethin' suttinly is all wrong," reflected Mr. Peters. "These heah ma'ied folks is just nachelly wastin' one entire railroad ticket."

Instinct advised Mr. Peters against mentioning to Miss Edith that the person in the drawing-room was her husband. Something told him that there were possibilities in the situation which might benefit Mr. Peters, and Epic was quite willing to be benefited. Accordingly he escorted Miss Edith to her section, arranged her luggage and nobly refused the dollar she tendered.

"Golly, Miss Edith, I cain't take no money offen you."

"Take it, Epic."

"No'm—it woul'n't seem right, me havin' buttled at yo' house so many yeahs when you was a li'l' gal. Cain't take money offen you, Miss Edith."

"Here." She shoved it into his hands. "Don't be foolish."

Epic weakened. "Shuah does hate to do that, Miss Edith. Tell you what: I takes the dollar, but does you need it back, all you has got to do is ask me fo' it."

Epic again reached the station platform. Deep thought creased his forehead. "White folks suttinly is funny. Goshamighty." He strolled toward the spot where Georgie stood.

"Georgie," came the abrupt question, "what does you know 'bout ma'iage?"

The shorter negro looked up in surprise. "Says which?"

"What does you know 'bout ma'iage?"

"Boy! Foolish questions what you asks. 'Splain yo'se'f, Hop Sure."

"Means this." Mr. Peters lowered his voice confidentially. "Does you believe in it?"

"In what?"

"Ma'iage."

"Golly, what diff'ence does it make if a feller b'lieves in it? It's somethin' he's got to do. But my 'pinion is that the sooner he quits wukkin' at it the luckier off he is."

"Then"—moodily—"you don't favor it so strong, does you?"

"H'm! Yes—an' no. I reckon it's just one of those things ev'y feller has got to try sooner or later—just fo' the esperience."

Obviously there was no good counsel to be derived from the pessimistic Georgie, and Epic wandered moodily back to his car. He was convinced that things were wrong. Here were two young folks, married less than three years, and traveling in the same car to the same place—apart from each other. "Nice folks too. Miss Edith is the sweetest gal in Bumminham, an' Mistuh Furness seems like an awful swell feller—givin' me a dollar offhand like that. Wisht I could do somethin'."

The Piedmont Limited pulled out for Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and points south. Epic Peters curled up in the smoking compartment with his problem. He was convinced that something should be done and that he was the person to do it. Besides, the fact that Thanksgiving came upon the morrow brought forth all the sentimentality in Epic's soul.

The big heavy train roared through the night; came to Epic's ears the somnolent drumming of the wheels, the soothing shriek of the locomotive whistle, the restful lurch and clank of cars. Mr. Peters dozed. He waked briefly at their occasional stops, but when the train reached Washington there were yet only two passengers on his car.

In Washington Mrs. Furness rose and dressed. Epic assisted her in the task of straightening her section, and it happened that he noticed something which her suitcase contained. Ordinarily this would not have caught the porter's eye, but today he was in an observing mood. It was nothing more nor less than a red gusseted folder, such as lawyers use for carrying legal papers, and it lay in Miss Edith's suitcase on top of all her clothes. Hop Sure found himself wondering what it was doing there; quite unaccountably the thing intrigued his interest. He noticed, too, that she handled it rather gingerly, and his own eye strayed toward the door of the drawing-room. Suppose Miss Edith knew? Suppose he told her? He shook his head slowly; perhaps he'd wait until they had exodusted from Washington.

"I'm going to get breakfast now, Hop Sure."

"Yassum, Miss Edith. Us goes out fum the other level at 'leven o'clock on the sharp."

"I won't get left."

She waved to him and stepped blithely down the platform, her tiny little figure all wrapped in a great fur cloak. "Dawg-gone if she don't look no bigger'n a minute. An' her travelin' all alone by herse'f with a husban' in the drawin'-room. Hop Sure Peters, you has got a job to do!"

There was much straightening up inside the car, for the berths had been made down in anticipation of normal travel. Then there was Hop Sure's quest for breakfast, and after that a great deal of switching around. At 9:30 Mr. Robert Furness appeared, spick-and-span and with an I-want-coffee look in his eyes. A half hour later he returned. He walked with a peculiarly purposeful stride down the aisle of the car and came abruptly to a halt beside Section Twelve. Hop Sure, inserting ice in the water cooler, followed the direction of Mr. Furness' gaze.

There was no mistaking the object of his scrutiny; it was the highly distinctive suitcase of Mrs. Robert Furness. Mr. Furness gazed at it long and thoughtfully. Then, as he turned toward his drawing-room, he paused briefly to speak with Epic.

"Many passengers on the car, porter?"

"Nossuh—passengers is the most things we ain't got none of."

"Four or five?"

"On'y one, 'scusin' yo'se'f."

"One, eh? Traveling man?"

"Nossuh, Mistuh Furness. A lady."

"Ah-h-h! A young lady?"

"You said it, bossman. The beautifulest young lady I ever sot eyes on; all yaller-haired an' li'l' an' lonesome on this Thanksgiving Day. Us-all ought to be terrible thankful fo' all what we has had handed to us this past yeah."

"Pff!"—bitterly. "I'm disgusted with life."

"Shuh, Mistuh Furness, life ain't nothin' to git disgusted with. Be happy—tha's my motto. Co'se sometimes when travel is light an' tips is lighter, I ain't so singin' bright."

Mr. Furness pressed a dollar bill upon the porter. "Reckon you can get me a cigar and keep the change?"

"I won't do nothin' else, cap'n."

Epic departed. He was gone precisely fourteen minutes. When he returned Robert Furness was in his drawing-room, puffing contentedly upon a cigar of his own.

"Bossman, how come you to send me after a cigar when you got a whole box sittin' right heah?"

"Wanted you to have one. Thanksgiving present from me."

"Well, tickle my toes! If you ain't the thoughtfulest gemmun. Ise the much-obligest cullud boy you ever seen."

Mr. Furness waved his hand with a gesture at once friendly and indicative of a desire for solitude. Hop Sure touched his cap and departed. On the platform, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, Mrs. Furness found him.

She presented a delightful picture in her tiny toque and fur cloak and with her cheeks flushed by the bracing November wind. She chatted amiably with her old friend while that person glanced out of the corner of his eye and discerned that Mrs. Furness was being observed by her husband.

"Travel's awful light, Miss Edith. Ain't got ary passenger 'ceptin' on'y you and one gemmun in the drawin'-room. He's travelin' alone."

"Is he?"

"Yas'm. It do seem a terrible shame a young gemmun an' a lady has got to be travelin' alone on Thanksgivin' Day. Now, Miss Edith ——"

She laughed ringingly. "I'm afraid you are trying to compromise me, Epic. No—I think I can stand the tedium. Now tell me something about yourself. How long have you been a porter?"

"Eight years, Miss Edith."

"Like it?"

"Tol'able. Sometimes I think it's better'n buttling an' sometimes I think contrariwise. Y' see, us has to count awful pretickeler on how much tips does we git, an' when they ain't no passengers, like today, f'r instance —— No'm, Miss Edith—I wan't hintin'; no, ma'am, indeed I wan't. I woul'n't take no money offen you, Miss Edith, which I used to wuk fo' yo' folks."

"Just for Thanksgiving, Epic."

"Oh, well, tha's diff'ent."

Eleven o'clock. The air was tested, the A-a-a-a-ll abo-o-o-oard! shouted, and the train moved slowly out of Washington, across the Potomac, through Alexandria and so into the heart of Virginia.

The country lay bare and brown under the late autumnal sun. Hop Sure, having finished an early lunch in the dining car, returned to his Pullman and stood for a moment in the vestibule staring out at the rolling country. They were moving swiftly; past Sideburn and Fairfax and Clifton, and then pausing briefly at Manassas. Leaving there at six minutes after noon, Hop Sure closed his vestibule door and sauntered into the almost empty Pullman. His eye came instantly to rest upon Section Twelve, and something in the tense attitude of Miss Edith's little figure caused him to hurry forward.

Her suitcase was open, and she raised to Hop Sure's face eyes which were filled with worry.

"Epic! Where were you? I've been ringing and ringing."

"Yassum—I suttinly has."

"Has what?"

"Been right there." The mahogany face of the porter now assumed an expression of solicitude. "What you worryin' 'bout, Miss Edith?"

"Epic—something terrible has happened."

"You ain't sayin' so."

"I am. Oh-h-h, it's gone!"

"Yassum—it shuah am."

"What?"

"I dunno, Miss Edith."

"Where have you been for the last thirty minutes?"

"Gittin' my eatments."

"In this car?"

"No'm. I was in the dinin' car. Y' see, Miss Edith, it's thisaway ——"

"Never mind. Epic, when I opened my suitcase this morning did you see a red folder?"

"Di'n't see nothin' else, Miss Edith."

"It has disappeared!"

Hop Sure made a clucking noise indicative of sympathy.

"I've searched the car; on the seats, under the seats. I want you to look in the berth."

The porter made a thoroughinspection, turning down both lower and upper berths.

"Miss Edith, that thing sho'ly is at some other place but heah."

The girl was pitifully close to tears. "This is terrible. I wouldn't have lost that thing for a thousand dollars."

"What was in it."

"Letters."

"Shuh! Reckon a pretty lady like you, Miss Edith, c'n get lots mo' letters."

"Oh! It isn't that! I wonder if I can talk to you, Epic?"

"Havin' you talk to me is the fondest thing Ise of. I remember when I useter buttle at yo' house ——"

"Epic," she declaimed tragically, "my husband and I are separated."

"Well, wiggle my thumbs!"

"We are going to get a divorce."

"Bofe of you?"

"Yes."

"Miss Edith, I ain't aimin' to be disrespective, but it seems like to me that does Mistuh Robert crave to git divorced away fum you he ain't got his good sense."

"He—he doesn't want to get a divorce, Epic."

"But you said ——"

"I'm getting a divorce from him. He's fighting it.

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"You Will Not Annoy This Porter," She Said in an Icy Little Voice. "He is an Old Family Servant of Ours, and Was Searching Your Suitcase at My Bidding"

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 26, 1924

The British Labor Dragon

EVERY age and nation must bear its own burden of oppression and tyranny. Reform is forever pressing onward, achieving great results, wiping out old abuses and injustices, setting new standards of social, political and economic righteousness. Every decade takes its toll of dragons slain in the open for the edification of all; and there is such wild rejoicing over their destruction that we give little thought to the new breeds of dragon that are whelped in secret places and are each day increasing in strength and ferocity. Presently they are full-grown and come out of their secret places to make havoc in the sight of all—and a new Saint George must gird on his armor.

Consider free England as a theater of oppression and blind tyranny.

Britain, a century ago, had given the world new standards of personal liberty and practical conceptions of equality before the law. And yet even then the ruling classes were oppressing the ruled, both politically and economically, to a degree that would today fill with horror the most crusted of reactionaries.

During the middle years of the nineteenth century Englishmen slew dragons by wholesale. The Reform Act of 1832 was a turning point in English history in that it did much to make representative government a fact rather than a name. Ancient political abuses came to an end, not all at once, but gradually. The extension of the suffrage in the 60's, which Lord Derby called a leap in the dark, was another great stride toward political equality. Presently trades-unionism, once under the ban of the law, proved its constitutional rights and began to redress the balance between employer and employed. The principle of collective bargaining was established and accepted. Utopia seemed at hand—but somehow there is always a slip betwixt the hand and the millennium.

Liberty is a priceless thing; but the day is coming when British labor will admit, to itself if not to others, that there can be too much of it. British labor is doing its best to commit suicide. It is sawing off the limb on which it sits. It is suffering more grievously from the tyranny that it is itself exerting than it ever suffered from the greed or oppression of those outside its own ranks. In theory it strikes upward. In effect it lashes out sideways. Its victims are those of its own class. Its oppressors live, not in a palace but in the cottage next door.

The weapons aimed at the rich and the well-to-do pierce the vitals of the poor. If the workers of the underground railway go on an outlaw strike the poor have to walk or lose their sorely needed labor. Every outlaw strike—and such strikes have been common since the accession of the socialist government—every broken pledge prejudices the case of the worker. When the Minister of Labor says the government can do nothing to mend matters he doubtless believes he is favoring organized labor. But is he? Can he and his fellows find much food for pride in the thought that they looked the other way while their constituents effected the economic suicide of their country? Of what use is it to have the labor members at Westminster and in the cabinet if those leaders leave labor in a worse state than that in which they found it?

Britain is in a bad way and there is no use in blinking the fact. The housing shortage may go from bad to worse sooner than anyone now cares to predict. The London Spectator, which is not given to intemperate statement, declares that it is a national scandal and constitutes a crisis.

The socialist government is making an effort to relax the tension. There can be no more doubt of their sincerity than there can be of their lack of success. Bills have been introduced into Parliament which contemplate the expenditure of billions of pounds sterling, over a term of years. One of them, if it were passed and if its entire program were carried out, would increase the national debt by one-third.

And yet it is men rather than money that offer the most formidable obstacles to the proper housing of the British workman. The homeless cobbler has the homeless bricklayer to thank. The number of persons engaged in the building trades is smaller by 100,000 than it was in 1913. This is not due to lack of demand for labor but to the oppressive control exercised by building trades-unions over the number and ratio of apprentices permitted to be enrolled. These arbitrary regulations have lately been somewhat relaxed, but not to any decisive extent. The contractors and the profiteers in building materials are tarred with the same brush.

Meanwhile the army of unemployed numbers some 800,000. Most of these men want to work. Some do not. Many would become self-supporting if the wage offered were sufficiently in excess of the unemployment dole to make the effort seem worth while. Then there is the communist element, which says, Why work at all as long as there is anyone left who has something that may be taxed away from him to keep us in idleness? This is another type of oppressor, who compels his neighbor to live in squalor and degradation.

It is far from our purpose to declare that the British workman is monumentally selfish, and stop there. We think of no class either in his country or in our own which is not selfish; but we are convinced that some classes are more intelligent in their selfishness than others, in that they are willing to share their advantage with the whole community. Their profit is usually measured by their wisdom, their restraint and their own self-discipline. Inasmuch as organized labor in Britain is woefully lacking in all three qualities it is not surprising that its stupid selfishness pays no dividend but the right to go to bed hungry in an insanitary tenement.

This is not an indictment either of a nation or of a class. The truth is that the struggle for existence has always been sharper in England than it has been here; and it is therefore only natural that the sickness with which the whole world is smitten should make more striking inroads in the Old World than in the New.

Too much concern for our rights, too little heed for our responsibilities are the characteristics of the epidemic that holds the world in its grip. Mussolini was the first to point out the ailment and identify it. The whole philosophy of Fascism is recognition of this great fact and an unswerving resolution to restore a proper balance between rights and obligations. This, too, is a form of selfishness; but it is an enlightened selfishness so noble that it is akin to righteousness. Forget the castor oil and remember the will to work, the duty to country and fellow man in peace as in war, and Fascism will still have a long way to go and many countries in which to sojourn before it comes to the end of its rope.

Who will slay the dragon that is devouring British labor and laying waste the country? Will the new Saint George be a man from the Clyde, from the mountains of Wales or from the Midlands? All we know is that he will be a spiritual rather than a political leader. He will wield no sword and wear no shining armor. He will come preaching a gospel of service and good will to those who have already waited overlong for his coming.

Avoidable Blindness

THE oculists of the country have perhaps been as heavy contributors as any group of specialists to the more recent triumphs of preventive medicine. For the past dozen or twenty years they have been preaching, in season and out of season, the necessity for special attention to the eyes of newborn babes whenever there is the smallest reason to suspect that the mother is infected with certain forms of communicable disease.

There is nothing spectacular or difficult in the simple procedure advocated; but its common adoption as the result of a long and tireless campaign of education has produced results of the highest importance. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young people with normal vision walk the streets of every great city who would have been blind from infancy had it not been for the timely application of a few drops of silver-nitrate solution of proper strength. Twenty years ago blindness of the newborn was a formidable menace to our national well-being. Today the principal cause of it is so well in hand that a responsible practitioner would blame himself unsparingly if he permitted such a case to develop in a baby under his care. The economic saving incident to modern practice in this regard is no less tremendous than the lessening of human misery.

Parents are often heard to complain of the insistence of oculists that their children put on glasses, and to declare that bespectacled boys and girls are twice as common as they were fifteen or twenty years ago. This is probably true, but it means nothing more nor less than that the youngsters are getting more skilled and watchful attention than they used to get, and that prompt and suitable correction of defects of sight is assuring them a far more favorable visual future than they could otherwise expect.

Taken by and large, the oculists have so much to show in the way of useful accomplishment that we believe their warnings are well worth heeding. They do not cry Wolf! Wolf! when there is no wolf. Just now some of the leaders of the profession are considerably exercised over a tragic type of case that is much more common than it should be; and we are glad to carry out the suggestion of an oculist of international reputation that we direct attention to it. This condition of the eye occurs not in children but in persons of mature years and it is the outgrowth of neglect brought about by mistaken diagnosis on the part of general practitioners who have had no opportunity to become thoroughly familiar with eye diseases.

A patient appears at the office of his family physician and complains of failing sight. An examination is made and the verdict given: "You are suffering from cataract. Nothing should be done at this time; but if you will report to me every few weeks I will watch it and will send you to an oculist for an operation when the proper time comes." After a lapse of months, or even years, the unhappy patient comes under the care of an oculist, who discovers that he is suffering not from cataract but from an advanced and incurable case of hardening of the eye, of glaucoma in some one of its dozen forms. Blindness is inevitable and nothing can be done to prevent it.

There is nothing more harrowing to a physician than to be confronted day after day by hopeless cases that he is morally certain he could have cured if he had been consulted when trouble was first apparent. Many diseases of the eye are progressive in character, and the longer they are neglected the less can be done for them. The day you first perceive your eyes are out of order is the day to see the oculist.

What Does Mussolini Mean?

By Richard Washburn Child

TELL us about Mussolini. What does his presence in world affairs mean?" I have heard this from all varieties of men; from statesmen of many nations in Europe, from journalists and private citizens; and, since I retired from my ambassadorship and have returned from Italy, I find that among my own countrymen there is more interest in Mussolini and in what Mussolini may mean to the world than can be attached to any other living personality.

After I had arrived at the Lausanne Conference from Rome in November, 1922, few were the delegates, from Lord Curzon and Ismet Pasha down to the representatives of the Balkan States, who, realizing that I knew Mussolini at first hand, did not ask about him as one might ask about the appearance in modern times of some curious mythological figure. In Washington and everywhere in America it was the same. Not many of the inquirers can even pronounce Mussolini's name correctly—it should be pronounced as if it were Moose-oh-lee-nee—but that does not chill the interest in the man.

Those who conjure with the word "democracy" and have been stuffed with nonsensical fabrications about Mussolini and what he has done; those who have faith in labels and have been induced to believe that Mussolini has ripped down the placards of liberalism, are none the less interested, because it is impossible to deny Mussolini's achievement. Those who have no knowledge of him except through exaggerated accounts of his theatricalism are filled with curiosity. And finally, our own public men, realizing that there are lessons for them in Mussolini's success, are beginning to ask also, "Just what does this Mussolini story signify?"

I used to ask myself that question during all the time that I was in Rome as ambassador. Unlike most Americans, at home across the sea, I learned to know that the significant part of Mussolini's story was not the sensational part—the revolution and the victorious march on Rome—but was to be found in the work which has been done, since coming into power, to build a new state.

The real story, from which Americans and our own statesmen can draw useful lessons for the future, is a story not of an armed attack upon a flabby democracy which was wheedling and coddling everyone, but a story of leadership and discipline and national unity in the labor of erecting a new government, a new conception of citizenship and a new day in Italy.

Mussolini, after the revolution was completed and the King had appointed him to form a new government, came to me and reminded me that although the world was calling him a dictator, no one else wanted his job. I confess that, when I contemplated the labor before him, I was inclined to agree with him. I did not believe that any man could do that job; I did not think Mussolini could do it.

It was going to require a leadership capable of stirring the national spirit and keeping it stirred. It was going to demand a hand so strong that it could choke off the follies, the excesses, the quarrels and the conspiracies throughout a whole nation, whose national existence is even younger than ours. The country had just passed through the torments and unparalleled losses and nerve strain of the war. Italy had suffered, after the war, the humiliations and irritations of a government so weak with the usual errors of extreme democracy that instead of being an instrument of authority it was rather an institution existing to be swayed, blackmailed and looted by organized minorities.

And now all the properties, riffraff, wreckage and junk were at Mussolini's feet, crying out to be built into a new working machinery which, as Mussolini told me, would have to take a constitutional shape. To do the work would require not only the Mussolini who, with qualities of dramatic, forceful leadership, had been lifted to the generalship of a national spirit unable to tolerate the former conditions of a flabby democracy gone wrong, but it would require a Mussolini capable of becoming a genius in administration—a man who in dealing with the cold matter-of-fact problems of finance, production, distribution could, if need be, sit in conference with Stinnes, Schwab and men of that type and show himself a little wiser than they.

Mussolini had on his hands a parliament which on party lines and in disposition was his enemy. To make it aid him

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"My Dear, Let's Forgive and Forget"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Plea for Wilkinson Wigmore

IT IS today becoming evident that the late war, though undoubtedly the greatest in history, might have been improved in some details. I refer especially to our imprisonments for sedition. It now appears that among those who were jailed for inciting opposition to the war were some really quite nice people.

One of the saddest cases is that of Wilkinson Wigmore, the Contortionist poet. Wilkinson was not by any means opposed to the war; in fact he was in favor of it. He felt that the war would give American life the color and richness it lacked; existence in the trenches would help the soldiers to think great thoughts; he regretted that his poor eyesight prevented him from doing anything more arduous than censoring soldiers' mail. He loved the military pageantry and would stand on a hydrant for hours clapping his hands as the soldiers marched by. Indeed, he wrote a poem on the subject, in accordance with the principles of the Contortionist school. The poem follows. It may be well to recall that the Contortionist school contends that a poem grows upward like a flower, not downward like a carrot; it should therefore be read from the bottom up. It is also essential in reading a Contortionist poem that one should go through a set of prescribed contortions, to put oneself in harmony with the contortions of the artist's soul.

SOLDIER PUDDING

tool tool tool
BOAT
soon go ride
scullions of fate
millionmillionmillionmillionmillion
as baker kneads dough
i see soldiers marchmarch kneading pavement

The poem was published in the Bondslave and scored a great success. But, unfortunately for Wilkinson, the issue fell into the hands of the Department of Military Intelligence. The Department of Military Intelligence, being ignorant of the principles of a Contortionist poem, went through the wrong contortions on reading it. They also read it from the top down, thus reversing its aesthetic effect.

After long study they came to the conclusion that the poem was an effort at correspondence with the enemy. The Kaiser would decode the poem and learn from it that the United States was raising an army of five million men, and that these men would be carried across the ocean by a boat with three smokestacks—the Leviathan—while the phrase "baker kneads dough" clearly meant "Baker needs dough"; that is, the Secretary of War was hampered by lack of funds.

Wilkinson Wigmore's conviction was a matter of only a few days. He languished for a long time in prison. A fellow languisher was Rudolph Regenschirm, the artist, whose drawing entitled Nude Study was taken by the Department of Military Intelligence to be a plan of Fortress Monroe.

Wilkinson Wigmore was at length released from the prison.

If I now venture to bring the case of Wilkinson before the public it is because of the accumulation of misfortunes upon his head.

For he has just gone to jail again. This time it is due to the action of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, which secured his conviction on eight counts for another contortionist poem which, he insists, is a cruelly realistic description of an abandoned farmhouse in winter.

—*Morris Bishop.*

DRAWN BY HAZE COLLIER

PROVIDENCE

"Gee! Dere's a Wolm in Dis Apple!"
"Save It! De Bait's Purty Near All Gone"

Local News

LEANDER MACDUFF of Menominee
Maintains that a diet of hominy,
Tomatoes and chives
Will continue our lives
To three-thousand-and-ten Anno Domini.

Savants have discovered near Taurus
A Plesio-Ichthyosaurus.
The creature, a fossil,
Colossal but docile,
Affects to despise and ignore us.

Who visits the Town of the Cod,
The Brown Bread, the Bean and the Scrod,
Should heartily know
That in "Boston" the "o"
Is short, but devout, as in "God."

Everleigh Bore of O'Fallon
Will grip your lapel with his talon
To tell what he'll get
On his radio set
And brag of his miles to the gallon.

Baby McGee of Watchung
Is playing mah-jongg, or ma-jung.
The game is Chinesy,
He says, yet it's easy
To master its quirks while you're young.

The first thing they ask you in Perth
Is always, "How much are you worth?"
But up in Peru
We ask, "How do you do?"—
We're the friendliest people on earth!

Oliver Thumbs of Milwaukee
Is notably careless and gawky:
His gun wasn't loaded,
Of course, yet exploded
And left him uncommonly chalky.

Some lively young people in Chloride
Are going tonight on a straw ride;
We'd join them—who wouldn't?—
But know that we shouldn't
Because we are ancient and four-eyed.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Salome Sun

On the Greasewood Golf Course

THERE ought to be some kind of a Game Law on Golf Courses—and an open Season on Golf Liars too. There is either some awful Good Golf Shooters around here now or some awful liars—Both I guess. Ever since Redgie von Plunkett come in off the Greasewood Golf Course one Saturday night after going around it that week and said as how he had got two birdies, one up at the Lazy L Ranch and the other at Dead Man's Tanks, you can't believe nobody no more. The Reptyle Kid he don't like Redgie much on account of him making so much Noise and wearing Boys' Pants, so he goes out with his Home Made sledge hammer club and comes back one night and says how he got 3 bunnies out on the Cactus Plains and Alkali Flats up near Sheep Springs Cabin—and throws 3 big

(Continued on Page 105)

Custer's Last Stand

Delightful cream soups for the summer table!

All the tempting flavor and wholesome nourishment of the finest garden vegetables in these purees

Campbell's Soups in front of me
Make me simply wild with glee.
Here I sat and gaily swing
Waiting for the bell to ring!

Cream of Pea! Cream of Asparagus! Cream of Celery! So delicious and nourishing, so exactly right for many of the summer meals that you will prepare them every time with Campbell's. So easy, too!

Peas from the proudest gardens. Asparagus especially selected for its delicate and tempting flavor. Celery of the crisp snow-white kind you most prize for your table.

Each of these vegetables blended in a smooth and wholesome puree, enriched still more with creamy country butter and seasoned by Campbell's famous chefs!

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Directions for Cream Soups

Heat contents of can in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup *a little at a time, stirring constantly* to keep soup smooth. (Many use a Dover egg beater in preparing Cream of Pea). Serve immediately.

THE SILVER FOREST

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

CARLOTTA, at the head of the stair, heard her husband's announcement and stiffened where she stood; felt cold winds blowing across her body, felt her breath check and swell in her throat and her tongue thicken between her teeth. Then, with a swift movement like a run, she started down the stair, but as she did so was checked by another's voice below. The opening of a door and another's voice—the voice of Doctor Moal:

"What is it, Warren?"

She halted as she heard her husband's reply; halted and returned to her room to draw slippers on her bare feet and to slip her arms into the sleeves of her dressing gown of warm, quilted silk with marabou at throat and elbows before going downstairs again.

From the stairs themselves she had a glimpse of her husband and Doctor Moal beside the great couch which stood before the wide hearth, and she saw that Doctor Moal bent above a huddled form there.

Then her husband came to meet her, and put his hands on her arms and said huskily, "Go back upstairs, Carlotta. There is no need of your coming down. Go back to bed."

She shook her head from side to side, groping for words.

"What has happened, Warren? What has happened?"

"Bill Wardle's killed," he replied, glancing over his shoulder. "He has been shot with a 22, right in the forehead. He is quite dead."

"But how?"

His eyes evaded hers, avoided the scrutiny she bent upon him; and she thought the muscles of his cheeks stiffened.

"Go back to bed, Carlotta."

"He didn't shoot himself."

"No; there's no chance of that." His tone was bitter.

"Who?"

"I beg of you to go back to bed," he insisted.

"I'm afraid. I can't be alone, Warren."

He hesitated and she thought his tone unnatural and strained.

"Wake Julie," he suggested; and with his hands still on her arms, turned her and pushed her away from him. "Go on, Lotta."

Her eyes fixed on his countenance, sought to meet his, which were insistently averted; and suddenly, with a little cry of grief and terror, she ran away from him, up the stair. In the upper hall she hesitated for a moment, looking toward Julie's door, then decided she preferred to be alone and went into her room and got into bed, huddling beneath the heavy coverings as though to hide from her own thoughts. Her voice and her husband's had been subdued and low; there was no need of awakening these their other guests.

In the living room below stairs Pring and Doctor Moal, old and tried friends, were left together with the body of the buffoon. Doctor Moal, with professional authority, had moved the body a little in order to examine the wound.

"Killed instantly," he murmured. "No doubt about that. What brought you down, Warren? Hear the shot?"

Pring hesitated for an instant; then he said "No," and shook his head. "No; but the wind started to rise a little and it rattled our door. I got up to stick a match into it to stop the noise. You know how a little thing like that annoys you in the night. When I opened the door I saw there was a light down here." He checked himself, eyes momentarily thoughtful, then went on: "I thought I must have forgotten one of the lamps, so I came down to put it out."

In This Path Snow Had Fallen After Coxon and Bruton Left the Main Camp; Their Footprints Were Obliterated and the White Surface Showed No Fresh Traces. The Two Men Stood in the Door and Made Sure of This

"Find him just this way?" the doctor asked. Pring nodded.

"Yes, yes, sprawled across the couch almost as though he were praying. I thought he was asleep or drunk—I don't know what I thought—till I came on this side of him and saw his head."

"He must have been standing up," the other commented. "Must have tumbled right forward this way."

"Yes, yes." Pring was absorbed in his own reflections.

"Bad business," Doctor Moal remarked.

Pring said harshly, "I'm not wholly surprised. Sometimes he made me fairly insane with anger." The doctor studied his friend; and after a moment Pring became conscious of this scrutiny and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Somebody did this, you know," Moal replied.

Pring weighed this obvious fact.

"One of the guides," he suggested lamely.

"They had nothing against him."

"Let us see. There may be tracks."

He turned toward the kitchen, and Moal went with him to the back door from which the path, shoveled daily, led toward the cabin where the guides were housed. In this path snow had fallen after Coxon and Bruton left the main camp; their footprints were obliterated and the white surface showed no fresh traces. The two men stood in the door, a lifted lamp in Pring's hand, and made sure of this. Then they returned to the living room and stood in silence for a while.

"The doors here were all shut," Pring commented at last in a dull tone.

"Locked?" Moal asked, and Pring shook his head.

"Nothing is ever locked when we are here," he replied

The two men faced each other steadily, the same thought in the eyes of each.

"Plain fact is then," Doctor Moal said baldly, "one of us here in the house did it."

"I did not hear the shot," Pring remarked.

"That rifle with the silencer, perhaps," Moal suggested; and after a reluctant pause Pring went toward the door of the gun room and put aside the heavy deerskin hangings. The door itself was closed. He opened it and went into the other room and took the light rifle from the rack, returning with it toward the lamp on the big table. The two inspected the weapon together.

"Coxon cleaned it, wiped it up before he put it away," Pring reminded his companion.

"Has it been fired?"

Pring ejected a shell, forcing the lock open, and held the weapon so that the lamplight was reflected into the barrel from the breech. At the same time he applied his eye to the muzzle.

"Yes," he said then "Yes, it has been fired."

Doctor Moal took it from his hands and assured himself on this point.

"Right," he agreed; and he actuated the lever, closing the breech, and replaced the ejected shell in the magazine. "Must have shot from the gun-room door then," he remarked. His tone was professionally calm, and Pring remarked this.

"This does not seem to disturb you," he said.

"I've seen gunshot wounds before," Doctor Moal replied, smiling faintly. "It's my profession to be undisturbed, you know."

"A damned mess, just the same," Pring commented. "Of course, I could do without Wardle. I know that's a rotten thing to say, but he annoyed me. But this will all be spread in the papers."

"Accidental shooting?" Doctor Moal suggested mildly, and Pring considered this for a moment.

"We might manage that," he agreed. "No one knows but Carlotta. But they will have to know. We can't hush it up too abruptly. We would have Coxon and the others talking. Coxon has a wise head. We'll see what he says." He started toward the kitchen.

"Might as well wait till morning," Doctor Moal reminded him. "There's nothing to be done now, and some idea may come to us."

Pring returned reluctantly.

"That means our sitting here the rest of the night."

"I could stand with a drink," the other declared.

"I, too," Pring agreed, and went to the cabinet.

He filled the glasses in silence and the two men drank with a meeting of the eyes, but without words. Then Pring stoked the fire, of which dying embers remained on the hearth, and put on fresh wood. The couch, standing as it did immediately before the hearth, thrust its grim burden into their midst; and the two looked at it for a moment, considering the situation.

Then Doctor Moal said, "After all, we've got to move him eventually. Help me lift him on the couch."

Pring agreed and moved forward; but at the last moment he drew back again.

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V-63

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Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 26)

"I am reluctant to touch him," he exclaimed. "It makes me ill to think of it."

Doctor Moal nodded understanding and himself managed the task. He went to his bedroom and returned with a blanket, which he drew across the body. Then they moved the couch to one side, out of their immediate presence, and set their chairs before the fire.

"A thing like this stuns one," Pring commented. "There's a curious humming, a singing in my veins. I do not feel any particular emotion, only a great confusion. Is it the same with you?"

"Shock," the other explained. "Sensibilities are dulled by the magnitude of the moment. You'll feel all right in the morning. Of course, you're full of sleep now too."

"I couldn't sleep!"

The doctor surveyed his friend appraisingly.

"Suppose I give you something to quiet you down. You're rather ghastly pale."

"You take it calmly enough."

"Probably I'm better used to controlling myself under similar circumstances."

"Another drink will do me," Pring decided. While he tilted the decanter, he was reminded of Rotch. "We might get Bert down," he suggested. "He would drink with us, at least."

"Probably asleep," Doctor Moal replied. He diverted the conversation into this new channel. "You know, your friend Rotch drinks more than is good for him. I've been tempted to remonstrate. He hasn't been sober, in the strict sense, for four days, to my knowledge."

"Nor drunk, either," Pring amended.

"The halfway state is most dangerous," the doctor assured him. "It is apt to precipitate itself in a sort of madness. I've seen men, apparently perfectly good-humored, pass without any transitional phase into a perfect fury of rage and destruction."

"I don't believe Rotch shot him," Pring declared straightforwardly, answering the other's unspoken thought.

"I wouldn't suggest that," the other replied. "But after all, one of us did. Fairly safe to leave the girls out of it, I suppose. That narrows it down to us three." He smiled in a sardonic way. "If we eliminate Rotch, the matter becomes fairly personal between you and me."

Pring stared at him, his eyes perplexed. After a moment he said, half to himself, "I did hear someone come upstairs and go into Rotch's room."

"When?"

"A moment before I opened the door. Someone almost running."

Doctor Moal rose.

"Suppose we call Bert down?" But it was now Pring who objected.

"Wait till morning. After all, we're all in this together. I suppose, since I am host, the heaviest burden must fall on me. But we will get together, all of us; discuss it and see what's to be done. In the meanwhile, let us avoid the subject, Chet, till morning."

The other nodded, sat down again.

"You've the legal mind, I the medical," he commented. "You've an instinct for decency and order, mine is for diagnosis and remedy."

They sat for a little while in silence, and Pring filled a pipe which he took from the mantel. When it was lighted, he asked, "Did you hear the rabbit?"

"That thing that screamed in the thicket toward the lake? Yes. It woke me like a shot. That was when I discovered Wardle wasn't in bed."

Pring looked at him attentively.

"You didn't hear him get up?"

"No; he must have been mighty quiet about it. I sleep soundly, though." Pring nodded.

"I remember you do. Remember how we badgered you for snoring on that trip in the Rockies?"

"Guess I still snore," Doctor Moal agreed. "Wardle spoke of it."

"Yes, he would," Pring assented. "I'm surprised you didn't hear him get up, though. What brought him out here, do you suppose?"

"I suppose he wasn't sleepy. A book, perhaps."

"I did not see any book," Pring remarked. "And he liked his sleep too."

"Don't know," Moal admitted. "I hadn't thought of that side of it. It's astonishingly hard to go back of the face of things, in the first moment. A lot of questions will occur to us by daylight. Probably if we knew what brought him out here we'd have a lead."

They weighed this consideration in a long silence, and as time passed they relaxed in their chairs, lids half lowered, on the borders of sleep. But neither did sleep Now and then one or the other, glancing toward his companion, discovered a glint of firelight reflected from eyeballs half concealed under shadowing lashes. Once and then again Pring rose to feed the fire. Once Doctor Moal poured them each another drink. For the rest they were quiet, and the big camp about them slept as silently as the still form under the blanket on the couch. Outside, all about for miles on miles lay the deep and silent woods, insulating them against the contacts of the distant world, the society of mankind. Yet this matter that had chanced would concern that society, would focus its attention, would draw down upon the persons in the camp tonight insistent questionings and long curiosity.

Doctor Moal seized this thought and presently remarked, "Twenty years from now we'll be telling our grandchildren this tale."

"I'd give a deal to forget it."

"We'll have no opportunity," the doctor replied. "You'll always be the Pring at whose hunting camp Bill Wardle was murdered; I'll always be—Doctor Moal. 'You know, the one who shared the same bedroom with that chap Wardle the night he was killed.'"

"I suppose you're right."

"The public at large will forget in a month. But not our friends."

Silence embraced them again. The long hours of the night dragged away. The oil lamp burned low and Pring extinguished it and lighted another. After an eternity, against the tall windows toward the lake, he discovered a gray light that foretold the breaking up of the night. He shifted in his chair with grim relief.

"Soon be morning now," he said.

(Continued on Page 30)

The Woodsmen Saw Fresh Smoke Billow Upward Through the Still, Cold Air

Walter P. Chrysler Says:

Maxwell Now Excels Previous Four-Cylinder Possibilities

Before you have driven the good Maxwell 30 minutes, you will be revising all your previous ideas of four-cylinder possibilities.

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Most people want such results in their cars today; and many still think they must pay much more than the Maxwell price to get them.

That might have been true up to a few months ago; but Maxwell's new developments have reversed the case entirely.

On the side of economy, Maxwell stands equally to the fore.

Engine bearings, for example, are built to run for the life of the car without need for replacement; owners average 24 miles per gallon, and 18,000 miles from a set of tires; valves and carbon require attention only at unusually long intervals.

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W. P. Chrysler

President and Chairman of the Board
Maxwell Motor Sales Corporation, Detroit
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The Good MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 28)

"It's colder," Doctor Moal commented. "We'd best build up the fire."

VI

OF THE four woodsmen sleeping in their snug cabin behind the main camp, Coxon was that morning the first to wake. In other matters his years sat lightly upon this man; but like so many folks past middle life, a lesser quantity of sleep sufficed him and he habitually stayed late abroad and woke at earliest dawn. He awoke this morning before the windows of the cabin, sheltered as they were by surrounding trees, and masked by snow in the corners of the panes, revealed any indication that day was near. Awake, he lay a little while unstirring, and so presently decided, from the evidence of his nose, exposed through a cranny of the blankets drawn about his head, that it had grown much colder during the night. That would mean the main camp was cold and fires to greet waking guests would be most welcome there. Accordingly Coxon slid his feet to the floor beside his bunk and went to the stove in the end of the cabin and discovered, as he had guessed, that the fire had burned itself out. He made haste to kindle a fresh one, and the disturbance he made awoke his companions. Bullard and Newry, whose duties did not call them abroad so early, drew blankets more securely about their heads and continued their slumbers; but Jean Bruton, the excellent cook, pushed his covers aside and sat up on the edge of his bunk, hitching his suspenders over his shoulders.

"It's damn cold," he remarked, his broad face beaming.

"Sure is," Coxon agreed. "Must be ten below."

"Wind blew some in the night."

"I heard it. . . . You hear that rabbit yell? Come on to blow after that for a spell, but it died down 'fore I got back to sleep."

"Yes, I heard the rabbit," Bruton agreed.

He was thrusting his feet into felt boots inside high rubbers, and now bent over to snap the catches of the rubbers. Coxon had the fire roaring. He broke the ice in a pail by the stove and put water to heat, and when it began to steam he poured some in a basin and washed his hands and face. The men spoke little, each doing what needed to be done without direction. Coxon, first dressed, pulled his cap about his ears and went out of doors. The gray light of early morning was diffusing itself through the forest. The cold was almost palpable; the very air seemed full of crystals of frost. Now and then, somewhere near by, a tree snapped and cracked; but for the rest, silence blanketed the scene, almost as tangible as the thick carpet of snow which billowed all about.

Coxon's blood ran slow and sluggish, and he was glad to take a shovel from its place beside the cabin door and begin the task of clearing out the path to the main camp. Time enough to build fires there after a while; if he went too early he would wake those who liked to sleep late. The living room, on the front of the camp, was on the side away from him; he could not see the light from its windows. His shovel made the light, dry snow fly. During the preceding days snow thrown out of this path had built a high wall on one side, over which Coxon scarce could see. He deposited the snow he removed this morning on the other side of the trenchlike way he made. He worked steadily and his blood began to stir; his breath congealed in little frost crystals on his short mustache and on the collar of his coat, which he had turned up about his chin. The camp ahead of him seemed innocent of life as did the cabin behind; he might have thought himself alone in immense silence. Only from the chimney of the cabin, when he looked back, he saw a ribbon of smoke arising. The fire in the main camp had burned so low that it produced no smoke; but when Coxon was three-quarters of the way from cabin to camp, someone replenished this fire and the woodsman saw fresh smoke billow upward through the still, cold air, and he thought Pring must have come downstairs.

Bruton came along the path behind him with another shovel and Coxon gave way for a moment; then he followed on the cook's heels, clearing away the débris of soft and sliding snow left by the other. So they came to the kitchen door. Bruton cleared the lower steps, but Coxon checked him momentarily to point out that someone had opened the door and stood on the doorsill, looking out toward their cabin. The tracks of the two men were visible in the fringe of snow upon the sill. Pring and Doctor Moal had stood here when they came to look for traces in the path to the cabin, and Coxon at once recognized the significance of the imprints.

"They came to look out or to call to us," he said. "I heard nothing, though."

The cook chuckled.

"They probably got cold—wanted fires built," he suggested.

"Something may be wrong," Coxon remarked, and opened the door and went into the kitchen. It was by this time sufficiently light so that he could see across the room; but it was also sufficiently dark so that the line of illumination under the door told him a lamp was lighted in the living room. He crossed at once and entered; and Pring and Doctor Moal, aroused by the sound of his coming, met him face to face.

The old woodsman looked from one of them to the other, tugging at his cap. They wore dressing gowns, since it had not yet occurred to either of them to change into warmer garments; their faces were haggard and their eyes were tired. Coxon pulled off his mittens and tucked them with his cap into his pockets.

"Morning," he said. Then he saw that the couch had been moved against the farther wall; that on it something lay. He took a step that way, paused to look again toward his employer. "What's happened?" he asked.

"Mr. Wardle has been shot," said Pring.

Bruton, in the doorway that led to the kitchen, uttered an ejaculation and his round face turned gray. But Coxon showed no sign of discomposure.

He asked directly, "An accident?"

Pring shook his head.

"It appears that someone shot him," he replied. Coxon nodded as though he were not surprised.

"That is bad."

"Yes."

The woodsman considered.

"The first thing," he said briefly, "is to look in the snow."

"What for?"

"To see whether anyone approached the camp. Could he have been shot from outside?"

"He was shot with the little rifle, the one with the silencer," Doctor Moal told Coxon.

"And the doors and windows were all shut when I found him," Pring added.

Coxon turned toward the kitchen again.

"I guess I'll look around anyway," he decided; and with no further word went out through the kitchen and plowed through the deep snow, making a complete circuit of the camp at a distance of twenty yards. The snow showed no mark, nor were there any drifts of sufficient size to have obliterated footprints made during the night. He returned to where the others waited and said passively, "No one came near."

Day was coming more swiftly. It was already so light that the lamp might have been extinguished; but its pleasant glow was agreeable to them all and no one made a move to put it out.

Coxon put fresh wood on the fire, and when he turned again it was to say, "He will have to be moved before breakfast." Pring nodded.

"We've got to eat in here. I don't suppose any of us could do it with that there."

Coxon looked at Doctor Moal.

"Maybe you wouldn't mind getting your things out," he suggested. "There's a room upstairs you can have. Then we can put the couch and all in your room. His things are there." Doctor Moal nodded assent.

"The wisest plan," he agreed, and turned toward the door of his bedroom. Coxon followed.

"I'll make a fire for you to dress by," he volunteered, and went into the room upon the other's heels and knelt before the little stove, crumpling birch bark and gathering a handful of spruce splits.

Doctor Moal was getting into his clothes, gathering his belongings without a word. Coxon rose, his task concluded, and glanced around the room. The rear windows were closed, as were those which led to the screened veranda at the side, where they had fired at targets the afternoon before.

"You sleep with the windows shut?" he asked.

Doctor Moal smiled and shook his head.

"No; no, I shut them when I got up. The wind was springing up and I thought it would blow snow in. It came from that side."

"Didn't anybody hear the shot, did they?"

"No. At least neither Mr. Pring nor I heard it. I heard a rabbit scream; that woke me, and then I noticed Wardle wasn't in bed. I got up and closed the windows and then I heard Mr. Pring in the living room, so I joined him."

"What time was that?" Coxon asked.

"After midnight, I should say."

"Right after the rabbit yelled that way?"

"Yes, within five minutes."

"You looked at Mr. Wardle, did you?"

"Yes," the doctor replied.

"How long since he was shot, do you think?"

"Not long; not ten minutes."

Coxon commented grimly, "He died just before the rabbit."

"I should think so."

The woodsman helped Doctor Moal remove his belongings to the living room and left them by the stair foot. Pring had waited their return, tilting on his heels before the hearth. In the kitchen, Bruton was busy, and he appeared now with a steaming pot of coffee in his hands.

"You need a warm drink," he suggested.

They were glad to get it, and sipped at the scalding stuff, feeling it run through their bodies heartenningly. The occasional clash of pot or pan in the kitchen, to which Bruton had returned, had a reassuringly normal sound.

When they had drunk the coffee, Coxon said, "Let's move the couch now."

So, between them they did so, shifting the heavy piece with difficulty through the narrow doorway into the room Doctor Moal and Wardle had occupied together. The task done, Pring and the doctor returned to the living room; but Coxon stayed behind to remove the blanket and make some scrutiny of what lay beneath it. He marked a tiny smear of red on Wardle's right hand before he drew the folds of the dead man's dressing gown more securely about the still form.

Rejoining the others, the door closed behind him, he asked, "Didn't find him laid out that way, did you?"

Pring replied, "He was on his knees, sprawled across the couch, almost like a man praying."

"Like he'd fell?"

"I thought he must have been standing—must have pitched forward."

"Arms crumpled under him, I suppose."

Pring said, after a moment's hesitation, "I think so." But Doctor Moal amended this.

"Not when I first saw him."

"How were they?" Pring asked.

"His left hand was down along his side half under him; but his right arm was thrown out along the couch, full length, right angles to his body."

"You may be right," Pring assented. "It was a shock to me. I was disturbed."

"It's my profession to observe small things accurately, even under stress," Doctor Moal explained with a smile.

"Of course, of course," Pring agreed.

Coxon thought his tone was surprisingly hearty, perhaps not wholly sincere.

He asked his employer directly, "How'd you happen to come down and find him?"

"I got up to fix my door," Pring explained, with a glance at the doctor. "The wind was beginning to blow and it rattled. I meant to stick a match or a handkerchief in the crack. But when I opened it there was a light downstairs here. I could see it on the stairs. So I came down to put it out—and found him."

Coxon swept his eyes around the room.

"If he was standing facing the couch, the shot must have come from the library or the gun room."

"The rifle was in the gun room," Pring replied. "You cleaned it yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"It's been fired since."

"From the gun room then," Coxon decided thoughtfully. "Mr. Wardle couldn't have seen him in the dark there, even if he looked that way." He considered for a moment, then addressed Pring. "Did Mrs. Pring hear you get up?" Pring nodded.

"Yes, she knows. I made her go back to bed."

"You been up to see her?"

"I forgot about her, really. This thing has upset me."

"You better go up to her," Coxon suggested. "Get dressed and all. I'll help Doctor Moal move his things upstairs. Want I should build the fire in your room?"

"I'll do that," Pring said.

Coxon nodded his assent and picked up Doctor Moal's bag. The three men went upstairs together, and Coxon saw Pring gently open the door of his own room and go inside. He went with Doctor Moal to the unused bedroom in the rear of the house and built a fire in that stove, and took the water pitcher to the kitchen to fill it and returned with fresh water for the physician's ablutions.

The woodsman asked no questions, made no remark; but Doctor Moal said idly, "An extraordinary situation, Coxon."

"Yes, it is," the guide agreed.

"Six of us here, all pretty intimate friends; and one of us a murderer."

"I don't see any other way to look at it."

"How will you notify the authorities?"

"I'll send two of the men out today, if Mr. Pring thinks best. They can make it by tomorrow noon; or maybe tonight if they travel late. Then if the telephone ain't down from the head of the lake, we can get someone in here in about four days."

"It will be rather ghastly to be penned up here, under the circumstances. No possible transportation out, is there?"

"No, I guess not. They'll bring in sledges, maybe, and snowshoes. The lake is all froze solid by now; but there's close to two feet of soft snow on it unless a wind blows it clear."

Doctor Moal poured water into the bowl, and Coxon withdrew. It was his morning task to build fires in each room, and he went now to knock on Grace Taber's door. She told him to come in, her voice smothered and low; and when he did so she was invisible beneath a mound of bedclothes. He built the fire without a word, filled the water pitcher and shut the door behind him, knocking next on the door of the room occupied by Rotch and Julie. It was Julie who bade him enter. Rotch seemed still asleep. Julie asked in a smothered voice whether it were not colder, and

(Continued on Page 73)

THE MILK THAT GOOD COOKS USE

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Raspberry Ice Cream

Recipe from Mrs. Lois Shannon Hinsdale, Illinois

Wash one pint of berries (red or black raspberries or strawberries). Sprinkle generously with sugar. Let stand for three or four hours to draw out the juice. Then rub through a fine sieve. Add 1½ cups Libby's Milk, additional sugar to taste, dash of salt, juice of ½ lemon, and 1 cup water. Freeze. This makes three pints.

Write us for other good recipes; sent free

Above is Pattern No. 542

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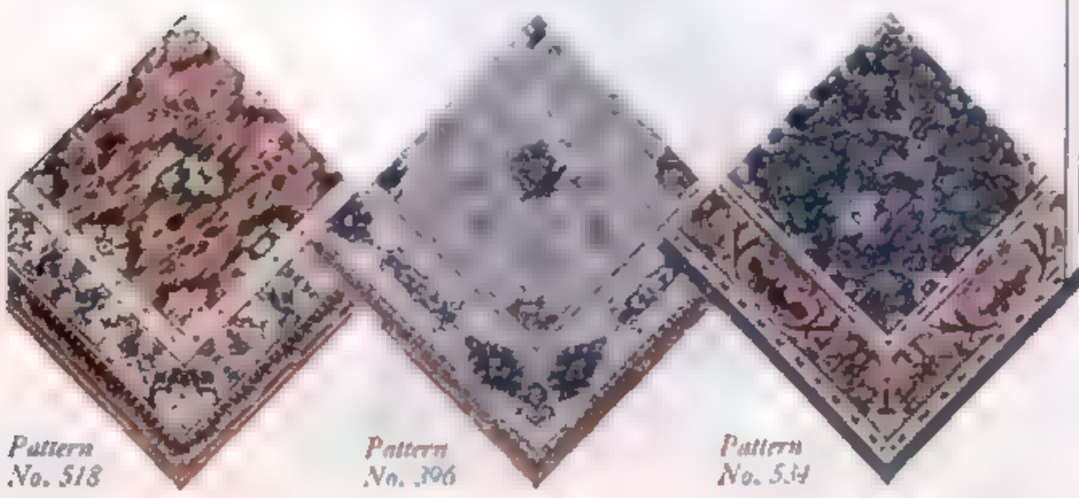

Pattern No. 518 *Pattern No. 396* *Pattern No. 534*

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6	feet x 9	feet	$ 9.00	The patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½	feet x 3	feet	$ .60
7½	feet x 9	feet	11.25		3	feet x 3	feet	1.40
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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM RUGS

THE BEAUVAIS LINING

By Aaron Davis

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE vogue of appearing blankly uninterested upon all occasions, although practically universal among the guild of interior decorators, had as yet not atrophied the face of Miss Matilda Delafield Munty. Being relatively a newcomer in the business may have been the reason for her habit of being observing, enthusiastic and, in the opinion of many of her competitors, small town. Of course those decorators who had been abroad named the last quality as bourgeois. They were of the group who condemned each phase of art, from the aspiring Gothic of St. Patrick's to the entrance to the newest department store, because their thumbs had not been dipped in the plum pie of the profit. Heed their claims and you would leave—as quickly as possible—intensely impressed over the low ebb of real beauty in these United States, yet a little bit hopeful for the country's salvation because of the entrancing taffeta overcurtains which now adorned, through their ability, the boudoir of Mrs. Bumpus-the Chester Bumpuses, you know.

"Yes, There's No Question About It. This Room Must be Paneled With Broad Pine"

Even the simple process of opening the morning's mail yet held charms for Miss Munty; which was fortunate, as otherwise it would not have been opened, for just as the good wife is all things to her mate, so Matilda was to her business.

Letter Number Five of the day's offering held her.

"Well, well," she mused to the bronze cat which graced her table, "so people are beginning to appreciate the ability of Matilda Munty, specialist in early Americana, and the like. And they should. Frederick Collover he signs himself. I know who he is. And he's gone and bought the old Sidney Collover place up the Hudson. I'm glad of that. I like to see those old places get back to their families. And he's asking the four decorators who have been most highly recommended to him to submit their ideas for restoring the house. I wonder who gave me that boost. And he wants to know if I'll drive up next Tuesday with them and look the place over. Will I? Cat," said she fiercely to the bronze, "step aside and let me have that telephone. I want to clinch this appointment."

Matilda had what many decorators would have called an unartistic method of approaching a prospective job. In former years she had studied herself dizzy over approaching scholastic examinations, and she yet retained the habit.

Whenever the condition of a job made it possible she crammed her mind with data concerning it; with the history of the particular decorative period involved and the proper adaptation of that period to the work before her. She envied those people who possessed a flair for improvising, who could speak fluently and impressively of things they knew nothing about, and whose consciences were convenient and flexible in the matter of their recommendations.

Now she found that the old Collover mansion was the focal point of an eventful past. Originally constructed in the year 1740, its added wings were indexes to the varying fortune and family sizes of the successive Collover heirs. The spacious chamber of Martha Doane Collover, the prime lady of the estate, had been subdivided in the third generation for the less aristocratic purpose of housing two sets of Collover twins. It was apparent that that proud family was as fruitful of lineage as of legend. The Army, the church and the farm had drawn recruits from the clan; but trade never—at least never until recent years, and Matilda was pleased with the whimsey of how deeply and unutterably the present bearer of the name was in trade.

The last occupant of the house had been Buckleigh Collover. A bachelor, he had lived there alone for sixty-four years—sixty-four years of unrelieved seclusion that started the very natural local fable that love at an early age had rubbed him the wrong way and sent him along the hermit road. And when he had died thirty-five years before, his estate had been dedicated by his direction to pay the taxes on the property and keep it vacant for all time. But his dog-in-the-manger intention had been broken when in the natural course of commerce the estate had melted away but the taxes kept piling up. So it was a mansion that had been barred to the public for ninety-nine years that eventually came, by purchase, into the hands of Frederick Collover.

When Mr. and Mrs. Collover called for her on the appointed Tuesday Miss Munty was amazed to find that monumental zero of all interior decorators, Mr. Clyde Overly, also included in the party. And as at the very beginning of her career Matilda had been first hired and then fired by that gorgeous excuse for a gentleman, she viewed his presence with no sincere pleasure.

"Killing two birds with one stone," explained Mr. Collover in a tone that invited admiration over his remark.

Mrs. Collover gave an eloquent gurgle to show how fresh and keen she thought her husband.

"Haw-haw-haw!" gushed Mr. Overly, who had been reared in Riverhead, Long Island, in his truest Bond Street manner. "Splendid, splendid!"

His fulsomeness could leave no doubt in his host's mind that he, Clyde Overly, knew genuine wit when he heard it

"What do you mean?" asked Matilda.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed Mr. Collover, touching his mirth-sprung eyes with his handkerchief. "What I meant was this: I wanted Mr. Overly to give me his ideas on the house, as well as yourself, so I hit upon the plan of both of you coming up at the same time. As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Overly who suggested in the first place that I ask you into the competition to do over the old place. Your ears must have burned, Miss Munty, for he was most flattering about your ability. He was forced to admit that you had received a very thorough training in his establishment and that he hated to lose you."

"Why," said Matilda, "that's very kind of Mr. Overly. I do appreciate it." To herself she murmured, "The dirty dog! What's he got up his sleeve? I suppose he figured that I'd be a weak competitor, since old Collover insisted on competition for the job. And he hated to lose me from his studio, did he? Good gracious, I wish they could have heard him fire me! I certainly was green when he gave me my first job."

"Yes, indeed," announced Mr. Overly, resettling his drooping pince-nez. "I was sincerely sorry to have you leave me, Matilda. You were such a bright girl."

"That's fine," said Mr. Collover in a loud congratulatory voice. "No bad blood. No old quarrels. Nothing but good feeling between old employer and old employe. That's the way I like things up at the factory. All working together for the general good. Harmony's the word I want—absolute harmony."

"Quite a coincidence, Mr. Collover," said Mr. Overly ponderously. "That's a word I also like to apply to my business. But you've expressed the idea in a truly masterly way. And another thing I like is to help along the young people. The case of Matilda here, for instance."

A painfully gracious smile saved Miss Munty the trouble of words. Had she spoken her thoughts, calm in the car would have ceased to prevail.

"The patronizing old crook! Thinks he can get a job by talking down to me, does he? Calling me Matilda as though I'd been his errand girl! Clyde, you old sweetheart, watch your step! I'm going to get you!"

The caretaker, recently installed by the new owner, had been expecting their arrival, and the windows and doors of the great house were open to the May sun and wind; and in spite of its bareness of furnishing, the cheer of springtime filled the vast rooms almost pleasantly. Resolute robins discussed the potentialities of the cherry season in the orchard beyond the dining room, and female sparrows abused, in quite human fashion, the male members of their breed for the unreasonable delay in finishing

the nests. And toward the river shone the broad fields, bushed and shaggy now, but which a century before had been gold and green with wheat.

Mr. Clyde Overly bashed out his cigarette, drew a series of long preparatory breaths and started improvising. He was of the clan who require no sincere convictions to talk convincingly. Words, language and unpremeditated suggestions flowed out of Mr. Overly in a freshet of eloquence. Common sense was shy in his harangues; but then common sense is an exact quality, and his art could not brook any precise thing. His operations were governed totally by inspiration, and when boiled down to an admitted definition, inspiration proved to be whatever he chanced to recommend. It was an extremely convenient system—for Mr. Clyde Overly.

"Yes," said he, with absolute finality, as he backed up to the empty fireplace of the drawing-room, "there's no question about it. This room must be paneled with broad pine. The ceiling must be lowered; we can do it by stretching muslin; not higher than seven feet. What you want is a quaint effect. Early American, if you catch what I mean. Here we'll have a little butterfly coffee table with a brace of ladder-back chairs, and over there behind a rare old settee that I hope to lay my hands on"—it had clogged his stock room for many seasons—"a tavern table with the most fetching apron mortal eyes ever looked at. I can see it all. Charming! Absolutely entrancing! Doesn't that give you the picture clearly, Mrs. Collover?"

Mr. Collover cut short his wife's squeak of pleasure. She always squeaked when honored by any direct request for an opinion.

"Pine!" thundered Frederick Collover. "What's the sense of pine? San Domingan mahogany's much richer. That's the stuff for me. Give me a good red mahogany with a piano finish and you can't beat it."

"I don't know but what you're right, Mr. Collover. On second thought, I must admit the mahogany would be far more dignified. By George, you have struck it!" And Mr. Overly bowed formally and gratefully to his host, evidently vastly impressed by the rare taste which that man displayed.

"That's the way I like to hear a man talk. This house will be a knock-out when we're through. Mrs. Collover will assure you that I've got ideas. Won't you, my dear?"

"Squeak, squeak!" said that lady, practically overcome through having her opinion asked twice in one morning.

"Good enough!" bellowed Mr. Collover. "Where's Miss Munty?"

"Here," said Matilda thoughtfully, entering through the door from the dining room.

"Well, it's all arranged, Miss Munty. Mr. Overly agrees with me that the entire ground floor should be paneled in good red imported mahogany. Imported, mind you! What do you think of that for an idea?" And the thunderer beamed, expectant of his accustomed ration of praise.

"Why, I think it would be a terrible sacrilege to tear down this plaster work, which is really remarkable in places. I can't believe you'd do such a thing. Look at those pilaster strips on each side of the chimney breast. You wouldn't—you couldn't rip those out!"

"Huh?" asked Mr. Collover, side-stepping quickly for fear something was about to nip him on the calf. "Pilasters? Oh, I see. Do you think those are good?"

"I know they are good," said Matilda quietly. "And so do you, when you think about it. Your blood will tell you they are. I only wish I came from people whose ancestors had lived in the spacious, magnificent way the Collovers did. It's a heritage to envy."

"H'm," answered Mr. Collover with unusual tonal restraint. "So you think they are good, do you? Well, let's go upstairs anyway and have a look around."

"Just a second before you go, sir," said Matilda. "There are some old linen curtains in the dining room. They're really too ragged to be of the slightest use, but the pattern is unusually fine and I want them merely for the pattern. Won't you sell them to me?"

Business being afoot, the czar regained his normal vigor.

"Well, well, want to strike a trade, do you? All right, miss, I'll give you a price. What do you think they're worth, Mr. Overly? Got to have a neutral judge in such matters."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," replied the bored Mr. Overly, who was instinctively mean.

"God bless me! As much as that? Would you give me two hundred and fifty for them?"

"Me?" squealed the alarmed Clyde. "No; I don't want them. I don't like that sort of thing. I just meant that if anyone liked them they were worth that."

"Well, Miss Munty, are they worth that to you?"

"Why, yes, if that's your price. Let's get it done. I'll give you a check now." And Matilda stooped to the broad sill of the dining-room window to write her check. Blotting it, she looked up to discover that the others had gone to the stairs. Her soliloquy was in an intense voice.

"If the Almighty loves me that won't be a crazy gamble. And nothing else could leave shadows like those on the old plaster—I know it."

And with a final entreating glance at the four large rectangular-shaped patches that faintly discolored three of the walls, Miss Munty hurried after the others.

Mr. Collover boomed out a greeting as he tucked her check away in his wallet.

"I suppose, Miss Munty, that for these bedrooms you'd be likely to recommend cretonnes or taffetas and stuff like that."

"Why, yes," she answered, "light things are essentially suitable for bedrooms. You shouldn't use velvet or brocades, especially for a house you plan to use only during the summer. . . . Why?"

"You win, Overly," admitted Mr. Collover, tipping his hat jauntily to that decorator and turning toward Matilda. "Why? I was just testing you out. Mr. Overly made the very interesting statement that the basic fault of all women decorators was that they could never perform in the grand style—couldn't think beyond glazed chintz and taffeta and painted furniture. He seems to be right. Mind you, it's not your fault. It's just something lacking in your sex. Now we men, for instance, like regular big-league art; velvet curtains with a pile an inch deep, and mahogany walls. That's strong stuff. I guess a woman just naturally can't think that high. Hey, Overly, am I right?"

"I dislike to hurt Matilda's feelings in any way," said the decorator, examining an old chandelier with great intentness in order not to have to meet Matilda's gaze; "but you certainly are right. Miss Munty is deucedly clever, but along cottage lines, if you know what I mean. A place like this requires the royal touch. She doesn't think the way you think—and, of course, the way I think. No woman does. Ahem!"

"No," said Matilda softly, "you're quite right. And we have other good points too."

"Squeak!" exploded Mrs. Collover, and immediately rushed to pat her husband's arm and thus erase her dereliction of squeaking at the wrong cue.

"That's fine," announced the host, happy that the mean task of telling Miss Munty that she was out of the running for his job was complete. "You're a good sensible girl, and I want you to send me a bill for your time. I like to treat people white."

Matilda bit her lip to keep from laughing or crying—she couldn't tell which.

"That's quite all right, Mr. Collover. I understand perfectly how you feel; but you won't mind, will you, if I go right ahead and make out my suggestions and estimates, regardless of what you say? I have certain very definite ideas for this house and I can't be happy until I work them out. Nothing binding on you, of course."

"Frankly, I wouldn't, Miss Munty. A waste of time, I assure you. But it's up to you. You're your own boss."

Clyde Overly interrupted.

"Now, as you were saying, Mr. Collover, this bedroom will be marvelous. A cardinal's bed against that wall, richly gilded, and a red velvet carpet and luxurious ox-blood velvet curtains. And then that suggestion of yours to have the walls done in a deep maroon cartridge paper is very subtle. It's all clear as a bell. And by the way, Mr. Collover, it's only fair to tell you, you have an amazing taste. It's not once in a thousand times I'm fortunate enough to get a client who works with me, inspires me the way you do. It's a real privilege, I assure you."

Matilda, sensing her intrusion at this holocaust of her art, wandered away by herself through the huge house. There was a simple fineness about it that touched her determination. The joy of finding nothing false, nothing jerry-built, no sham effects, thrilled her natural inherited regard for truth. She passed from room to room, making infinite notes of the furnishings which she thought necessary to enhance the architectural perfections. And she made the discovery, new to her, of the very ancient principle that an ideally proportioned room requires only a scant amount of embellishment; and a fuller appreciation of that discovery gave her a crystallized idea.

"Good gracious! I'd never thought of it, but it will cost only about a quarter as much to decorate this place as it would most houses of its size—that is, to do it properly. I bet old Clyde will make a cosmopolitan museum out of it, though. He's hell in a hack when he's turned loose with a rich client who doesn't know an Egyptian tear bottle from a Scandinavian ale tankard. I wish I could do it."

During the following fortnight Matilda labored foot and mind to put her suggestions for Mr. Collover's work into a definite form which he could grasp and put his signature to, and the nearer completion the plans came the more constantly she smiled. But her smile was tinged with a quality other than plain maidenly merriment.

"'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' Very well," said Matilda, "I admit that fact, but in this particular case I operate as the instrument of the Lord. Clyde, watch your step!" And the smile extended up to and included her eyes, and she snapped her fingers in the face of the bronze cat upon her worktable.

As the rounding up of her ideas for the Collover house came well in sight she addressed a letter to the new owner. In it she asked him merely to give her an interview before he signed the contract for his work; of course, only as a favor to herself and not because he had any obligation to do so; if he wished, she had not the slightest objection to the presence of Mr. Overly at their meeting, and she finished with the teaser: "No Collover can afford to lack what my scheme offers. I believe I'm not unreasonable in being convinced that no person with Collover blood in his veins can disregard the details of the plan I shall propose. I should sooner entertain the opinion that a Collover lacked true sportsmanship."

"There," said Matilda, licking the envelope, "that should be good for an admission ticket to his office—especially when he took pains to tell me he was no tinhorn sport."

The letter turned the trick for Miss Munty. Several days later she received its answer. Mr. Collover was having his final interview with Mr. Overly the next day and he would be generous enough to spare her several precious minutes before he signed his acceptance of Overly's recommendations—"And please, Miss Munty, be punctual. Three sharp."

At 2:30 the following day Matilda took up her stand in the hallway around the corner from Frederick Collover's offices. Upon occasion she could practice her feminine right of tardiness, but today she was dealing with men and must work by the male creed of promptness. At 2:58 she entered the anteroom for her appointment. Mr. Collover was in conference. Would she be seated? For thirty-five minutes she eased her anxiousness with an examination of the wall pictures. From them she observed that the founder of the great house of Collover was a robust man with vigorous whiskers.

A slight bustle at the doorway announced the return of Mr. Collover and Mr. Overly from lunch. Mr. Collover's voice boomed ahead of him.

"And you say, Overly, that it only took four drops of tarragon vinegar to add that flavor to the sauce? It's hard to believe." Seeing Matilda, he kept right on booming. "Sorry I had to keep you, Miss Munty, but a big deal came up while I was out. Tremendous! Couldn't let it wait. Won't you come into the office?" And he waved her ahead of him. He seated himself at his desk, went through the necessity of rustling certain unimportant papers thereon, lighted a cigar, cocked it between his lips at a jaunty skyward angle, and spoke judicially through the smoke of it.

"Now let me see. Where are we? Except for the formality of signing the papers, you and I have about finished, haven't we, Overly? Yes, yes. I thought so. But you won't mind, will you, if I hear Miss Munty for a few minutes? Of course—well, you understand."

"Certainly. Of course. I understand perfectly." And Mr. Overly placed his elbow on the desk and half closed his eyes in an effort to display the fact that he knew how Wall Street men appeared when forced to listen to trivial affairs of a mere hundred thousand or some such nuisance. Had anyone said to him "You big men do actually hold the future of the country in the palms of your hands, don't you?" he would have denied it at once with a slight but thoughtful wave of the hand.

"Well now, Miss Munty, let's get down to brass tacks," announced Mr. Collover with an air of patient charity. "But please remember that time is precious—very precious. I don't know of anything in the world so precious as time. Now take my father, for example. He'd often say to me, 'Fred'—he always called me Fred; we were great pals, you see—he'd say, 'Fred.' And I'd say, 'What is it father?' And then that time the Chicago broker came into the office—that was right after the World's Fair, you understand. Yes, you were too young to have gone to the fair, weren't you? Too bad you missed it. There was an orchestra there that, in my estimation at least—and a lot of people tell me I've a remarkable ear for music—has never been equaled. Now let me see. What were we talking about? It wasn't music, was it?"

"No," said Matilda, sitting primly in her chair; "you were going to let me give you some of my ideas for restoring the old Collover homestead. And at the very start I want to tell you this, sir: In that place you possess what is practically a national asset. There aren't a dozen houses in the country that can equal it for dignity and real magnificence, just as there aren't a dozen names in the land that, historically, can command the respect of the Collover name."

At this effusion Mr. Overly looked up sharply; but noting the placid content that aureoled the features of Mr. Collover, he restrained whatever idea he had of speaking.

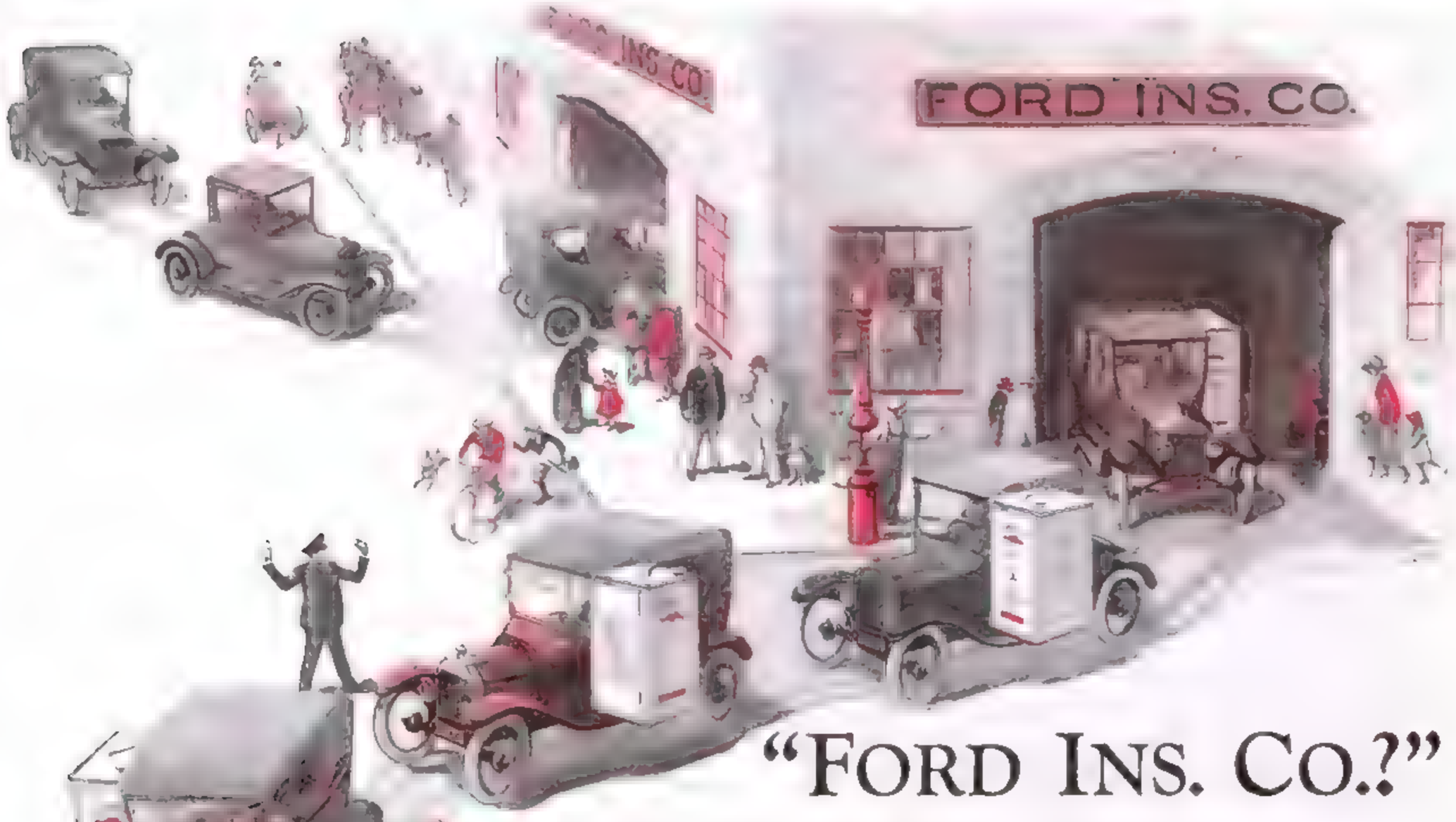
Frederick Collover nodded a slow yet appreciative agreement to Miss Munty's statements of fact, and she continued:

"My idea, sir, is essentially very simple. With your help, I should like to restore the place as it was a century ago. That is not a difficult problem, and moreover it is not a very expensive one. But it is preeminently the fitting thing to do. From the Collovers it came and now back to the Collovers it goes."

Mr. Overly drummed fitfully on the desk with nervous fingers and made a brave effort to look unperturbed.

"Yes," said Matilda, "there isn't much to be had of the original items which made the house charming; but we can

(Continued on Page 82)



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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

THE MAKING OF A DANCER

By M. K. Wisehart

MANY aspire to the dancer's career. They come to the producers and the professional schools in New York at the rate of a thousand a month. Some begin training only to abandon it later when it proves too severe. Of those who remain for a year, many are called into temporary usefulness and then fall by the way—or linger in the chorus. Thousands attain what may be called an average success. Only the few follow the arduous furrow across the plain and up the heights to artistic achievement, acclamation and high financial returns.

The making of a dancer—her training and career? A dancer is not made in a day, and the experience can't be described in a minute. But follow along, and you may find that there is something in the subject to surprise you. When next you see the principal dancer in a revue or the second-part girl in musical comedy step out from the flat, stale work of the chorus to insert a three or four minute bit of excellence; when you watch a sure-fire dance act of thirty minutes' duration in vaudeville; or again, when you see a delectable ballet dancer on the toe for two or three minutes giving life to some poet's dream of a dying swan, you may be reminded of what, in the way of preparation and training, is back of this dancing business.

Formerly dancers were apt to acquire their training in rather haphazard fashion. But nowadays they generally go to some one of the professional schools, of which there are nearly a hundred in New York alone. Outside the profession few are aware of the details and routine of the training. Consequently it may be necessary to say that there is nothing bizarre or freakish in what I describe—it is the usual procedure for the girl—and substantially the same for the boy—who is to be a real dancer.

Say that our heroine is a girl of fifteen or sixteen. She should not be more than that when she begins to prepare herself for what is known as general stage dancing. The first essential is to determine whether she has a sufficient sense of rhythm. This will be done by having her execute several movements and attitudes to the rhythm of a waltz and in imitation of the instructor. The answer as regards her rhythmic sense can be given in ten minutes. If she has it she will execute the movements with grace and ease, though she has had no previous training. If at this brief trial she is awkward to any notable degree, she has little reason to hope for success on the stage.

In addition to a deeply imbued sense of rhythm she should have received other and no inconsiderable gifts from Nature—beautiful features, loveliness of form, appealing manners, an iron constitution, especially a sound heart. Shortcomings as to sheer beauty may be offset by her personality, but two things she cannot get along without—love for the work and ambition, which manifests itself in stamina, pluck and perseverance, and goads her on to excellence through a severe physical routine. This routine is not for a day or a year, but for as long as she hopes to improve or to hold what she has gained. It becomes more severe as she advances in training, and still more exacting as she gains a place and a name.

For her first lesson—a relative or guardian is paying five to ten dollars an hour for the instruction—the dancer-to-be dons practice clothes, such as will constitute her working regalia throughout her professional career—dancing shoes, very short bloomers and a loose-belted blouse. Practice clothes must allow for complete freedom of movement and enable the instructor to observe movements of the feet, ankles and knees.

The Ubiquitous Horizontal Bar

THE studio in which she works—she may be in a class of ten or twenty at the beginning—is a room some thirty or forty by twenty-five feet in dimensions. The long side of the room is a mirrored surface extending from the floor to a height of some seven or eight feet. She observes her own movements in this mirror, which is there for another purpose also—so that the instructor, when standing in front of the pupil or class and facing the mirror, can see whether his movements and steps are imitated exactly.

Along the wall, usually in front of the mirror, is the bar. This is a horizontal pole, waist-high from the floor and some six or eight inches away from the mirror. Ten or a dozen girls may work at the bar at the same time.

At this bar all the dancer's initial training will be done. In fact, as long as she is a dancer a bar will be among the necessities of her life. She should have one for use at home. There will undoubtedly be one in the theater where she works. When she travels professionally she may carry among her properties a portable bar that can be put up in a hotel room or the theater by means of chains, stanchions and bolts. In an emergency, however, she can use a door knob, table edge or the back of a chair in lieu of a bar.

To the dancer the bar serves much the same function as the compass to the navigator; it may even be said to be as important as the bow to the violinist. Without it she would be lost in her efforts to acquire the pure balance which is the basis of her art; she could not begin to master the technic. At the start she must depend upon it to maintain her balance while she is acquiring the necessary strength to execute certain difficult positions and exercises without support. As a trained dancer she will still use the bar as a compass, as a guide in attaining the strictest precision. In a word, limberness and balance are first cultivated at the bar. Later they must be maintained by constant reference to the same apparatus.

During the first month the dancer works one hour a day, five days a week, and always under supervision for the sake of accuracy. Her sole concern is to master the five fundamental positions of the feet and arms. During the second month she will do the same work without supervision for at least an hour a day in addition to the lesson.

These five positions are made into exercises which are performed with the aid of the bar at first, to music—every move the dancer makes in the school is timed to accompaniment by the piano—and at the speed of a ticking clock. After a half hour's work at the bar, the same work is always repeated on the floor, this being vital to perfecting the balance of the dancer.

The Five Fundamental Positions

ANYONE who is to follow the dancer's progress must know exactly what these positions are, why they are difficult to execute, and what they are like when made into exercises. I give them here, the five fundamental positions of the feet and arms, for what is known as general stage dancing:

1. Heels together, toes out, both feet in a straight line pointing "east and west." Arms at side, slightly to the front, relaxed, palms in.
2. Feet in the first position, but with the heels twelve inches apart. Right arm extended to the extreme right, the left arm being just to the front of the body.
3. Left heel drawn to the center of the right foot, the toes pointing "east and west." Arms extended in front, elbows crooked, fingers relaxed.
4. Feet in the third position, but the left heel is twelve inches in front of the right foot. Arms extended and raised in front so that the thumbs are on a level with the eyes.
5. Left foot in front of the right, feet close together, the right toe at the left heel and the left toe at the right heel. Arms extended over the head in a closed position, the fingers just touching.

Taking her place at the bar, grasping it with the left hand, with her feet in first position, the dancer changes the position of either toe to the front, side and back. In the same way the other positions are converted into movements of which, in all, there are several hundred, differing in purpose and degree of difficulty.

It will readily be observed that the fifth position for the feet is by far the most difficult. And, for instance, with the feet in this position the pupil must rise on the toes and bend the knees. Almost an impossibility at first, even with the aid of the bar, it comes to be easy as she acquires strength, flexibility and balance.

Further to illustrate how the five positions are made into movements and the object of such work—with one foot on the floor in first or fifth position, the pupil strikes against the back and front of the calf of the leg on which she is standing with the heel of the other foot. This oft-repeated exercise, done slowly at first, but finally with lightning speed, develops the muscular control that prepares for the beats or twinkling of the legs which the accomplished dancer achieves when leaping. It may also be observed here that the number of beats a dancer is capable of—in actual dancing beats are a matter of twinkling the legs so that either calf strikes the other, front and back—partly determines the elevation or height of the dancer's leap. The beats give an ascending force to the upward spring.

Now, in essence, the making of a dancer is the story of a peculiar and painstaking alchemy. Imagine a beautiful vase, entrancing in form, of slender, delicate outlines—but constructed of vanadium steel. Somehow this vase must lose its rigidity and become fluent, elastic, as pliable as a willow wand, while maintaining, increasing its strength. The phase of the dancer's training to which we come now is comparable to such a process. In the beginning the dancer is a vase of steel as compared with the flexibility of her form six or seven months hence—when, as the professional phrase has it, she has been stretched.

The stretching begins during the second month. The object is to lengthen the muscles of the calf and thigh by several inches to prepare for the splits, high kick, side kick, back kick, and various other extreme positions of limbs and body required in various types of American dancing as well as in toe or ballet dancing.

For stretching, the dancer takes her position flat against the bar, grasping it with both hands. Raising the left foot so that the instep rests upon the bar, she extends it as far to the left as possible without great strain or noticeable hurt. The matter requires careful supervision and discretion, for there is a point in this first stretching that it is perilous to pass. Ultimately either leg is to lie along the bar, forming an almost perfect right angle with the leg that carries the weight, but on the first occasion this position cannot be approximated. If the foot is forced along the bar as much as two inches beyond the safety point, the muscles may be strained, laming the pupil, making her sore with a stiffness that may last for a week or more. The effect of too radical stretching at first might be compared with what happens when a man unaccustomed to the exercise rides a horse with a hard trot fifteen or twenty miles his first day out; only the dancer's strain might last longer and be more severe. And at the best the dancer at this stage must encounter some considerable soreness, which disappears as the exercises and stretching go on day after day.

And now, grasping the bar with both hands, with her foot on the bar and the leg fully extended, the dancer bends to the left until her head touches the left knee. Then, keeping the left knee straight, she bends the right knee and swings to the right until her head comes as near as possible to the floor. Not at first, but ultimately, her head will almost if not quite touch the floor.

In addition to continuous work at these and numerous other stretching exercises, the dancer must be stretched more or less forcibly by the instructor. In one phase of this process the dancer stands facing the instructor, her back to the bar, grasping it with both hands. She kicks upward as high as she can so that the instructor can gauge the present condition of the muscles. If she succeeds in kicking as high as her waist, he then, with his hand under the heel, raises the leg three or four, possibly six inches higher. The following day he raises the leg an inch or two farther than on the previous occasion. In the same way the leg is stretched to the side. Eventually the muscles must be stretched to such a degree that when the leg is raised in front it goes straight up, turning in the socket without displacing the hip. When raised at the side it must go straight up until the leg passes just back of the shoulder.

Further stretching is necessary with the pupil facing the bar. As she bends backward from the waist, the leg is raised by the instructor as far as she can stand it. Gradually it is forced higher and higher until finally the heel in the average case almost touches the chin. In the exceptional case the heel may even pass the chin by a considerable margin so that the dancer is an overlapping hoop.

Forcible stretching of this kind is done in each direction but once each day. It must never be carried beyond the degree for which the pupil has been prepared by previous stretching—not beyond the point where it just begins to hurt. The pupil herself is taught to give the signal when the stretching shall stop, the signal being a slight bend of the knee that is supporting her weight.

The First Step Dancing

AT THE end of six months, having mastered the five positions, and being limbered and stretched, the dancer is ready for complicated steps and combinations of steps. Gradually, of course, she has already been working into steps and movements by exercises based on the five positions and done to music. But now she begins step dancing in earnest.

This type of work is characterized by four taps or beats made with the heel, toe, ball and flat of the foot. There are some four or five hundred possible combinations of steps. At the start the step is analyzed for the pupil. She then does it to a slow count, and gradually it is speeded up until she can get in three taps—the triple beat—to each beat of the music. The first buck-and-wing dance she learns may consist of sixteen steps. Having learned each step separately by following the analysis and example of the teacher, mastering the complete dance is simply a matter of memorizing and executing the steps in combination and sequence. She will probably be a month in learning the routine or sequence of steps of the first buck dance. Next will come the waltz clog, which can be mastered in two or three weeks, as the steps are now easy; and following this the song and dance, a combination of ballet movements and the schottish, and then various jigs and reels. Thus, a year from the time when she first took her place at the bar she is ready for the producer, not as a finished dancer, but as a member of the chorus.

Receiving forty or fifty dollars a week in the chorus, she will continue training. In preparation for musical-comedy

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(Continued from Page 36)

work she will learn a variety of waltz, a combination of modern waltzing with figures from the ballet and schottish, and work especially at graceful or perhaps extravagant use of the arms and body in rhythmic bending and swaying. For acrobatic work—some of which is now expected of dancers in the chorus and still more of those in vaudeville—she must master splits, crawling splits, cartwheels and limbers. In view of the previous preparation she will do all but the last in a comparatively short time. But limbers will occupy her attention for months and she may never get it. This is a sheer acrobatic stunt, which in dancing must be timed with music and must be tossed off in a light, easy, nonchalant way or not done at all.

Suppose you're learning the limbers. The first move is to stand on your hands. Now let the body fall gradually backward until the right foot touches the floor, while the left is in the air. You won't get this far unless you've been stretched and limbered and have worked for balance at the bar, and that for months. Then let the left foot down until it touches the floor, so that heels and hands are almost together, the body forming a hoop. Now bring the head up and take an erect position. That is a slow moving picture of the limbers—rather, of one limber. It is done at first with the instructor's support, and slowly, then more and more rapidly, until finally it is executed with speed giving the effect of a rapidly spinning pin wheel.

Russian Ballet Work

The dancer may also be studying advanced character, interpretive and pantomime work. She who was a steel vase at the beginning will now do a thing like this—clad in a leopard skin, equipped with bow and arrow, she will balance airily on the balls of the feet, then lean back—down, down, down until her head is almost level with the hollow of the knees. In this position she will aim, say, at the fleeing deer or some forest barbarian, and shoot to kill. Then, with a turn that shows she is as flexible as a silken scarf, and with no incidental step to aid the turn, she will be off lightly in the direction whither the arrow sped—in perfect time, with superb grace. It is simply not easy.

Meanwhile, the hours she works have increased vastly. After the first six months she began working two or three hours apart from the lesson. She is now working four apart from the lesson and her stage appearances. That may not seem excessive for an ambitious artist, but dancing differs greatly from ordinary physical exertion, and this point will have fuller consideration presently.

The fully equipped stage dancer of today must not only be able to do acrobatic floor work; she must also work in the air. That means ballet dancing, toe work—leaping, spinning, pirouettes and traveling pirouettes, and the use of the ballet forms in interpretation. In ballet work she may spend years and as much time as she has patience and physical endurance for, but she cannot hope to achieve the highest distinction in it unless she began at the age of nine or ten.

A word regarding the training and technic for the ballet. It is a recognized fact that the artistic excellence of the Russian ballet is due to the prolonged training and the system of state support that was maintained in Russia more than a century. The Imperial School of Dancing was connected with the great theaters of St. Petersburg and Moscow. The boy or girl who met the stringent requirements as to health, intelligence, beauty of form and natural grace, entered at the age of nine or ten, receiving education in music, languages and other subjects as well as dance training. During the eight years spent at the school, four hours a day were given to dancing. Still in school, the children sometimes appeared in ballets d'enfants or in crowds at the opera. Their careers as members of the corps de ballet did not actually begin until the age of seventeen, after which the most proficient rose gradually through the various ranks of coryphée, seconde sujet, première sujet première danseuse, or ballerina or ballerina assoluta.

The training for general stage dancing, concerning which I have already given details, is to some extent based on European methods of developing ballet dancers, but the type of work and the technic are fundamentally different, as I shall indicate. Many American children ranging from nine to twelve years of age—they will not make their debuts until the age of sixteen—are now working in the training schools of New York.

Sketchily, the training for ballet dancing, when undertaken in the thorough European manner, may be indicated as follows: In the first place the pupil must be limbered and stretched substantially in the manner I have shown in connection with the usual preparation for general stage dancing. The first year's work will consist of mastering the five fundamental positions of the feet and arms, which differ somewhat from those previously given and which are easier in one sense, more difficult in another as they place greater emphasis upon elegance of carriage and gracefulness of attitude. During this first year the pupil will work exclusively at the bar, not going to the center floor at all, and she will not be asked to rise on the toe.

During the second year all the work done at the bar will be repeated on the floor, and the pupil will begin practicing the various arabesques and other difficult postures. At the end of the second year she will return to the bar for six months and do on the toe the work that has preceded, since she has now acquired the necessary strength in the knee and instep for the strain of this position. However, she may be months or some years in acquiring a perfect point, which is a matter of maintaining the arch and the shin in a perfectly straight line when on the toe. During the latter part of the third year she will do on the floor and on the toe the same work that she has just completed at the bar, and she will now begin to show facility in executing the nine standard ballet movements—slides, twists, turns, leaps, beats, and so on, along with the pirouettes and traveling pirouettes. For the next few years she will be perfecting herself in all this work, acquiring the necessary muscular development for its proper execution, studying expression and learning to feel beauty of line and the art of conveying moods.

Even so, if she is to attain distinction she will have to have years of professional experience, of life, beauty and art, before her technic can merge into inspiring expressiveness. In passing, it may be observed that the greatest ballet dancers have almost without exception begun at the age of nine or ten, and their work has not actually flowered into its greatest distinction and recognition until they were somewhere in the thirties.

Recently I asked Michel Fokine why it was that in Russia the training for ballet work moved so slowly. His laughing answer was: "In the main it was because there seemed to be no hurry and there was none. Here in America it seems that we must do in three years what in Russia required seven or eight. One may become a presentable ballet dancer in two or three years, but it is longer than that before one sincerely, truthfully thinks in terms of line and feels the beauty of line."

Spanish Dancing

Again, the American girl who takes up Spanish dancing finds herself engaged in a study that may last as long as her career if she seeks to excel in this art rather than merely to indicate its superficial characteristics. Why this is so requires a word of explanation as to the true characteristics of Spanish dancing.

Spanish dancing may be grouped into two types: the flamenco, or gypsy dancing, and the classic, which is without gypsy influence. The former is signalized by serpentine movements of the body and the free play of the arms, by snapping fingers and dry-sounding foot taps. Hips, shoulders and chest must work in unison and also separately. There are violent contrasts—a series of soft feline steps followed by a clatter of heels as sharp as rifle firing, with an almost inimitable staccato. Furthermore, flamenco dancing is of the earth, true to Nature and the fiery temperament. To a considerable degree it depends for inspiration upon a sympathetic and participating audience. Rhythmic clapping and cries of "Ole!" or "Ole anda chico!" meaning, when freely translated into American, "Atta kid!" "Hit it up!" "Step on it!" or "Bravo!"—accompany this dancing in the Spanish café or small theater of the people. For that reason it may be said that true gypsy dancing is almost never to be seen in this country unless you go with the gypsy to the out-of-the-way place, such as somewhere along the New York waterfront where there will be an audience of appreciative dock hands, longshoremen, stevedores—of Spanish blood. The dancing, with its twists, bends, sternness of mien, to have the true flavor must be of an orgiastic nature, so intense that internally the dancer suffers a kind of agony.

Spanish dancing of the classic order is accompanied by the castanets, and is also preëminently racial, involving the use of the head, arms, body and heels in keeping with an exciting rhythm and inner fire. To be Spanish it must have the inner fire as well as the short, insolent skirt, and all the tricks of swaying the hips, flashing the eyes and arching the back.

Thus when the dancer who is not of the blood undertakes the Spanish art she finds herself in work that has more than technical difficulties: she must play the sedulous ape to the Spanish temperament. If she is an American girl her footwork will be first rate at the start, but her utterance with the heels will for long be unintelligible to the Spanish ear—until she has acquired the tantalizing staccato. She will be long in mastering the Oriental-Spanish rippling movement of the arms, and she finds a new and exacting vocation in making head, arms, body, heels and castanets all dance together.

A Demon for Work

After a fashion one may learn to play the castanets in a couple of months, practicing three hours a day. These little instruments are played by taps of three fingers of the left hand and by a beat with the middle finger of the right. Resonance requires that the tapping be done with the finger nails. It is always a matter of concern with the Spanish dancer that the nails shall not be broken, neither too long nor too short, lest the true tonal quality be lost. Properly handled, the castanets can ring, sing, talk, rattle, chirp, click and purr, and—except as one began playing them for amusement early in childhood, as do the dancers of Spain—years may be spent in their mastery. The unskilled dancer betrays herself when the castanets cease to accompany her as she makes those improbable back turns, with the head sweeping backward toward the floor, but in the hands of the skilled they are played from the fingers with the wrists relaxed at all times, and so never cease chattering.

Probably nothing that I have said indicates the real stress of the physical ordeal with which the dancer may tax herself if she is exceptionally ambitious. As already suggested, the hours she works in the course of a day may not seem momentous, but remember that the trained dancer can work herself to the point of exhaustion in twenty minutes. She has acquired muscular control that enables her to do more work in that brief period than she could have done in five hours as a beginner. In step dancing her feet move faster than those of the runner in the hundred-yard dash; and a dance of three or four minutes, even in this comparatively light form of work, may require the expenditure of physical energy equivalent to that necessary for a run of two miles.

Suppose she is an interpretive artist who has reached the point where she can punish herself with work. Some day she may miscalculate. Up early, as there was no theater the night before, she is in practice clothes and working by nine o'clock, preparing new work. As the new program is to be stiff, with many numbers, she will do, as a matter of course, two or three times as much work in preparing it as the program calls for on the stage. She may work five, six, seven hours. And today, as I say, she miscalculates, and drops to the floor all in a heap—exhausted—done in—but not finished. The collapse is simply a sign that ambition may carry her to success if she is not already high in public esteem. A massage, an alcohol bath, eight hours' sleep—and tomorrow finds her dancing again.

At the moment, of course, I am speaking of the extreme case—of the dancer who may be destined to be the consummate artist, who has learned that the body can sing and laugh and brood, who has the artist's feeling for beauty of line, who feels as a momentous matter a difference of two inches in the position of legs or arms, who works in the *plastique* as the sculptor in his clay, who drives herself relentlessly toward some ideal of gay or tragic expression. But I might also have been speaking of the dancer in big-time vaudeville.

It is three o'clock in the afternoon or about nine o'clock in the evening in any big-time vaudeville house—in Your Town, U. S. A. This is the hour when such a headline dance act as the Sailor and the Pussy Cat comes on. It is to run for thirty or forty minutes. In thirty seconds the team—man and girl—have the house, with their high-tension work, introducing five or six varieties of dancing, including strenuous acrobatics for the man, difficult toe work for the girl.

The act is over. Loud applause. The dancers retire and catch their breath. More applause. They return and maybe look as fresh as when they began. Again the exit and applause and final return. The tension and excitement over, the dancers, on their way to their dressing rooms, let down—and pant—visibly, audibly. Their cheeks are shrunken; in their faces deep lines appear, running upward from the mouth. Exhausted, dripping with perspiration, they drop into chairs or at full length before beginning to remove make-up and get into street clothes.

And this little glimpse backstage is not in the least exaggerated if the audience was enthusiastic and the dancers happened to be feeling right and the orchestra was inspiring. Under these circumstances it would not be astonishing if the girl lost a pound in weight and the man two pounds—to be regained in the next twelve hours mainly by drinking quantities of liquid—water, milk.

And now that she has arrived—it is five years, possibly ten, since she began training—the dancer cannot stop work for a single day. Every day, at least for a period of twenty minutes at the bar, she must exercise and stretch, and then she must repeat the same work on the floor for the same period of time. If she stopped this kind of work she would immediately begin to stiffen up. Omitting it for one day means that she will be noticeably stiff the following day. If she stopped work for a week's time she would be so sadly out of condition that at least a week or ten days of consistent and severe training would be necessary to bring her back to the point at which she was when she stopped.

In addition to this comparatively light conditioning work she must dance anywhere from one to four hours a day. If she is working merely to keep in condition the actual time spent in dancing may not be more than one hour a day. If she is working to improve or to master new conceptions she may work four hours—in two periods—morning and afternoon. It should be remembered that two hours of work for the dancer is considerably more than a little, and no great amount of time can ordinarily be taken out for rest or breathing spells—because, as soon as work ceases, the muscles begin to tighten, and once they are cold the dancer must again go to the bar for limbering and stretching.

In Constant Training

When appearing regularly in the theater the dancer's routine is severely regulated in certain details not as yet mentioned. Having been in the theater the night before, she must sleep eight or nine hours, breakfasting at ten o'clock. Breakfast will consist of fruit, cereal and coffee—but no cereal if she is in danger of overweight, and in that case, too, the coffee will be black. There will be a comparatively light working period in the morning, and this may be followed by horseback riding or tennis, some recreation in the open air of a kind to develop the wind. If there is a matinée she must go without luncheon and arrive at the theater in time to dress, make up and get in some ten or fifteen minutes of limbering up before she appears. Whenever you see a dancer work on the stage—even if she does only one high kick—you can be sure that the work was preceded by limbering up—stretching, kicking, bending, turning, leaping. Dancing with unlimbered muscles means not only a lack of suppleness, it may mean strained muscles or tendons. In the case of toe work, dancing on a cold foot might even result in burst blood vessels.

It should be observed, however, that everything in the dancer's routine is subject to variation in the individual case. There are Russian ballet dancers, for instance, who work most strenuously when preparing a program, but on days when they appear in public they may spend the preceding twelve hours in bed, doing no exercise or

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Watch This Column

BABY PEGGY

"The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart."

—YOUNG (1684)

Do you remember Frances Hodgson Burnett's popular novel, *"Editha's Burglar,"* and Augustus Thomas' stage success, *"The Burglar"*? Well, Universal's new picture, *"The Family Secret,"* is adapted from both of these with distinctly gratifying result. It stars BABY PEGGY, and includes such pleasing players as GLADYS HULETTE, EDWARD EARLE, FRANK CURRIER, CESARE GRAVINA and MARTHA MATTOX. One of the stirring scenes is where the baby wakes at night and finds a burglar in the house. She visits with him and finds that he is her own father. Surprise follows surprise. The whole family will enjoy this picture. Watch for it and take them.

I wonder if you would like to see more of the old classics on the screen. My question is prompted by the great success of *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."* I was warned in advance that only a small percentage of the people were familiar with classics and that only modern plays would succeed. Yet *"The Hunchback"* has been our greatest success. The wise prophets fell down. What are *your* views?

VIRGINIA VALLI, ROCKLIFFE FELLOWES, and WALLACE BEERY have made a fine picture of *"The Signal Tower."* It is most romantic, picturesque, intensely dramatic and has several extraordinary scenic effects, particularly the railroad wreck and the fight in the tower. Find out when this picture will be shown at your favorite theatre.

Also watch for the Champion JACK DEMPSEY *"Fight and Win"* pictures. They will delight you in every respect. They are virile, clean, exciting and full of good acting. The champion is good. See for yourselves.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

THE PRYDES NEVER SELL

(Continued from Page 13)

perhaps due to their ingrowing interests that Uncle Lute and Aunt Amity both looked older than their age, which was around sixty.

Miss Amity's raiment made one of the perennial topics of the community, which half laughed and half pitied, yet took a certain pride in those weirdly old-time garments.

Uncle Lute also was a monument, a gentle and futile relic of his family's past estate. He seemed strangely untouched by, almost unaware of, his fallen fortunes. Once he had studied law, but had never practiced it. He puttered around his rosebushes and flower garden—a becoming hobby for a gentleman—but it never occurred to him to plant a vegetable or paint the barn or mow the lawn.

A courteous and amiable old soul, Uncle Lute was wont to turn peevish when his niece did such unladylike things as publicly wash the windows or scrub the porches in plain view of the highway. Jennifer would retort it was better to do these things oneself than to live in a pigsty. Now and then she let her temper out with a bang—and did the work of about three servants. She had raised a vegetable garden for several seasons, and she kept chickens, and a cow which she milked herself. Indoors she cooked and swept and ironed, and did all these things pretty well.

A strange branch, indeed, from the proud root of the Prydes.

The old people ate the meals with relish and enjoyed such comforts as she brought about. They never seemed to think that some day might come a definite crash. There was no revenue from the property; their income had dwindled to a pittance; the place was mortgaged to the last blade of grass and the last shingle; but even this seemed not to worry them. Hadn't arrangements always been made?

There had been opportunities to sell Pryde Hall, to sell off parcels of the land. Too, there had been offers to buy this or that out of the Pryde treasury of heirlooms a piece of old mahogany, of early needle-point, a bit of fragile china. The Pryde cupboards were stocked with china and silver that had not been used for years. The linen shelves were piled with yellowed pieces that had forgotten what light looks like.

But the Prydes never sell.

The second day after the Pendletons' dinner party, the day following that turbulent housecleaning, Jennifer was still restless. The sun was out and she thought of attacking the lawn; but she found the grass still wet, like a green sponge. She decided to walk the two miles into the village, although she had no pressing errand. Walking past the Wingate place, she was glad the house sat far back in a clump of trees, remote from the roadway. But there is a cottage on the Wingate grounds near the entrance, and as Jennifer drew near she saw a group of men on the porch of the cottage.

They were viewing a horse which a groom was putting through its paces. Jennifer had heard all about the fine stock Meservey was assembling; not only her neighborhood but the whole country was hearing about this aggregation of racing material. She had hoped some day to visit the big new stables. By inheritance and her own nature she loved horses. And this shining black creature, curvetting and pirouetting, was a beauty oh, what a beauty!

Suddenly she withdrew her gaze, held it straight ahead She had recognized one of the men on the porch. She approached, passed abreast and walked on by without slowing or quickening her pace. She held her head very erect, she held herself like a queen. Later she fought a battle with herself not to go a mile out of her way rather than pass that spot again But when she passed it no one was visible around the cottage.

The next day an unexpected and even more hateful thing occurred. Uncle Lute went into town, and when he returned he came riding in Meservey's car, and with him was Meservey himself.

Jennifer had been out working on the lawn at last Pryde Hall sits far back from the highroad and the grounds slope widely either side of the house She had made but slight headway after two hours of hard work with the heavy lawn mower She was hot and tired, and coming to the downmost stretch where the high hedge screened her from the road she had flung herself on the sward and lay at full length on the soft new grass.

Her stressful activity had driven off some of her moodiness; as she lay fatigued she had all but ceased thinking at all. She was lazily conscious of the sunshine and warm grass, of the pungent odor of cut grass mingling with evanescent scents from the orchard and the perfume of blooming lilac.

Then she heard a car turning in the drive. She recognized the car and its driver at once. At first she lay very still, hoping to escape notice; but Meservey chanced to turn his head, and brought the car to a scraping halt. Of course he'd do that!

And Uncle Lute called to her; there was nothing to do but scramble to her feet. She was wearing a shapeless, faded khaki thing; she was flushed and disheveled; she felt awkward and hatefully at a disadvantage, but advanced with her air of a scornful young queen.

Uncle Lute, apparently in one of his most courtly moods, said, "I want you to meet our new neighbor, Jenny. Mr. Meservey, may I present my niece?"

And Meservey, entirely composed, replied, "I've met Miss Pryde; we met at the Pendletons' the other evening."

"Why, you didn't mention it, Jenny!" said Uncle Lute in a tone of surprise.

"No, I've been busy. It escaped my mind."

Her manner was so brusque that Uncle Lute flushed all over his gentle old face.

Meservey looked at her and repeated, "It has escaped your mind?"

His look and voice were quite calm, almost devoid of expression; but in that second her antagonism leaped to something hot and boiling.

As if with the intent of being politely gracious, Meservey took in the clipped sward and observed, "You've been mowing the lawn, I see. Seems a pretty big job to do by hand. Why don't you use a horse-machine?"

"We have only two horses and they're old"—shortly. "They must be saved for the fields."

Uncle Lute flushed again.

The stranger said, in an unperturbed and friendly way, "I happen to have some work horses that are idle It'd be a favor to them to give them a work-out. If you'd allow me, I'd like very much to put a couple of them at your disposal."

His eyes included both uncle and niece, and Uncle Lute looked slightly embarrassed; but Jennifer saved him the trouble of a decision.

"You're very kind, but I enjoy the exercise."

She was turning away when Uncle Lute, apparently trying to cover up her curtness, put in: "Mr. Meservey's been telling me how much he admires Pryde Hall, and I'm going to show him some of our old things. Wouldn't you like to come along with us?"

"I'm sorry," said Jennifer, "but I'm busy outdoors this morning."

"I'd thought," Uncle Lute went on, more tentatively, "that we might ask Mr. Meservey to stay for lunch."

"Sorry," the girl replied again, "but I'm afraid I haven't time to cook today." She looked straight at Meservey and added, "I'm the cook."

Once more Uncle Lute flushed, but Meservey nodded gravely and immediately started the car. Before it had purred to a stop by the portico she was at work, pushing the lawn mower before her with redoubled energy. It gave her a vicious satisfaction to pretend unawareness of anything humiliating in her situation.

Why had he dared this intrusion? Was it a deliberate intent to make her feel cheap? But perhaps, as well, he'd snatched at the chance to come snooping amongst the Pryde treasures. She could visualize him sauntering through the rooms in there, appraising every item of the contents with his insufferable assurance.

When Meservey drove back down the driveway Jennifer was still trundling the mower, but far down on a side stretch, near the orchard. She gave no sign and neither did he. Later, Uncle Lute took her to task for her discourtesy.

"I don't see that there was any crying need to spread on courtesy," retorted Jennifer. "I was busy and had no time for strangers who came bumping in."

"I invited him to come," reminded Uncle Lute.

"How'd you happen to meet him?" she asked then.

Uncle Lute, oddly, looked a little uncertain, ill at ease.

"Oh, I met him downtown. We were discussing——" Uncle Lute hesitated, cleared his throat, then proceeded: "We got to talking about the place here, and finally I asked him to come up. It seems Mr. Meservey truly appreciates beautiful things."

"Did he offer to buy any of ours?"—tartly.

"Of course not. He admired them, naturally, but he's a gentleman."

"Oh, is he?"—with a sarcastic inflection.

"Well, perhaps in a sense, he's not; he's come up from the rough. But in many particulars I'd say he's indubitably a gentleman." The old man repeated, "He truly appreciates our house and the things in it. I was watching him, and I can always tell."

"Wait till he tries grabbing them off," said the girl inelegantly, with a shrug.

Uncle Lute looked at her with a startled expression. At the time the significance of his look escaped her, but later she recalled it—that startled, fearful light in Uncle Lute's dim eyes.

"What—did you say?" he faltered.

"I said wait till he tries grabbing them off," she repeated. "When he chances to want anything he takes it—or tries to. That's the only law his kind knows."

She swept out of the room; Uncle Lute was left alone. The big clock in the corner was ticking with a slumbrous measure that usually deepened the room's sense of peace; but to Uncle Lute, just then, the measured sound intensified into something foreboding, ominous.

Three months after that Jennifer learned that Dan Meservey held the mortgage on Pryde Hall. He had taken it over, in the little directors' room of the Prydetown bank, that morning Uncle Lute had gone into the village to see about arranging his note and had brought his rich new neighbor home with him. One thing had to be said for Dan Meservey's methods—they were not slow or devious; he had a way of getting quickly to the vital spot of a thing he coveted. The wonder of it was that Amos Tucker, the bank president and an old-time resident, had ever let simple old Luther Pryde drift into Meservey's clutches.

But then, Amos Tucker had been taken on in a way by the rich new resident; the latter had thrown him a pretty bit of business already. One can't afford always to let sentiment interfere with business. Moreover, the circumstances absolved Amos Tucker from any breach of trust or financial etiquette. The mortgage, which had been running many years, had been held all these years by old Charlie Wingate, Luther Pryde's neighbor and closest friend. During the first years some of the principal had been paid off, but it had long since grown into custom for old Luther to meet the dates of payment with the bare interest. This was all he could meagerly accomplish, and it sufficed—for Charlie Wingate.

But lately Charlie Wingate had died; his heirs had scattered—they wanted the estate settled and turned into cash. It was something of a shock to the community when the Wingate place was sold to Dan Meservey; but the Prydetown bank, which held the estate in trust, was merely carrying out instructions. And when Meservey intimated he was willing to take over the Pryde mortgage as well—well, Tucker would scarcely have been doing his duty by his clients had he ignored the opportunity.

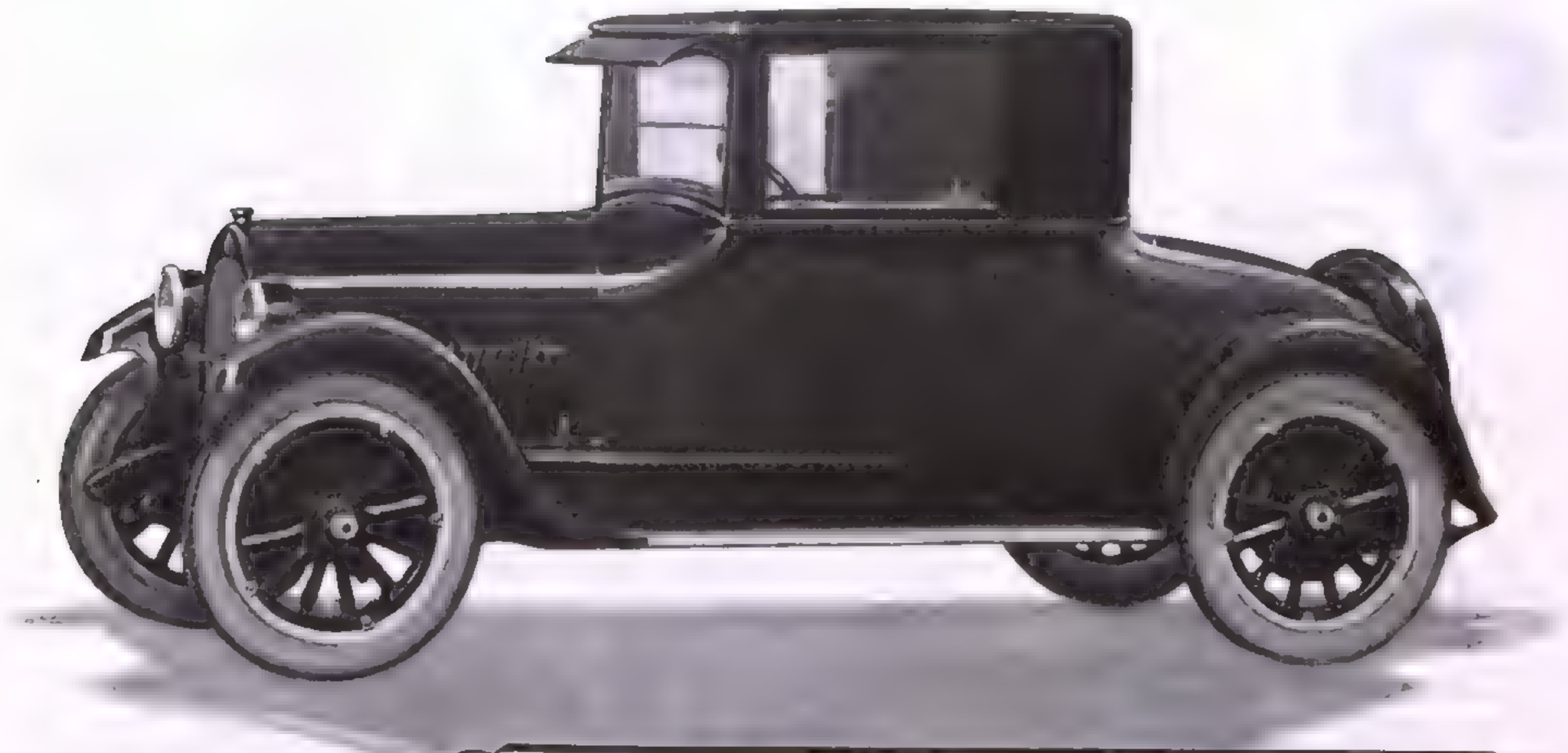
Old Luther had appeared a trifle dazed at the transaction, but acquiescent enough. He was always rather vague on business matters; he left the crude details to others.

But from that hour when Jennifer delivered her sharp summary of Meservey's grabbing cult Uncle Lute developed unfamiliar evidences of disquietude; he who always so enjoyed his food lost his appetite. He would sit with one of his favorite old volumes, but his eyes would pucker off into distance instead of tranquilly perusing the printed page. he didn't sleep well at night Aunt Amity, who was a light sleeper, said she heard him tossing and moving about.

Aunt Amity and Jenny both grew worried about him. They urged him to see the doctor; but the old gentleman needed no doctor to diagnose his secret ailment.

All this while Meservey came no more to visit his near neighbors. He was away a

(Continued on Page 42)



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Americans worship brevity. They won't use two words, when one will suffice. A motor car may have a dozen good qualities, but soon or late, in this hurried age, it is described by a single name. It is either a "powerful" car; an "economical" one; it is a "beauty"; "dependable"; "speedy", etc.

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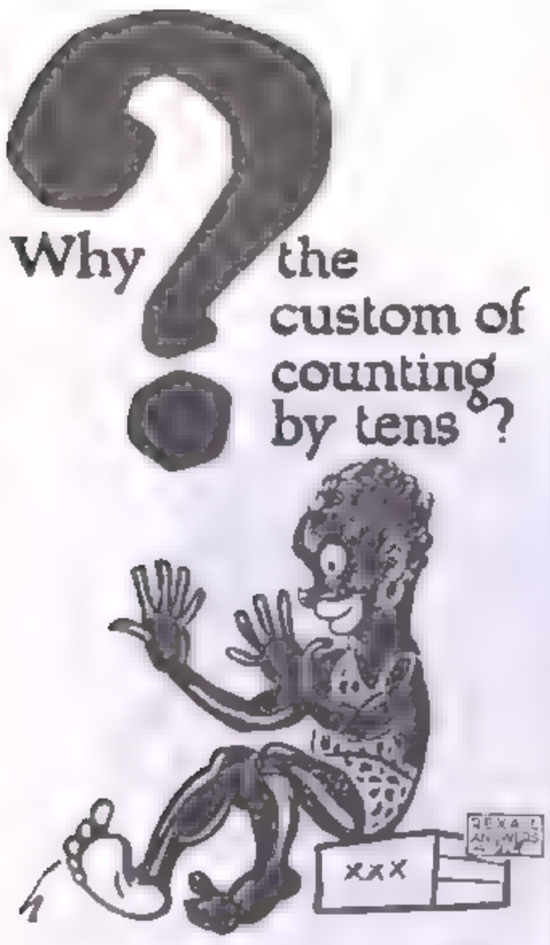

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(Continued from Page 40)

good deal on account of his various interests, but was spending more and more time at Prydetown, supervising his stables. Jennifer met him occasionally at the houses of friends. Sometimes she would be outrageously rude to him; then, furious with herself for attributing to him any consequence at all, would swing to the other extreme and ignore him altogether.

Meservey neither ignored her nor particularly noticed her; he managed to seem polite always, but with a politeness that signified nothing. His imperturbability was the more maddening because she felt—she knew—it for an insolent mask. At times she longed savagely to go up and slap him on the face. Would her own recourse to barbarism bring flaring out the hidden primitive in him?

And never, never could she forget that this man had once held her in his arms, had kissed her! She could not rid herself of that burning, torturesome memory. She felt branded. She could still feel his touch—must burn over and over with scorching hate and shame. And then she must learn that this man held her home, and her family's happiness, at his mercy.

It was the day before the annual payment on the mortgage became due that Uncle Lute brokenly divulged the news—the catastrophe. He had gone to Meservey—as he had so long gone to Charlie Wingate—with his check for the scraped-together interest. And Meservey had informed him, in a quite matter-of-fact way, that if the long-overdue debt could not be met he would be obliged to foreclose.

Jennifer never forgot that ensuing scene in the lovely, peaceful old back parlor. The window curtains were wafting drowsily in the August breeze; pots of geranium and mignonette and lemon verbena sent a sweet homey fragrance from the little green steps between the windows; the big clock in the corner ticked loud with its slow, slumbrous measure. Everything was the same as usual, as if the end of the world were not at hand.

Aunt Amity was sitting in her favorite low rocker. She had dropped her knitting and it had rolled to the floor. She looked like a Queen Victoria who had just lost her throne and dropped her scepter. Uncle Lute wasn't sitting at all; he was pacing about with short nervous steps. Once he stopped and stooped to pick a dead leaf from the verbena. Jennifer noted how his hand was shaking.

These two old people, so gentle and helpless—that man over yonder, that incredible monster!

"But he can't do it!" she cried angrily. "Why, this place has been mortgaged ever since I can remember! He can't foreclose, all of a sudden, like this!"

"I don't know much about such things, my dear," said Uncle Lute dully; "but it seems he can."

"I'll go down and see Mr Tucker!"

"No use, dear. I've been to see him, but he can do nothing; it's passed out of his hands."

"Into Meservey's hands!" stormed the girl. "Well, you can't say I didn't warn you—I warned you about him from the first!"

Uncle Lute didn't answer; he was staring unseeingly out the window. Aunt Amity stooped and reached for her knitting; mechanically she began knitting. Her hands were trembling so she could hardly control the needles.

"Well, then, I'll go see Meservey himself!" cried the girl

"No use," said her uncle again. "He was quite polite, but definite"

"Oh, I can imagine"—with a sneer. "Well, if nothing else, I'll jar him out of that politeness"

"Now, Jenny, dear," remonstrated Uncle Lute, "you mustn't do anything unladylike. Besides" reluctantly—"we can't afford to alienate him just now"

But Jennifer was not to be persuaded or coerced. Uncle Lute insisted on accompanying her, at least. Like some insulted empress out to demand reparation—a bareheaded young empress in a gingham frock—she strode down the road to the Meservey entrance with an elderly and short-breathed cavalier who couldn't quite keep abreast. It was the first time she had entered those grounds since Meservey had acquired the place.

"We wish to see Mr. Meservey," she announced to the alien maid who answered the door and viewed Jennifer's costume rather coldly.

"Mr. Meservey's outside somewhere—at the stables or the lodge."

If he was at the lodge, he surely must have seen them—and had not come out to greet them; Jennifer's mouth hardened.

"Can you get word to him that Mr. and Miss Pryde are here?"

"I'll see, miss," said the maid, and withdrew.

It seemed to Jennifer they waited a long time. A telephone in the next room rang two or three times. And when Meservey entered at last he barely took time to greet them before he said, "Will you excuse me one minute? I've a long-distance call," and went on into the next room and closed the door.

Uncle Lute was plainly restive under this added delay. He kept casting apprehensive glances toward his niece. Oddly, she seemed to be calming herself; and when Meservey entered again, she amazed her uncle by saying at once, but in a gentle and tentative tone:

"Mr. Meservey, we're so unhappy about this mortgage affair. My uncle and aunt are so unhappy. That's why I've come over to see you—to see what can be done about it."

She was looking up at him, her eyes very earnest and very sweet. And they said, her eyes, that she knew she was weak and helpless, but that she knew he would help her, be kind. Uncle Lute had seen his niece in this guise, although very rarely, and when she turned sweet and humble he knew that himself, for one, could never stand against her.

Nor did Meservey seem able to stand against her.

He came and stood close by her chair; he stood looking down at her, looking down at that upturned sweet gaze as if he could never look his fill.

Suddenly Uncle Lute felt a queer new thrum in his feeling of general excitement, though he couldn't exactly figure out what was the disturbing new element.

Meservey, after what seemed a long, long pause, was answering her, in a voice tuned very low.

"What can be done about it?" he asked.

Jenny shook her head.

"I don't know," she said. "That's why we've come—that's what we're asking you."

"But what is it you want me to do?"

His eyes were still holding hers; his head was bent so near that their two heads seemed very close. Again it seemed to Uncle Lute that the pause was a long one, and the hush so intense he could hear his ticking watch.

Then Jenny seemed to blink, and she murmured, "Why, I needn't explain that, need I? This big sum of money—isn't there some way the payment can be deferred?"

Then Meservey turned his head and his gaze abruptly; somehow it gave the effect of snapping off a current.

"None that I know of," he answered. He added, "That is, not on any business basis."

Uncle Lute thought the poor child looked as if she'd been suddenly struck; her eyes at first went wide and startled, and she quavered, "Why, how do you mean—on a business basis?"

"Just that," answered Meservey quietly. "The notes are long overdue, and I know of no alternative to paying them, or at least making partial payment."

"But they've been overdue for years!"

"Yes," he agreed. "But Wingate was, in effect, making you a gift of that money during all those years. That's what it amounted to. Of course I might offer to do the same, but I fear you—your family might resent from me what they accepted from a friend."

His tone was even, almost expressionless, as he spoke the words which struck his two auditors with the force of an insulting blow.

Jennifer went so red, and then so white that Uncle Lute was alarmed. He rose and started toward her, but she was already out of her chair.

"Thank you for putting it so plainly," she said. "We didn't understand, or of course we'd never have taken up your time."

"You wouldn't allow the matter to carry on as it did in Wingate's time, I suppose"—still in that level and ordered tone.

"Of course not!" she flung out, before Uncle Lute could get in a more courtly declination. "It would be utterly impossible!"

Her face was still unnaturally white, from which her eyes glowed like coals.

"I was afraid you'd feel that way about it," said Meservey gravely.

Uncle Lute bowed a dignified good morning, but the girl did not deign Meservey even a glance as she swept from the room and the house.

The next day brought an amazing turn. There came through the mail to Uncle Lute a formally phrased note—so formal it read with a certain effect of quaintness—in which Meservey asked the honor of "your niece's hand in marriage."

And there came about a second tense scene in the Prydes' back parlor with its blooming pots and slow-ticking clock.

Uncle Lute called his niece and silently handed her the missive; you could see he was in a flutter. Aunt Amity was sitting in her favorite rocker, but forgot to pretend to knit.

The girl read the brief note. At first it seemed to daze her. She stood staring and staring, seemed struck paralyzed and dumb. Then, as she still stared, life seemed to return to her. She began to tremble, and then stiffened and flung the missive back toward her uncle.

"So," she said, "the man thinks I can be bought too, does he?"

Uncle Lute said a peculiar thing.

"No, my dear, I think you're doing him an injustice there. The circumstances are certainly strange and very unconventional and they put him in a very difficult position. But I believe the man's honestly in love with you. I got a very queer but definite impression to that effect when we visited him yesterday."

Jennifer stared at him, an amazed, haughty, violent stare. And Aunt Amity put in tremulously "Why, how could that be, Luther? Jenny scarcely knows the man. Why, they've never even talked to each other or been alone together!"

The girl shifted her stare to her aunt; it took on a peculiar flaming light. Then she made an angry gesture.

"What difference does all that make? The thing that stands out is that he offers the crowning insult. He sneakingly gets hold of our home, and then he thinks he ——"

Her voice had risen, it broke; she rushed on, in a high, tempestuous key:

"He thinks he can get me too! He thinks he can get everything he wants! He wants me so he can gloat over me—exhibit me! So he can say, 'Just see what I can do! See, I live in Pryde Hall! See, I've married the Pryde girl! That's all the good their pride does 'em when it bucks against money and me!' That's what he wants to say! He wants to gloat over me, abuse me!"

"Jenny!" cried Aunt Amity, deeply shocked. "You mustn't say such terrible things. And I don't really think Mr. Meservey'd be capable of such terrible things. Of course he's different from us, and of course I feel awfully about losing our home; but"—half apologetically—"that one time I met him I sort of liked the man."

The angry girl made no answer; she looked as if she were unable to answer.

Then Uncle Lute said, slowly and tentatively, and eying her anxiously, "In a way, I'm sorry you feel so bitter against him. If you didn't, maybe ——"

"Good heavens!" cried the girl in horror. "Are you trying to say you want me to marry him?"

"Well, no, of course not; not if you don't want to. Only, I don't dislike him so much myself. In many ways he's quite a gentleman. If only you'd happened to like him ——"

The girl interrupted again, with a harsh and sneering laugh.

"It happens that I hate him—hate him as I never hated a human being before. I'm afraid I must spoil your pretty little plans, yours and Aunt Amity's. Meservey'll find there's at least one Pryde left who refuses to sell!"

All at once her high-strained voice broke and she began to cry. The old people had seldom seen her cry. They were appalled and conscience-stricken. They tried to console her; they assured her they had never conjectured her marrying Meservey, that they did not want her to, that they would never sponsor such an unseemly idea. Trying to convince and soothe her, Uncle Lute then and there fetched forth ink and paper and with tremulous old fingers began answering Meservey's letter.

A short time afterward the Prydes moved from Pryde Hall; for the first time in its nearly two hundred years the old edifice did not house a Pryde.

(Continued on Page 44)

An outstanding feature of Goodyear balloon tires is SUPER-TWIST, the remarkable new cord fabric perfected by Goodyear. Tests made with this enduring new material showed that a tire carcass made of SUPERTWIST delivered more than 100% greater service than a carcass made of an equal number of plies of standard cord fabric. SUPERTWIST is used only by Goodyear, and is built into Goodyear balloon tires of *both* kinds—to fit new small-diameter wheels, and to fit the wheels now on your car.

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ashamed

It brought him untold misery; yet only he himself, was to blame

HE had neglected his teeth so long that he was actually ashamed to visit his dentist. Finally he became so sensitive about their appearance that in conversation he habitually distorted his mouth in an effort to hide them from view.

A reasonable effort on his own part—consulting his dentist, conscientious use of his tooth brush and the right dentifrice—might have saved him this humiliation.

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You have heard and read a great deal about dentifrices—which ones were safe, which one best.

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This cleansing or polishing agent had to be just the right hardness to clean efficiently; yet not hard enough to injure that delicate, priceless tooth enamel which can never be replaced and which when once impaired exposes the tooth to decay.

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The company's chemists finally discovered a special cleansing substance that precisely meets these requirements.

According to tests, based upon the "scale of hardness" scientists employ in studying mineral substances, this specially prepared cleansing medium is actually softer than tooth enamel and harder than tartar. *Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.*

Firm and healthy gums

Note, after continuing the use of Listerine Tooth Paste a while, how your gums become more firm and healthy; also how you have overcome that sensitiveness that can so easily lead to infection and disease.

Note, too, the quick improvement in the appearance of your teeth; how this new cleanser restores them to their original gleaming whiteness that Nature intended.

You'll enjoy the fresh, clean taste this paste leaves in your mouth and with it the happy assurance that at last you have found a dentifrice that, without the aid of harsh grit, really cleans safely. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large Tube—25 cents

(Continued from Page 42)

They went to a little rented cottage on the outskirts of the village. The place was small and cheap, but true to name and nature and tradition, they took all their effects with them. The fine old furniture which had sufficiently equipped that big mansion was stacked one piece on top of another in the cramped little rooms; ugly packing boxes held the rare silver and treasured china and the voluminous stores of linen. Crowded in by desolate reminders of their lost splendor, they began a transplanted existence.

The girl took the crash from estate even more bitterly than the uncle and aunt, which struck people as odd in a way, as these things usually strike the old harder than they do the young. The old folks seemed mainly stunned; they did not carry their rancor so aggressively against the new possessor of Pryde Hall. But Jennifer passed him on the street without speaking; she refused to go anywhere he might be present; she could not endure to hear his name.

The depth and violence of her hate, those succeeding weeks and months, amazed the girl herself—at times truly horrified her. At times she would find herself secretly formulating schemes of vengeance—how could she hurt him most? The most fantastic, morbid, astounding schemes would come darting into her consciousness. Once it even occurred to her that Meservey's prize horses might be mysteriously poisoned! This from Jennifer, who loved all dumb creatures, and particularly horses, so much that the thought of harming them, when she reviewed it sanely, was about the same as devising to introduce poison into a hospital or a home for foundling babies.

But when she thought of Meservey, sanity seemed to forsake her, madness seemed to grip her; she craved, thirsted, burned to hurt and humiliate him. She never paused dispassionately to analyze her urge to strike at him; dispassionate self-analysis is not an emotional process.

The Prydes left Pryde Hall early in September. Meservey moved in soon after, but all that fall and winter he did little more than camp in the old mansion. Most of the house he did not use at all; entire wings were shut off, spaces of echoing emptiness. But Meservey was away from Prydetown a great deal that winter; and when he was at home he evinced no inclination to fit up his new establishment, but spent his interest on a stable he was building at Pryde Hall for his very choicest trotters.

Time passed, it came on to April; and one gusty April night came Jennifer's opportunity for vengeance at last. After she had got the early supper over that evening she had escaped from the cottage for a walk. Uncle Lute had been setting out a little flower garden all day. At supper he prattled of it with such a pretense of enthusiasm that Jenny could hardly bear it.

It was a windy twilight, in accord with her turbulent mood; her loneliness, her unhappy restlessness, seemed to increase rather than abate. She found herself turning into the familiar road which led to Pryde Hall. She had heard Meservey was absent; there was no risk of an encounter. As she left the village outskirts she passed Meservey's caretaker in a flivver, probably coming in to the movies. The coast was clear. She could at least stare at the old home in peace.

Peace!

The air was chill for April, the windy gusts were bitter. When she came to where Pryde Hall sits back from the highroad the twilight was entirely gone, the moon was rising directly above the dark roofs of her old home. A great half moon, now revealed and now veiled by scurrying, leaping clouds—it looked eerie, strung up there, and sent down an eerily fitful, pallid light.

But beautiful always—the old home of the Prydes, beautiful at night, even with no home-welcoming lights, utterly dark save for that cold and ghostly illumination from the restless heavens.

The great, dark, chiseled bulk sat in somber silence; it looked lonely and cold; it held no warmth, no cheer. The only light that showed did not come from the house itself, but from a second looming bulk at the rear—those costly new stables.

As the girl stood and stared her lonely bitterness seemed to seep up and out of her, to intermingle with the rustles of wind which would snatch her wretchedness and carry it a little way, and then rush back and fling it upon her again, making her partner in a malicious and derisive game. Everything—the scene and the situation and her own emotions—seemed distorted and unreal and fantastic. Anything might happen, something must happen. This weirdness and chaotic unreality could not go on forever.

Suddenly her eyes and her senses sharpened. What was that, drifting low beneath the other, the lowest flying clouds? What kind of strange cloud was it, coming to earth on this strange and sinister night?

It was no cloud—it was smoke!

Pryde Hall was on fire!

The dread realization brought her back to herself; panic and horror swept over her, and a swift gratitude that fate had sent her here at this hour. She must act quickly; in this wind not a second in giving the alarm could be lost.

Another thought leaped into her brain: If Pryde Hall should go, then Meservey couldn't have it! Better that it should not exist at all than exist for Dan Meservey!

And she turned and ran away from the place, gasping and panting, now and then glancing fearfully over her shoulder as if she were running away from the furies.

That mad two-mile flight back to the village was always afterward just a hideous blur. She had somehow reached the cottage, had somehow gained the seclusion of her room, when she heard a clamor in the street and then someone knocking at the cottage door. She heard loud, excited voices, and then Uncle Lute calling to her:

"Jenny! Jenny! There's a fire up at the hall! Jenny, where are you? Don't you hear?"

What followed then—the next few minutes and the ensuing horrible hours—was always after to her a continuation, more and more hideous, of that awful blur. Hearing the news that it was not Pryde Hall, after all, that was ablaze—the fire had caught in the new stable—a defect in the wiring, a short circuit—the caretaker and the trainers caught absent—the trapped horses ——

She had never once thought of the horses!

A time of terrible confusion in the cottage; Aunt Amity crying and wringing her hands; Aunt Amity, who had never been known to lose her gentle calm; and Uncle Lute insisting on going to the scene of conflagration, and Jenny finally, dazedly, accompanying him. Then a scene of intensified confusion, of uproar, of conflict with that savage red fury which was like something lashing and bellowing up from the inferno.

How long it lasted, that stretch of endless horror, the girl lost the power to reckon. The whole countryside, it seemed, had been attracted by the swelling pandemonium. Huddled groups of women and children, men working frantically, grotesque silhouettes of darting pygmies struggling with absurd futility against the rising walls of red. Shouting voices, the clatter of the engines from the neighboring villages, the crackle of spitting flame, the crash of falling timbers, billowing veils of smoke, surging and sweeping out on the wind.

The wind was carrying the blaze away from the house. The thought penetrated to Jennifer with a biting irony: Pryde Hall wasn't to go, after all; it would be left for Meservey; only the innocent, helpless horses had to go. She kept listening for the frenzied screams of the trapped brutes. But she didn't hear them; mercifully, they had been smothered.

The height of the conflagration passed but the crowd of people lingered; new groups continuously arrived, to gaze at the smoldering ruins. Uncle Lute, overwrought and unable to bear the strain, wanted to leave the scene. But the girl refused to leave it. She sent him off in a neighbor's car. She could not tear herself away from the somber spectacle.

How long it had been going on she could not have told when she became aware that Meservey was present. Where he had appeared from she did not know; not till later did she learn he had been wired for and had reached the disaster from New York. She saw him and recognized him before he saw her. She walked straight up to him and touched him on the arm. He was looking extraordinarily cool and collected despite the excitement, but he started when he saw her.

"My God!" he said. She could not know how she looked, how glittering-eyed and ghastly. Then, more gently: "This is no place for you. Let me send you home."

"This is the place for me," she answered with a metallic evenness. "Especially since I could have prevented the fire—at least could have given an earlier warning."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Just that. I saw the smoke before anyone else saw it. I was up here—taking a walk. I deliberately decided not to give the alarm."

"Good God!" He was harshly incredulous. "You mean you could sacrifice those poor dumb brutes to your hate and stubborn pride?"

"No"—still in that measured tone, wearily. "I wasn't thinking about the horses—I'd forgotten the horses. I was thinking only of the house—Pryde Hall—that it was better for it to go."

"Good God!" he said again. Then, slowly—"You hate me so much as that?"

She did not answer. Someone ran up to Meservey, spoke to him imperatively.

"One minute," Meservey answered. Then, to Jennifer—"I'll take you over to my car. You can wait there. I'll talk to you later."

"No, I won't wait in your car."

"Wait in my car. I want to talk to you."

She felt unwilling, mutinous, yet strangely apathetic; all her strength seemed to have burned out of her with those ebbing flames. She let him lead the way to his car; he did not offer to help her in, but held the door open for her, remotely courteous.

"You'll find a robe in there. I'll return presently."

She did not answer.

When he returned she was sitting tense and still, as if she had never moved. But she spoke first.

"Well, what is it you wish to say?"

He slowly shook his head.

"I've been wondering whether, after all, it's any use to say anything."

Then she flung out, with a sudden upflaming, "Why not give yourself the satisfaction? Go ahead, tell me I've done a cruel and frightful thing—I admit it! Why not tell it to me? You've never passed over any other opportunity to abase and humiliate me"

"I don't think you quite realize what you're saying," he replied.

"I do realize what I'm saying. From the very first you've tried to humiliate me—that night you tried to play the cave man, tried to kiss me ——"

"The night I kissed you," he corrected.

She smote her hands fiercely together, rushed on:

"And the time you sent that note to my uncle—after you'd despicably got a hold over us, our home—you dared to propose marriage—were even ready to marry me—so you could crow over me and taunt me."

"I didn't propose marriage for those reasons" very quietly "I proposed marriage because I love you."

"Don't dare say such things to me!" she flamed. "It's not true—you know it's not true! You hate me—even as I hate you!" She began to tremble, she smote her hands together again. "I hate you—I hate you ——"

Her voice caught, to her horror it broke, it ended in a sob. Despite her every ounce of will and effort the sob came, and went shuddering down her body, shook her entire frame. Meservey gave an exclamation and took a step toward her.

"Don't touch me!" she cried on a gasping breath. "Don't you dare touch me! Go away!"

He turned and walked a few steps away. He paused and stood irresolute. From the car came the sound of her sobs, hard and violent, entirely beyond her control. He took another step away, then suddenly turned and came back to the car and reached his arms in and drew her toward him.

"Don't—don't!" she managed to gasp.

For answer he only drew her closer—held her tenderly, tight.

The girl wrenched away, then suddenly ceased to struggle. The sobs still came, those terrible, heaving sobs; then gradually they eased, her tensity relaxed, her head fell back against his shoulder.

From the distance came the sound of voices, a vague reminder of distant stress and confusion. In the car all was very quiet. He held her protectively, tight; her head rested on his shoulder. Once he reached with one hand and smoothed a straying lock from her forehead.

For a long time no word was said. No need for the spoken word, not for a time, when falls the sweetly poignant peace that follows storm.

At last the man whispered, "Jenny, tell me, you do love me?"

"Must I tell you that?" whispering back. Then, against his cheek—"The Prydes never sell."

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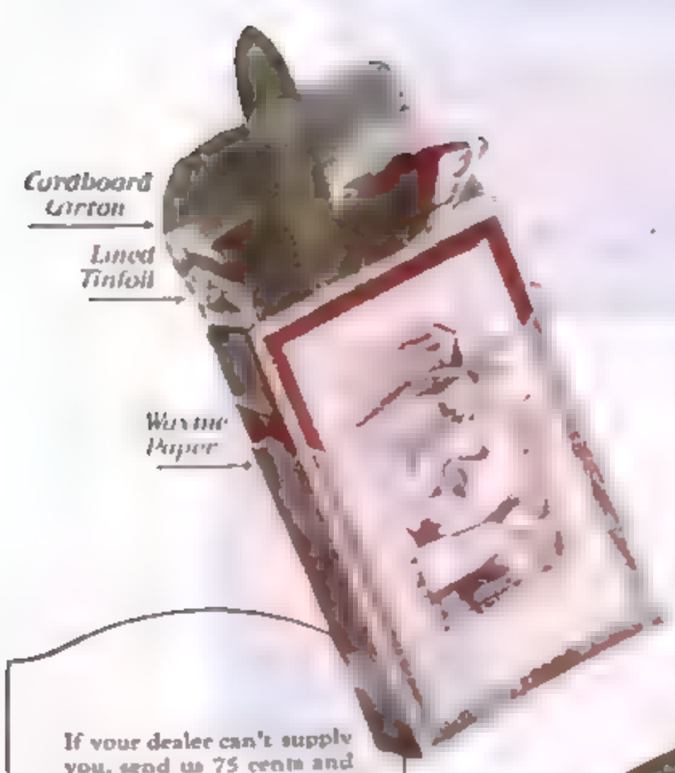

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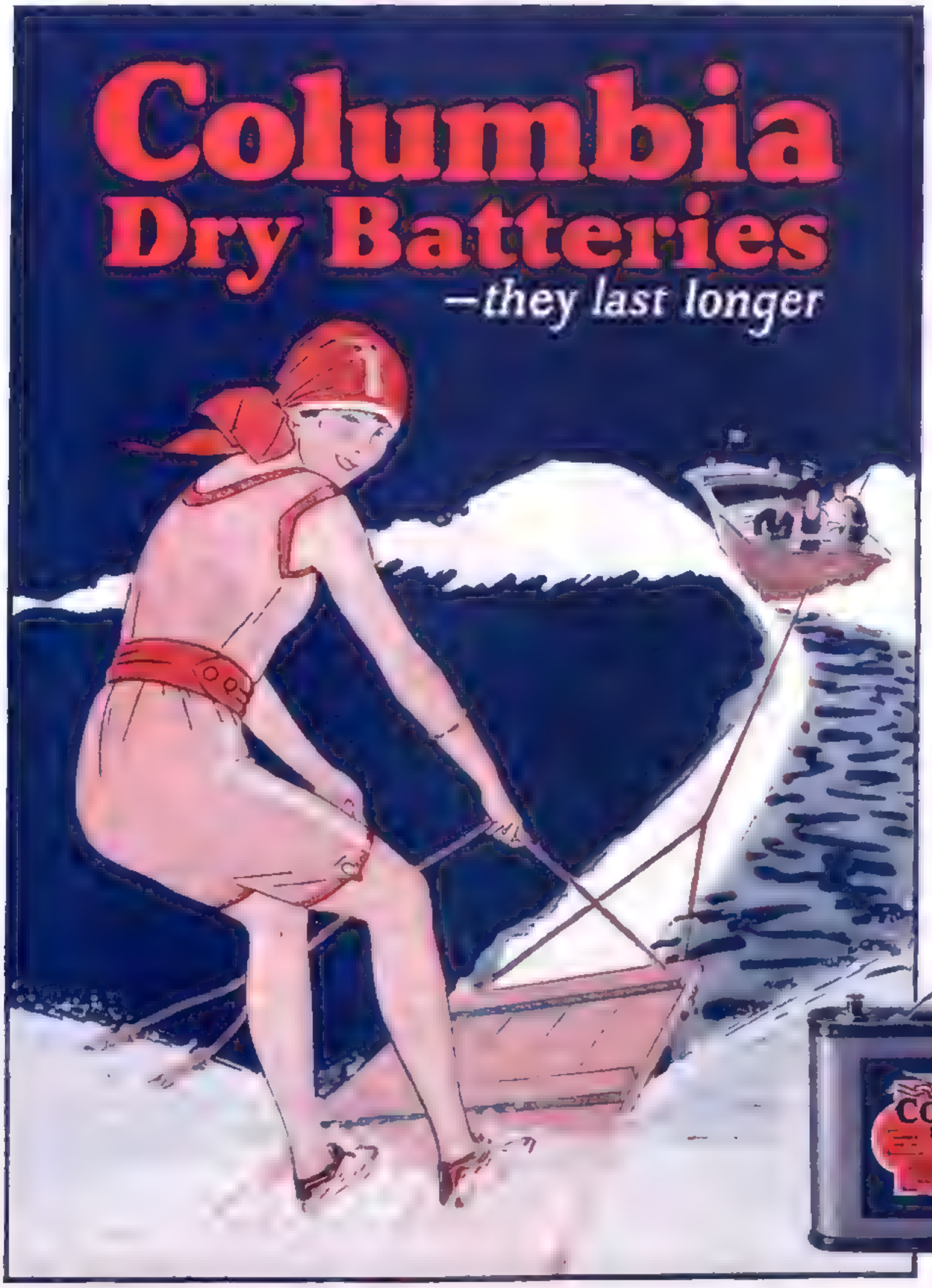

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COME AND TRIP UP

(Continued from Page 11)

Slewfoot's no bargain. He's one of them slim, fuzz-lipped jennies; the kind that look like they quit the chorus to floor-walk for a underthing shop on Fifth Avenue, and is togged out according.

"Ain't he grand?" I whispers to Ritter.

"Just too adorable," shoots back Hank. "I wonder who his milliner is?"

"Now," said Slewfoot, "if you ladies and gentlemen will stand in line, so, we will begin the first lesson. I suppose you all know the old two-step and waltz."

"Set 'em up and suppose down the other alley," I mutters. "The only thing I knows is the Virginian reel and I forgot how that goes eleven years ago, come next rainy Tuesday."

"Did you speak?" inquires the professor, giving me the rising eyebrow.

"No," says I. "I was just counting up the dances I does good outside of the two-step and the waltz."

"The Scottish and the poker, perhaps?" he suggests with a darling smile.

"Yeh," I replies, "them and the minuet, and I used to do square-dance solos."

"Head spins," mumbles Ritter.

"Well," announces Slewfoot, "in this class we is gonna learn the fox trot and the tango. Them two is all the rages now and you ain't hardly a nobody unless you does them proper. Let's begin."

"Watch me," invites Magruder.

"What for?" I wants to know. "You gonna pull a rabbit outta your ear?"

"The gentlemen," goes on our dear teacher, "will put out their left foot and the ladies the other. Now!"

I ain't never had no lessons before, but I does that in pretty fair style for a beginner. I notices, however, that Jim's stuck out his dexter dog.

"The left, please," says the professor, looking straight at Magruder. That cuckoo flushes up like a diamond sequence and goes off on a bluster.

"I think you're wrong," he yowls. "I ain't never seen nobody start this dance with the left foot and ——"

"Tell him what the governor's daughter said," cuts in Ritter, who's got three times less use for Jim than I has, and I ain't got as much as none.

"You must be wrong," flashes Lizzie at Slewfoot.

"I guess, at that," I horns in, "Jim's correct. He's gotta dance with his wife and she's left-handed."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," begs the professor, waving his pink paws, "let's resume."

"All right," agrees Magruder, sullen; "but I ain't never seen nobody start the tango off with his left foot and I've seen the dance done by ——"

"You wrote the steps, didn't you?" inquires Hank.

"It may be like you says," admits Slewfoot, talking calm; "but this is the fox trot we're doing."

"Come on," I urges. "Quit razzing the umps and let's play ballroom. Down with the noise and up with the poise. You just watch me, Jim!"

"Watch you!" sniffs Lizzie. "What for? You gonna pull some ears offa rabbits?"

We settles down to the one-two, one-two-and-three, and so on, and in about a hour the professor figures we're good enough to try our act out to music and with partners. We marches around ring-a-rosy, daisy-chain style, and when Slewfoot claps his lily-whites the men grabs the janes nearest to 'em. I don't know whether I told you, but they is half a dozen couples besides our mob taking the lessons. Instead of getting stuck with one of them for the first dance, I snatches off the young snuggler that was hopping with the caky lad when we comes in. It seems that they is both helpers around the jazz shop.

"Listen, girlie," says I, when she starts rubbing her make-up off against my shoulder, "I got a jealous wife and untrained feet. Suppose you just stand off a piece and see if I can make my steppers click proper to the music."

"Be yourself, papa," she comes back. "What you trying to do? Learn how to trot like a fox or do a farmer in the dell? Them touch-me-not dances went outta style about the time they cut off your golden curls. Come on, drape your arm around me. I ain't ticklish; and, besides, I'm crazy about another married man."

I does like I'm told and we moves around the room. The frill's sure light on her spaniels and I'm surprised myselfs how natural I falls in with her motions. All the while we is dancing she keeps spieling to me.

"Don't watch your feet," she tells me. "Let 'em take care of themselfs; they're old enough. Thata grandpa! Let yourselfs go, sag a little at the hips. One-two-three, one-two-three. On your toes; you gotta replace all the turf you dig up with your heels. That's the stuffo! Don't be afraid of tripping me up; I get paid by the bruise. Eyes up! Look at me! You can see your shoes any time. Now that's fine. What revue you working in?"

The music stops and the gal leads me off with her to a seat. I notices Kate giving me the eye, but I already got a lotta poise and nothing ain't got a chance of throwing me offa my equilabraham.

"Kidding on the square," says I to the chick, "what's the chances of my being able to dance in eight years or so?"

"In about eight lessons," she returns, "you oughta be good enough to hire out as a sofa slicker in a tea dump. You're light on your flats and you go with the music, instead of fighting it like mosta the old gouts that come here."

"Listen, sister," I cuts in, "where do you get that 'old' racket with me? I'm squab, I am."

"'S funny," grins the wriggler, "how one turn around the floor can knock a whole case of years offa guy. Talking about cases, would anything break into small pieces if you was to fall down and land hard on your hip?"

"They ain't a drink on me," I regrets.

"With the accent on the 'on,'" she returns.

"I know you," says I. "You're the younger generation I been reading so much about."

"Me!" exclaims the flipper. "Why, I'm nearly eighteen! I think it's a shame, though, the way the youngsters is carrying on."

"Carrying in, you mean, don't you?" I suggests.

"Oh, well," she sighs, "I suppose that's the way it goes. One generation always thinks the next one is going to the wow-wows. Back to the mines, Herbert."

Slewfoot puts us into line again and shows us a few more steps. We learn how to turn around, how to swing the gals around and some other trick stunts. Then he turns us loose on another try at regular dancing, with variations. This time I draws Lizzie Magruder, if you can call that a draw. It's a up-and-up defeat as far as I'm concerned.

"Want that I should lead you?" she asks when we starts off.

"Follow me, female," says I, "and I'll show you something about fox trotting that'll make all the other dances you been in look like slow-motion staggers in a swamp."

"What swamp you talking about?" asks Lizzie.

I find out quick they is lotta difference between doing your stuff with a partner that's a expert and one that's about as graceful as a young calf with the sun in its eyes. Some way or other our feet get all tangled up, the music runs all outta time with me, everybody on the floor bumps into me, at least twice, each reverse I makes, and the crime finishes up with Lizzie tripping herselfs up and landing on her crazy bone, the one in her elbow.

Just at this junction, Hank, who's been doing a agile back step with a old jane that looks like she's still sore about the way she was treated after the Battle of Lexington, runs into the Magruder wreck and squats down next to her, using his partner as a cushion. While we is unscrambling the muss the gal teacher comes trotting by with Jim.

"Floor slippery?" she inquires on the fly.

"No," I yelps after her. "Can't cash customers take a rest without no comments from the help?"

"What's the large idea?" asks Ritter, peevish. "Ain't a gentleman of standing allowed to dance in his deadfall without bringing a squad of traffic cops along with him? Or is they a block system that I ain't been let in on?"

"Look where you're leaping, feller," says I, "and flag yourselfs when you see a cow on the track."

"You calling me a cow?" blazes Lizzie.

"Why should I insult a harmless ——" I begins.

"You'd better not," she cuts in. "It was his fault, wasn't it?" And she turns to Professor Slewfoot, who's come up and is standing by.

"It's the floor," he diplomacies.

"Yeh," I remarks. "It didn't have no business coming up and hitting her. With all this talk of socialism and equal rights going around, you can't even keep floors down no more."

On the third dance I again catches the frisky frill I had dealt to me the first round.

"Who's the gas house I had the last time?" she asks me. "Friend of yourn?"

"Jim Magruder?" I inquires. "My agony and his is old side kickers, but personally I'm as crazy about him as a Coney Island hot-dog jobber is about a rainstorm on the Fourth of July. What's he been telling you—how good he is?"

"He knows everything, don't he?" comes back the frail. "Keep your eyes up, man. Them dog blankets of yourn ain't gonna run away."

"Everything," I tells her, "ain't only part of a fraction of what Jim knows he knows. I'll bet he told you how to bob your hair and how to get that freckle offa the end of your sniffer before he got through."

"He did have some ideas," admits the wren, "on my personal appearance, but mosta the time he was tipping the old ' arathoner off on some of the fine points dancing."

"Is he really there," I asks, "as a toe-nd-heeler?"

"He may be there," says she, "but he wasn't here. He's one of them babies that learned his stuff in them days when jumping up and down was the wow in steps. Besides the which, he's always a coupla choruses and three or four verses behind the music he thinks they is playing. I could make a swell dancer outta you."

"Well," I tells her, "go on. What do you need, the written consent of my parent or guardian?"

"Gosh," murmurs the lip-sticker, "how the years is falling offa you! A coupla more fox trots and we'll have to send you home in a baby buggy. What I was getting at is this: They is too much of a mob here to learn good, and between me and you and the lamb roast, Slewfoot ain't no decorated Christmas tree. Why don't you drift around here a afternoon or two a week and lemme give you some private lessons?"

"Per how much?" I inquires.

"Ten pretties the each," she replies, "including my gay chatter."

"That gay chatter of yourn," says I, "might make me chief of the fire department of Yom Kippur, Oklahoma; but the facts is I wasn't brung here so much to learn dancing as poise."

"Poise?" repeats the stepper.

"Yeh," I tells her. "Know anything about it?"

"Never mind," she comes back. "Just show it to me once, or hum it, and I'll get it."

III

ON THE way home Magruder picks up where he left off on how good he is.

"Would you believe it," says he, "I ——"

"No," snorts Hank.

"No what?" inquires Lizzie.

"Whatever that self-hater of yourn's getting ready to kiss hisself about," explains Ritter. "I hope Jim never goes in for believing the Bible."

"But he does," she gasps, shocked.

"Gosh," groans Hank, "that just naturally makes me a atheist!"

"I ain't never done none of them dances the new way before," goes on Magruder; "but they ain't nothing to 'em. After one whirl with me, Viola—that's the gal-helper—says they was some stuff I could even show her. She's a swell dancer, but at that I hadda pull her into step a coupla times and show her how to do the Nova Scotia pivot. Besides ——"

"You also hadda learn her how to sit down after the trot was over, didn't you?" I cuts in, sneery.

"Anyways," shoots back Jim, "nobody needed to show you and Ritter how to sit down on the floor in the middle of a dance."

"Ain't my fault," says I, "if that frau of yourn's got a feud on between two of her feet. Why don't you call a peace conference, Lis, and fix it so one of 'em'll stick to the main track and the other'll take a siding?

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They ain't no use having your dogs bark at each other all the times and throw you for a loss."

"I don't have to stay in this car to be insulted," snaps the Magruder disaster. "Lemme out and I'll walk."

"All right," I agrees, opening the door. "Watch out, Jim," I yells after 'em, "and see that she don't trip against your medals and break the loving cup."

"And squash the bouquets," adds Ritter.

"I don't see how you men can treat the Magruders that way," complains Mrs. Hank.

"They like it," says I. "If you heaved a hod of bricks at Jim he'd think he was being honored with a confetti shower."

"I noticed him and that vampy flapper together," remarks the misses, "and they seemed to be doing nice."

"Did you see me and she work?"

"No, I didn't," returns Kate, snippish.

"I guess you was too busy crowding that cake consumer around," I growls. "You never even gave that kid helper a chance to get out and renew his perfume."

"He's a nice boy," defends the wife. "He told me I reminded him something of Pavlowa."

"It musta been that habit she's got," says I, "of using both her feet and never taking a step without making sure that she's got both ears with her. You missed something, woman," I goes on, "when you didn't turn your lamps loose for a browse over me. That Viola kid tells me I'm the guinea hen's bank account when it comes to wrapping myselfs around the fox trot. She ——"

"She didn't drag in no poultry's financial affairs in my case," interrupts Ritter, "but she did say, sincere-like, that for a new beginner it was hard to believe that I hadn't had about fifty lessons."

"If that's a compliment," I jeers, "I'm the seventh sum of a seventh sum."

"Making you a forty-niner, eh?" suggests Hank.

"Not to change the subjects," says I, "which is me, the gal figures if I'd take two or three private lessons with her in the afternoon I'd ——"

"Private lessons?" snaps the wife. "They ain't gonna be none. Your stuff belongs to the public."

"Can't you learn to dance straight out and above the boards?" chimes in Ritter.

"Sure I could," I yelps. "I know pretty nearly all they is to know about it now, excepting maybe one or two of them trick steps in the Spanish mantilla; but Viola's had a lotta hard luck and I'd kinda like to help out. One of her brothers lost a arm in ——"

"That's nothing," cuts in Kate; "that boy partner of hers has got a sister that ain't had no arm since birth, and he was telling me the truth too."

"It was a leg the chick's brother lost in the railroad accident, wasn't it?" asks Ritter.

"You're all wrong," I tells him. "It was a arm, and he got it smashed splicing a radio cable."

"That'll be enough of that formaldehyde comedy," bites out the frau; "and they ain't gonna be no private work-outs with that Viola creature. Get me?"

"I ain't said I was gonna take any, is I?" I shouts.

"You isn't," returns Kate.

"I should hope not," edges in the Ritter skirt. "We is all starting even with these dancing lessons and it wouldn't be fair for one of us to take advantage, would it, Henry?"

"I'll say not," agrees Hank.

They ain't nothing much doing in the office the next afternoon, so I takes a walk for myselfs. The dancy stuff is in my hoofs and I breezes along for quite a stretch. Suddenly I finds myselfs in front of Professor Slewfoot's Salon. "Well," says I to myselfs, "being as I is here, I might as well take a run upstairs and see what a wax floor looks like in the daytime." Floors is a kinda hobby of mine. I wouldn't have a house without 'em. I hears phonograph music going in the joint when I knocks on the door and is told to help myselfs in. I does.

There, out in the middle, is little Viola trotting around with Hank Ritter! He pipes me quick, flushes up and breaks away from her.

"What you doing here?" I asks.

"I forgot my umbrella last night," he mumbles, "and I thought maybe I left it here."

"Umbrella, eh?" I grins. "Don't you remember I stole the last one you had back from you? First time I ever seen a bobo looking for a rain cheater to music and with a squeezer in his arms."

"Well," says Ritter, "the dingus happened to be playing when I comes up and ——"

"Go roll your hoop, Reginald," cuts in Viola, "and let a poor working girl earn her rolls and rouge."

"Come to think of it," exclaims Ritter, "what you doing here, anyways?"

"Nothing," I answers. "Only I saw you come in and I thought I'd tell you your buttonhole factory's burning down or up, suit yourselfs."

"Collections ain't so good," shrugs Hank. "Come on, feller, shed your overcoat and get into the game. She can handle us both, I guess."

"I should kiss a cactus," says Viola. "You can even bring on that other playmate of yourn."

"Magruder?" I laughs. "He walked outta here last night almost bent over double with diplomas."

"Darn that racket!" frowns the gal. "I'll go across the hall and see if I can get 'em to soft-pedal that boiler-factory lullaby they're pounding outta the noise box."

She walks outta the room to squelch the tin-panning. I sees her open the door across the way and I catches a flash of a red, white and black hat with a green feather. Yep, you're right; that is, you is if you doped it out to be Kate. All of them that figured it'd be Lizzie or Mrs. Hank is gotta stay after school and finish this yarn.

"What does this mean?" I yelps, jumping into the other salon. The boy teacher nearly backs through a window.

"Why, I—er ——" stammers the frau.

"You leave your umbrella here too?" I asks, sarcastic.

"No," she answers slow; "but I wanted to get the young man's address so I could maybe help his sister."

"Yeh!" I sneers. "And I suppose you turned on that fox trot so you could hear the street number more distinct. Come with me, Mrs. O'Day."

For the first time in a dozen years she ain't got a word, and follows me meek and quiet. Ritter comes along after us. Just as we is about to pass out in the street, who should pop sneaky into the hallway but Jim Magruder?

"What you want?" I demands. "You here after some private lessons?"

"Not me," he comes back, bold. "They is a coupla hard steps Viola wants me to show her."

"Let's get away from here," I grumbles, "before we runs into Lizzie and Tillie Ritter."

"Tillie was here," says the wife, "just before I came."

Now, wouldn't that topple your poise?

THE STATUS QUO, OR NINE POINTS OF THE LAW

(Continued from Page 17)

that a whole house will come tumbling down into the excavation, with a woman and two children and a—goat. It might be manslaughter or infanticide or something, mightn't it?"

"Are you going to sit down and be bluffed to a standstill by a woman and two children?" asked Mr. Pepperill

"I want to say right here and now," interrupted the stately Mr. Winterbottom, fixing a fishy eye upon the miserable contractor, "that The Lordly Courts, Incorporated, is going to hold you to the very jot and tittle of your contract and enforce every cent of penalty for delay. We have already signed leases for nearly eighty per cent of the floor space, and unless the building is completed on time all those rentals will be lost—nearly half a million. We shall hold you responsible."

"Quite so! Don't blame you a particle!" ejaculated Mr. Pepperill. "Before I'd allow myself to be buffaloed by a goat!"

(Continued on Page 50)

S U P R E M E

The beauty of the Packard Eight is but an indication of the incomparable quality of its performance.

Here is luxurious riding in a sense and to a degree well worth your while to know.

In power and flexibility, the Packard Eight is more agile and eager and unhampered than seems possible for a mechanical thing to be.

Yet with all its power and flexibility and effortless speed, it handles so easily and smoothly as never to suggest strain or sense of effort. It responds to a touch—yet it unfailingly holds the road.

Beyond compare, and without a peer, the Packard Eight appeals irresistibly to those who want the finest motor car in the world.

Packard Eight and Packard Six both furnished in ten body types, open and enclosed. Packard's extremely liberal time-payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard—purchasing out of income instead of capital.

P A C K A R D E I G H T

(Continued from Page 48)

"It—it isn't the goat! It's old Tutt! To tell you the truth, that sinister old cuss gives me the jimjams!" admitted Mr. Marcus. "He's up there sitting on the front porch right now!"

"The devil you say!"

"Yes, sir!"

Mr. Pepperill drummed on the table.

"Didn't you tell me that Tutt offered to settle once? How much did he want?"

"Twenty thousand. It was pure blackmail."

"And you have reached the point in construction where you can't go any further without putting out the Talliaferros?"

"Yes."

"H'm!"

Mr. Pepperill flushed and looked slightly nervous, which Mr. Marcus did not fail to note. All the years that he had borne this proud man's wrongs, his condescension, his patronizing manners arose to give the builder courage.

"It looks to me," he remarked stiffly, "as if you'd been asleep. Why didn't you do something to clear up the title, instead of just lying back ——"

"But the title is insured!" retorted the lawyer uneasily.

"What good does that do me?" shouted Mr. Marcus, now restored to full confidence. He felt almost glad of what had occurred so long as he could face down Pepperill. "Yes, sir! What good is insurance? Is that going to pay my damages to The Lordly Courts? Not by a jugful, it ain't! Is it going to pay my damages if we kill old Tutt or one of the children or the goat, shoveling off the damn shanty? Not a cent! Is it going to get me out of jail if Tutt has me arrested for assault? Insurance! What we want is the New York Fire Department!"

"Please calm yourself!" said Mr. Pepperill icily.

"Well, what do we pay you fifteen thousand a year for anyhow?"

Mr. Pepperill arose with hauteur.

"You pay me to give you advice. Well, here it is. Go out and walk around the block. There is no question of law involved here upon which I can advise you. As to the general situation, the refusal of this Talliaferro family to get off your premises"—Mr. Pepperill hesitated, then cleared his throat in a judicial manner—"I—I do not think you need have cause for alarm."

"Alarm!" reverberated Marcus, echoed in diapason by the lordly Winterbottom. "Alarm!"

"I—I did not mean 'alarm' in a literal sense," explained Mr. Pepperill hastily. "'Agitation,' 'nervousness,' 'worry' I should have said. Of course until some court has actually decided the precise legal significance of the words in question there will always be an element of uncertainty—theoretically."

Mr. Marcus ran his finger around the inside of his collar.

"Theoretically?" he inquired.

"Only theoretically!" assured Mr. Pepperill.

"What words—are you talking about?"

"The words in the will, granting the original devise 'to my son Rupert Talliaferro, the legitimate heirs of his body or to the nearest heirs of his body.' Of course anybody would say offhand, just as the first attorney who passed on the title did, that the phrase gave an estate tail ——"

"A what?"

"An estate tail."

"What on earth is that?"

Mr. Pepperill looked surprised.

"It would require some time to instruct you in all the law of real property," he remarked, "but the words undoubtedly gave Rupert an estate tail."

"Well, they give me—a pain!" groaned poor Marcus.

"But you can't be absolutely certain of anything in the law," soothed the attorney.

"I should say not!" agreed Marcus unhappily.

"And the point was never raised until Mr. Tutt ——"

"Well, just what is the point that nobody else ever thought of?"

Mr. Pepperill opened a drawer and took out a photostat copy of an obviously very ancient document.

"The whole instrument is most unusual, you see!" he observed with relish.

"So I see!" echoed Marcus acidly.

Mr. Pepperill wiped his glasses.

"Listen to this," he said.

"'To my beloved wife Mercy I bequeath $500 a year, also my black girl Sarrah, a good horse, a chair and one-half my dwelling house as long as she shall remain a widow and no longer. I also bequeath my black boy Isaac to my eldest son Rupert.' Is not that interesting?"

"There's nothing about a goat, is there?" asked Marcus dreamily. "Look here! What is Tutt's point?"

Mr. Pepperill laid his glasses upon the table.

"Reduced to its simplest terms if such a phrase can be applied it is this: The Lordly Courts, Incorporated, have a clear paper title running straight back to the original Rupert Talliaferro. Nobody has ever questioned it, but now Mr. Tutt says that Rupert didn't have any title because the words in his father's will, 'to my son Rupert and the legitimate heirs of his body,' read in the light of the law as it stood at the time the will took effect, gave him only a life estate, and that the fee belonged to the heirs of his body, through whom the present Talliaferros claim their title by direct descent. Tutt has written a ninety-seven-page brief to establish his point; but there is nothing in it."

"Isn't there?" wailed Mr. Marcus. "I suppose I'll have to take your word for it!"

"It's one of those things that no one can be particularly blamed for overlooking; a mere technicality."

"No, of course not!" moaned Marcus. "I don't suppose it would have been polite to question Talliaferro's right to sell the land at the time—or even afterwards! Anyhow we're all in a jolly old mess now, aren't we? To how much property does this little technicality, as you call it, apply?"

"Oh, a couple of hundred acres," replied Mr. Pepperill lightly. "It starts on Morningside Heights, takes in a bit of the Columbia University campus, and then zigzags over most of the really valuable property around there until it hits Central Park ——"

"And the whole business hangs on the interpretation of the words, 'heirs of his body'?"

"It does."

"Five hundred million dollars' worth?"

"Yes."

Mr. Marcus reached for his hat.

"Say," he inquired earnestly, "what do you think it is worth to us to buy Tutt off?"

"Not one cent!" exploded Mr. Pepperill. "There is nothing in his contention. No court would think of sustaining it."

"That's all right. But where do I come in? I wait, while you take a couple of years to try the case, and meanwhile the goat goes right on living there."

Mr. Pepperill shook his head wearily.

"No court is going to upset the status quo—you can rest assured."

"What kind of a quo is that?"

"No judge will ever have the nerve to declare that these titles aren't good. The ownership has been undisturbed for over a hundred years. Think of the frightful confusion it would make in the real-estate world if the Talliaferro deed was held bad! All the title companies would go bankrupt! Besides, what would become of the multitudes of people who are actually occupying these premises—apartments, stores, factories, hotels, private houses? No court is going to turn them out."

"So that's what you call the status quo?"

"Yes," said Mr. Pepperill. "That is the status quo."

"Then why hasn't the goat got it in our case?" asked Mr. Marcus.

IV

WHEN the unfortunate head of the Marcus Building and Contracting Company reached One Hundred and Ninety-ninth Street, the status quo had altered considerably. During his absence the two steam shovels had busily attacked the rear of the lot and gobbled it up to such an extent that the shanty now stood high above the street on a pinnacle of rock, like a Broadway St. Michel or a Tyrolean castle on some inaccessible peak. It being the noon hour a considerable crowd had assembled who freely exchanged views as to the Talliaferro situation with Murphy, McCarthy, the engineers, the workmen and the world in general. It seemed to be the consensus of opinion that any capitalist who deliberately tunneled under a house occupied by indigent human beings and precipitated it and them into the pit below, ought to be, might be and would be lynched.

Neither had Mr. Tutt been idle. Shortly before the return of Mr. Marcus a truck had arrived containing munitions and provisions for a protracted siege—to wit, a small brass cannon, a huge American flag, several crates of eggs and groceries, two cases of mineral water, a cot bed with a roll of blankets, and a box of Wheeling stogies for Mr. Tutt, who himself now reclined upon the stoop of the shanty with his legs outstretched, comfortably surveying the excitement below. The stuff had arrived just in time to be carried up before the bank caved in, and now the flag had been nailed to the side of the shack and the cannon pointed its brass nose directly at the open jaws of the steam shovel as if ready to fire at its first move. Beside the cannon lay the goat. Mrs. Talliaferro and the children were having lunch inside.

A curious feeling of helplessness paralyzed the limbs of the great Marcus. Where was he at? The sight of a policeman gave him a flicker of hope, but it died.

"Say, officer, I want you to put those people off that property!" he said in a businesslike tone.

Officer Cassidy eyed him derisively.

"What yer givin' us? Put 'em off yourself."

"But they're trespassers!" protested Marcus. "They have no ——"

"Then go round to the house and tell it to the captain. I don't know nothing about it!"

"But this man Tutt ——"

"Oh, is that Mr. Tutt?" Cassidy examined the semi-recumbent figure on the heights above with interest. "I've heard of him before."

"No doubt. But that don't make him any less a trespasser on my property."

Cassidy turned on him outrageously.

"Aw, cut it out! How do I know it's your property? Probably they say it's theirs. I guess Mr. Tutt wouldn't be up there if it wasn't all right."

"Tutt don't make all the law!" roared Marcus.

"Well, he makes a hell of a lot of it!" retorted Cassidy. "He got me uncle, Mike Donovan, fourteen months' back pay ——"

But Marcus was striding across the street.

"Go ahead and take away the whole damn thing!" he yelled to McCarthy in fury, shaking his fist at Mr. Tutt.

The old lawyer slowly uncrossed his legs and arose in a leisurely manner.

"Ah! Good afternoon, Mr. Marcus!" he called down pleasantly. "I wouldn't do any more cutting away if I were you. My clients don't object to your leveling the rest of the property, because it saves them the trouble and expense of doing it themselves, but we want to keep the old homestead just as it is. Speaking seriously, Marcus, we shall hold you responsible for every bit of damage you do here. I offered to sell you the land at a fair price, and I shall certainly not let you take it *vi et armis*. We shall stay here until we are legally ejected by a court order and after that maybe, and then perhaps still again some more. I challenge you to disturb the status quo!"

The crowd cheered as Mr. Tutt lifted his hat and sat down again. Marcus turned to McCarthy. He was purple in the face.

"Start her up!" he ordered.

The engine gave a succession of swift snorts and the shovel lifted itself into the air and opened wide its savage jaws. Mr. Tutt raised a small megaphone to his lips, and waved his hand towards the flag nailed to the side of the shanty.

"'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, but spare your country's flag!'" he said.

"Hurrah!" yelled the mob, which had been augmented by several hundred school children on their way home to lunch.

"'He huffed and he puffed, and he couldn't blow the house down!'" shouted Mr. Tutt to the children.

"Hurray for Mr. Tutt! Hurray!" they responded, tossing their caps in the air.

The Talliaferros hearing the noise of the shovels came out hurriedly, and Mr. Tutt, taking a hand of both Rupert and Agnes, led them to the edge of the abyss as the shovel came surging toward the shack.

"'Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I!'" he chanted.

Suddenly Marcus knew that he was beaten. Old Status Quo had done it!

"Hold on, Dan!" he yelled. "Stick a ladder up, will you? I want to speak to the old guy."

Mr. Tutt cordially gave him a helping hand over the top.

"I didn't want to tell it to the world," said Marcus, as soon as he got his breath, "but I don't want to be rough with these people. I'll give you your price—twenty thousand—just to get rid of them."

Mr. Tutt looked shocked.

"Who said anything about twenty thousand?" he asked.

"You did!"

"Oh, that was six weeks ago," said the old lawyer. "The price has gone up."

"Well, what is it now?" asked Marcus weakly.

"Fifty thousand bucks," said Mr. Tutt.

He caught Marcus' arm to save him from falling into the excavation.

"And another little thing," he added confidentially, as it were. "The price will go up a thousand beans a day from this time forth forever more."

Mr. Marcus descended the ladder with a sickening sense of deflation. Fifty thousand dollars! It was extortion. He made a rapid calculation. The penalty for each day's default on his contract was the exact equivalent of what Mr. Tutt purposed to soak him. If he went to court and fought the thing out it would cost him no more one way than another, and, if he won, he would escape paying the initial fifty thousand. He was morally certain that, as Pepperill had said, no court would ever upset the title to the whole upper part of New York City. Besides, he was several months ahead on his contract. If he bought off Tutt now, it would cost him fifty thousand dollars cold cash. If he litigated he might not have to pay anything at all.

The upshot of the matter was that a truce was declared and the Marcus Building and Contracting Company abandoned work in that section for the time being and moved their steam shovels elsewhere. Mr. Tutt climbed down from his perch without being obliged to spend a single night there, the Talliaferros gorged themselves on dry groceries and mineral water, and the illustrious Mr. Pepperill hastily prepared the papers necessary to commence a proper action in the Supreme Court to determine the validity of the title of The Lordly Courts, Incorporated, in the manner and form provided by the statute. Old Status Quo had won and won handsomely, but at the risk of losing twenty thousand dollars, and although Mrs. Talliaferro had the utmost admiration for and confidence in Mr. Tutt, in spite of his assurances that all would be well, and that she would gain infinitely more in the long run, her heart frequently sank at the thought that she had not taken the money when she had the chance. Not so her champion!

And now commenced the greatest struggle for delay ever known to the New York courts or to the offices of Tutt & Tutt, and those past masters missed no trick whereby the time for serving a paper could be extended or an adjournment taken. They drove the elegant Mr. Vincent Pepperill nearly mad with their affidavits and orders to show cause why the matter should not go over, and meantime The Lordly Courts went on leasing offices and showrooms in an eighteen-story building not yet in existence, and elaborately planned for a site still occupied by a lone woman, two children and a goat. For there the shack still stood, a monument to the stubbornness of Mr. Tutt and to the decency of mankind.

And then at last, when it seemed to everybody as if the case of The Lordly Courts, Incorporated, vs. Talliaferro would never appear upon the calendar, it suddenly got there, and in some mysterious way was sent to the Honorable Mr. Justice Affenthaler for trial!

"No, George!" admonished Mr. Tutt at the Friday night lodge meeting of the Abyssinian Brotherhood. "You are not going to beat it to French Lick! King Menelik expects every Sacred Camel to do his duty. You are going to stay right here and elucidate to the civilized world the exact meaning of the celebrated and immortal phrase 'legitimate heirs of his body or the nearest heirs of his body' when used by the late Rupert Talliaferro in the year of grace 1812."

"Listen here, Eph!" expostulated the Honorable Affenthaler. "Of course I want to help you, and all that, but if you expect me to find that your client owns all New York City north of One Hundred and Tenth Street you've picked the wrong Camel. Things have to get settled sometime, you know. And besides, I have to decide some things according to law!"

"I know you do, George! I know you do!" agreed Mr. Tutt, patting himself on the gold embroidered stomacher worn by every Past Exalted Ruler of the Purple Mountain. "I'm not asking you to do anything

(Continued on Page 55)

The Lovely Skin of a Child

A Health Beauty Talk by the Health Doctor

Every Mother is a Health Doctor

America is clean because mothers insist that it be clean. Mothers today are young and charming at forty because they have enjoyed plenty of water and pure soap.

IS there anything in the world more beautiful than the rosy body of a child—freshly bathed and radiant as a dew kissed flower? It is the beauty of perfect health...That body can be lovely always.

It thrills me to know that most of the twenty-five million youngsters in this country can grow up into charming women and handsome men if their mothers will only heed the simple rules in these Health Beauty talks of mine.

Just think of it—fifty years ago, even palaces had no bathrooms. There was no running water in Mount Vernon, Washington's splendid home. Even the poorest children enjoy essentials to health beauty of which the famous charmers of past ages knew nothing—bathrooms, plenty of water and pure soap.

To safeguard health and beauty

Good looks depend on good health and almost the whole secret of avoiding sickness is to keep the skin *purified*—the hands especially. Intelligent mothers know what causes sickness.

Curious little hands touch something on which other hands have deposited germs. These germs are carried to nose or mouth by the hands and thus pass into the blood stream.

I tell you to use Lifebuoy because I *know* its antiseptic lather removes germs and purifies the skin.

Lifebuoy is good for your skin

It is so gracious to delicate skin; so pure and gentle that using it many times a day is the best possible treatment to keep your skin soft, clear and of fine texture. The wonderful Lifebuoy antiseptic imparts to the creamy lather a peculiar mildness. Your skin will respond to Lifebuoy lather with a natural underglow—the radiance of perfect skin health.

So install Lifebuoy as the family toilet soap. See that your youngsters use it regularly when they get up, before meals, after play or school and always when they go to bed.

I know you will like Lifebuoy—the cleanly odor especially—it gives one such a comfortable feeling of being safely clean.

The Health Doctor

The HEALTH DOCTOR *says:*

Good looks depend on good health.

I know Lifebuoy removes germs and purifies the skin.

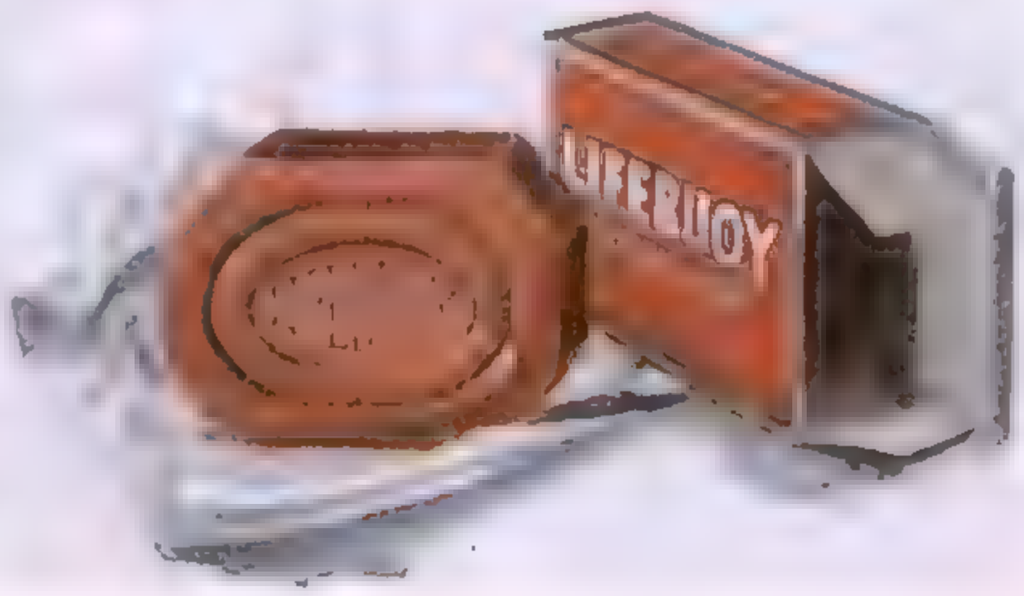
It is as pure and fine as any soap you can buy at any price.

It gives you that feeling of absolute cleanness.

Send 10 cents for my book
"HEALTH BEAUTY"

Doctors and mothers tell me it is one of the most valuable books on Health ever given general distribution. Charmingly illustrated and bound in stiff covers.

Mailed to you if you will send 10 cents in stamps to Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



MONUMENTAL

A trip through the River Rouge Plant, where the process of Ford car manufacture is begun, is a revelation in scientifically guided human endeavor.

The methods, alone, are of startling interest. One does not merely marvel at *what* is being done—one thrills at *how* it is done.

Here it is evident that Man has conquered machinery. Science has supplanted muscle with mechanical power, and brain has conquered brawn!

Everywhere materials are on the move and men standing still at their work. Yet the engineering skill, with which this vast and complex enterprise has been organized to function perfectly as a unit, is amazing.

Among the varied activities of the Rouge are blast furnaces, the largest foundry in the world, glass and cement plants, tractor and body factories, a paper mill, power plants, conveyor systems, salvaging and by-products divisions.

For all its size, this remarkable industrial unit is but the expression of an idea—service to mankind. Yet the River Rouge Plant is but half completed today—its work only begun.

Ford Motor Company

Owning and operating coal and iron mines, timber lands, saw mills, coke ovens, foundries, power plants, blast furnaces, manufacturing industries, lake transportation, garnet mines, glass plants, wood distillation plants and silica beds

ENTERPRISE

River Rouge Plant of the Ford Motor Company

This roast beef, just out of the Florence Oven, is not burned on the outside and raw in the middle, because the heat in this oven is uniform.

You pity the stoker—

But what about the woman who spends summer days in a sizzling kitchen?

Why let your wife keep a stove going in hot weather, except when she is using it for cooking? To do so is needless hardship and a useless expense.

When you put a Florence Oil Range in your kitchen you have done much to take the drudgery out of housework. This modern stove gives intense heat, close up under the cooking. It is started quickly and put out by the turn of a lever. You can bake, boil, roast—cook any dish on the Florence Range that you can on a gas or coal stove.

Does not burn from a wick

The Florence operates on a different principle from that of any other oil stove. You just turn the lever and touch a match to the Asbestos Kindler. Vapor from kerosene is what burns. The flame is a *gas flame*. It is not a *wick* flame, such as you see in the ordinary oil lamp. You can regulate the clean blue flame at will, from high to a mere simmering heat.

There is no smoke, no soot, no shaking of the stove, no messy ashes—just intense heat where you want it and only when you want it.

The economy of it

Kerosene is not only cheap, but it is always plentiful. You will find the Florence a most economical range to use. The kerosene tank is made of metal, and has a glass bull's-eye that shows the oil level at a glance. It is easy to keep clean, and there is no danger of breakage.

The Florence Portable Oven is built with the "baker's arch" and our patented heat-spreader. It can be used on any kind of stove.

The heat is evenly distributed. Food does not burn on the bottom before the top is browned.

A thing of beauty

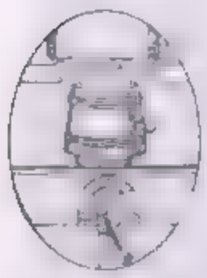
There is no more beautiful kitchen article than the Florence Oil Range with its lustrous enamel and nickel trimmings. It is made of the finest materials and is sturdy and long-lasting. It will be a revelation to you to examine the Florence, with its many refinements, at a department, furniture, or hardware store.

This booklet is free

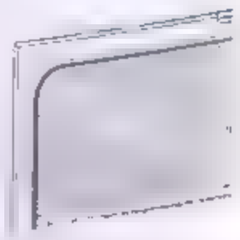
You should know the facts about oil stoves. We have told the story in a way that will interest you in our booklet, "Get Rid of the 'Cook Look.'" Drop us a line and we shall be glad to send it to you, without charge.

Florence Stove Company, Dept. 561, Gardner, Mass.
Makers of Florence Oil Ranges, Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters and Florence Oil Heaters
Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

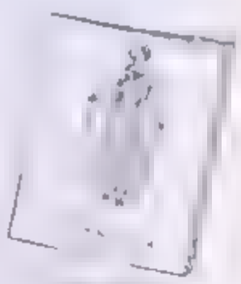
The Florence Leveler
attached to each leg of the Florence, enables you to set the stove level on an uneven floor.



More Heat—Less Care
The heat in the big Florence burners is close up under the cooking and is regulated by the turn of a lever



The Florence Oven
can be bought separate. It is built with the same valves and our patented heat-spreader that are perfect baking



FLORENCE Oil Range

(Continued from Page 50)

for me! Not a thing! Go right ahead and find dead against me! I expect you to. And I'm perfectly satisfied."

"You expect me to?"

"Sure. I know when I'm licked. I merely like to be in a congenial atmosphere when it happens to me. I don't want to go before some brute who if I get a touch of lumbago insists on yanking me out of bed at the risk of my old life simply to have something to do. I like to try cases before you, George. And I'm not going to give you—or anybody else—any trouble at all. This matter has got to be settled, and you are elected to settle it. Incidentally I might add that the governor has seemed favorably disposed towards you whenever I've mentioned your name as a candidate for the Appellate Division."

"You don't say!" The Honorable Affenthaler could not repress his gratification, for, like Cæsar, he was ambitious. "Very kind of him, I'm sure! And of you, Eph! Say, you ought to have taken that twenty thou, while the thou-ing was good!"

"I know, George!" sighed Mr. Tutt. "But even the wisest of us make mistakes!"

When at last Lordly Courts vs. Talliaferro came to trial months had been consumed in preliminary delay, and Mr. Marcus Marcus realized uneasily that he would have barely enough time, working at top speed, to get the building up and ready for occupancy in accordance with the terms of his contract, even if everything went his way exactly as prophesied by Mr. Pepperill. Not a day over!

Every morning during all that exasperating period, when he might have been excavating building foundations and sinking concrete pillar supports he had to go by the place and see Castle Talliaferro still flying the Stars and Stripes, Mrs. Talliaferro washing clothes on the front porch, and little Agnes and Rupert playing with the goat. It got his, all right, as he said! But he swallowed his anger, and possessed his soul in patience, confident in the knowledge that in a few more days old Tutt was going to get it in the neck.

Meanwhile he caused to be deposited all over the rest of the lot and along the sidewalks and street the steel pillars, girders and beams, the timbers, blocks, fireproofing, pipes, cement, lime, and so on, out of which the Lordly Courts, Incorporated, were eventually to rise towards the zenith, and all the mechanical appliances for bringing that about. In fact, the whole locality looked like a freight yard, and Marcus contemplated it with satisfaction, for no sooner should the case be won than he intended to blow the whistle, and, bing! down would come the measly shack that had made so much trouble; and, presto! up would go the giant building.

V

"WELL, counselor," said the Honorable Affenthaler at four o'clock on the afternoon of the fifth day of the trial of the celebrated case of Lordly Courts vs. Talliaferro—after Mr. Tutt had finished expounding the law as it had existed in 1812 in a three-hour speech—"I have listened to your learned and ingenious presentation with the greatest attention, and I may say with—er—interest. Unfortunately, however, I do not agree with you upon the law. If I am wrong, some higher and more able court ——"

"No! No!"—from all the Tutts.

"I say higher court—may at some future time reverse me. Meantime I can but follow the dictates of my intellect and my conscience if not of my heart and find for the plaintiff. If Mr. Pepperill will present an order of ouster and hand you a copy for your perusal I will sign it at once. I presume that under the circumstances you will waive the customary notice?"

Mr Tutt bowed

"Thank you, your honor!" said he "I shall be glad to accommodate my brother Pepperill in any way in my power. I have not, of course, as yet seen the order and I shall want a few hours to examine it. The matter is an important one—property worth five hundred million dollars is involved. Let me see! This is Thursday afternoon. I am leaving for Albany at five o'clock for a conference with the governor"—he allowed his left lid to flicker slightly, a fact not unnoticed by his honor—"and I shall be back tomorrow evening. Saturday is a half day. The plaintiff would in no event have time to do any work of construction before Monday morning. I suggest, if it meets with your approval, that you give me until Saturday noon in which to agree to the form of the order."

"That will be quite satisfactory!" chirped Mr. Pepperill, flushed with victory and almost ready to invite Mr. Tutt to crack a bottle of port with him, since he had tanned the old rascal's hide, licked him to a frazzle, and so felt magnanimous.

"If I sign the order Saturday noon the sheriff can put the trespassers off the first thing Monday morning and you can start work immediately thereafter," announced the judge as he gathered his skirts about his legs and swished off the bench.

Mr. Tutt turned to his adversary and extended a bony hand.

"Mr. Pepperill, you have worsted me in fair fight!" he exclaimed. "I hope we part good friends?"

"We certainly do!" said Mr. Pepperill, registering the conviction that old man Tutt wasn't such a bad skate after all.

As for Mr. Marcus Marcus, he could scarcely believe it. He rushed to the telephone and spread the glad tidings, with the result that next morning eleven more loads of tile, sheet metal, slate, laths and scantling were deposited around Castle Talliaferro at about the same hour that Mr. Tutt entered the executive chamber at the state capitol. The governor was hard at work.

"'Allahu akbar'!" he intoned, glancing up from his desk; and then to his secretary: "You don't need to wait, Morton. What the devil are you doing up here, Eph?"

"I came up to see you about Affenthaler."

"But I told you a week ago I'd designate him to the Appellate Division, just as you asked. It wasn't necessary for you to come traipsing way up here again. Have a regular democratic see-gar?"

"No, thanks, Jake; I'll smoke my usual brand. Fact is, I just thought I'd like to see your fat old face once more."

The governor smiled and leaned back in the executive armchair.

"Well, it's al-ways fair we-ath-er when go-od Camels get to-geth-er!" he hummed. "How was the lodge meeting last week? I hear you raised Sheriff Rosenwasser to be a Peerless Potentate of Peru."

Mr. Tutt grinned sardonically.

"I'll say we did! But about Affenthaler—before I forget it—it's his birthday tomorrow and I thought it would be rather nice if his promotion to the Appellate Division came on that day. You get the idea?"

"That's right too!" agreed his excellency. "Tell you what I'll do! I'll have Morton telephone the P. J. and I'll sign the designation right now. You're always thinking of little kindnesses like that, Eph! That's why we all love you!"

"Well—he's a Camel!" murmured Mr. Tutt modestly.

VI

AND so Monday morning dawned—dawned upon a wise and upright judge whose labors upon the bench had at last been properly rewarded by a well-earned elevation to higher place; upon the complacent Mr. Pepperill sipping his breakfast coffee from a transparent cup of Spode and pondering upon how much he could charge his clients, the Lordly Courts, Incorporated, for winning the case against Mr. Tutt—fifteen—or twenty?—thousand; upon the energetic Mr. Marcus Marcus hugely pleased at having chosen as he had and saved fifty thousand dollars, less his lawyer's bill; upon the Talliaferros, stunned at having lost the fight, which they had so gallantly waged for years, but still clinging desperately to hope and Mr. Tutt; upon Sheriff Morris Rosenwasser armed with an order from Judge Affenthaler authorizing him to remove the Talliaferros from the premises now adjudged to belong to the Lordly Courts; and last but not least upon Mr. Tutt himself, who had been awakened betimes and was already to be seen sitting upon the Talliaferro stoop at the unheard-of hour of six o'clock. For the official word had gone forth that the Talliaferros if they refused to go peaceably were to be kicked out, thrown off, ousted, removed and ejected, willy-nilly, absolutely, body, boots and britches, with whatever force might prove necessary or convenient, including the Fire, Health and Police departments. They were to be offered the opportunity to surrender with all the honors of war—including the keeping of side arms—and if they did not take it they were to be driven off either with the hose, by a battalion of cops, or lifted off with steam shovels.

Those were the orders! And them Sheriff Rosenwasser confidently intended to execute, Tutt or no Tutt! For was he not a Peerless Potentate of Peru? And had he not enlisted the aid, comfort and active assistance of a squad of red necks from the Thirty-seventh Precinct, and a chemical fire engine from the Ninth? Moreover, had he not brought with him five deputies of his own—genuine, regular appointed deputy sheriffs of the City of New York, County of New York, as:? Yea verily, Rosy had come full panoplied for his predicted hornswoggling of his old friend Tutt.

For the Talliaferros it was like the morning of an execution. They were up early, for Mr. Tutt had confessed that, yes, the time had at last come when they must leave their little home. So Mrs. Talliaferro had dressed herself and the children in their modest best and sadly prepared their frugal breakfast for the last time, augmented by a basket of fruit brought by Mr. Tutt, including a cabbage for the goat. And now they all sat up there on the porch in a line awaiting the approach of the enemy, like an old guard that died, but did not surrender; Mrs. Talliaferro wiping away an occasional furtive tear, but Agnes and Rupert and the goat exhilarated by the smell of battle.

"Wait till you see the whites of their eyes!" was Mr. Tutt's solemn injunction.

"And then what'll we do?" asked Rupert excitedly. "You just tell us, and you bet we'll do it!"

"Follow me!" he admonished. "Pick your man, and when I kill mine you kill yours!"

So they waited and watched, as the workmen began to gather in the street below and the engineers to stoke up the boilers of the steam shovels that presently would demolish the last remnant of the Talliaferro stronghold.

At eight o'clock the great general staff of the attacking forces gathered upon the historic corner outside the tobacco shop where Mr. Tutt had thrown down the gage of battle to Sheriff Rosenwasser so many months ago. There was the great Mr. Marcus Marcus, and the great Mr. Lucius Winterbottom, of the Lordly Courts, Incorporated; there was the squad from the Thirty-seventh, led by the captain in person, who had secretly determined not to let the boys put over any rough stuff; there was the fire engine, and a clerk from Mr. Pepperill's office, and the Honorable Affenthaler's private secretary; and there—oh, there was Sheriff Rosenwasser himself, with his five deputies, including his son-in-law Pat Tuohy, the well-known Latiner.

"Well, Rosy," caroled Marcus as the whistle blew, "you can fire when ready! Now go ahead and clean out that wasps' nest!"

Sheriff Rosenwasser expanded into majesty. It was his hour. There was but one law, and Rosy was its prophet. What mattered it that he was a Sacred Camel—even a Peerless Potentate of Peru—or Mr. Tutt a Supreme Exalted Ruler of the Purple Mountain? All such things must be forgotten when duty called. Grasping the certified order of Judge Affenthaler in his hand and flanked by his deputies he advanced to the edge of the excavation. Mr. Tutt smiled disarmingly at him.

"Good morning, Rosy!" he called down.

The little sheriff waved the paper at him.

"Come on down now!" he directed. "Don't make me trouble!"

"No, no, Rosy! We're not coming down!" answered Mr. Tutt, while Mrs. Talliaferro gaped at him incredulously.

"Ain't coming down!" shouted the sheriff. "Why, I got the judge's order right in my hand!"

"I don't know what you've got!" retorted Mr. Tutt. "The air is good up here. We are staying out for the present!"

"Sick him, Rosy!" urged someone in the crowd.

Sheriff Rosenwasser felt that his dignity had been affronted.

"Vell, I'll show you!" he cried. "Captain Timmins, please haf your men put up a ladder."

A ladder was quickly found, placed against the side of the excavation, and he slowly began to ascend. He was not used to climbing, the ladder was wabbly and his progress was slow.

"Get a move on, Rosy!" yelled a friend from below. But the ladder teetered and the little sheriff, clinging desperately, stopped short halfway up.

"Say, Eph," he panted, trying to combine authority with persuasion, "don't make a fool of yourself! Do you vant me to turn the hose on you?"

"You won't turn the hose on us, Rosy!" declared Mr. Tutt.

"You'll see vedder I will or not!" shouted the sheriff. "I ain't goin' to be made small of!"

The others in the throng around the foot of the ladder began to participate.

"Go along, Rosy! What yer afraid of!"

"Throw 'em off the lot!"

"Don't be bluffed by a goat!"

"Get a camel!"

Sheriff Rosenwasser made an obviously feeble attempt to negotiate another rung. Mr. Tutt stepped to the head of the ladder.

"Thus far and no farther!" said he.

Rosenwasser glared at him apoplectically.

"Get down off that ladder, Rosy, or I'll kick it over!"

Mr. Tutt put his congress boot on the top rung and moved it backward a few inches while the sheriff flattened himself against it like a frightened cat.

"Stop!" he yelled. "I'll have you arrested for assault and interveering with an officer."

Mr. Tutt leaned down and took firm hold of the ladder with both hands.

"Now, Rosy, will you get down or shall I throw you down?"

Sheriff Rosenwasser decided to get down. In his eagerness he abandoned the ladder entirely, sought refuge in the air and fell in a heap.

Mr. Marcus had a sudden sickening hunch that something had gone bad on them.

"The trouble with you, Rosy," called down Mr. Tutt as the little sheriff scrambled to his feet, "is that you don't know any law. That order isn't worth the paper it's written on!"

"What are you talking about?" haughtily demanded the lordly Mr. Winterbottom. "Didn't Judge Affenthaler decide in our favor?"

"Certainly he decided in your favor," replied Mr. Tutt. "But just the same, the order is valueless, for it was signed by the judge on Saturday after he had accepted a designation to the Appellate Division on Friday, the day before."

"Is that right, Eph?" gasped Rosy. "Is that the law?"

"Sure as you're a Camel! When Judge Affenthaler heard the case he was a member of the Supreme Court. After his appointment to a higher court, he no longer had jurisdiction to sign anything as a judge of the Supreme Court. Your order is no good. You will have to start your proceedings all over again before another judge. It will take you at least six months to get another judgment Meanwhile we stay here!"

Mr. Marcus Marcus sat down heavily upon a square of limestone Six months! Start all over again! Why, if he expected to finish the Lordly Courts by October first he ought to start that very minute! Was it possible that after all this expenditure of money and of time they had got nowhere at all? Was it conceivable that in the great metropolis of New York in the year 1924 there was no way of putting trespassers off one's property, of getting rid of a woman, two children and a goat? To hell with law and lawyers! As he stared helplessly at Mr. Tutt the conviction slowly possessed him that this saturnine old man was no mere shyster—but a Saint Michael, a Beelzebub, a Merlin and a Houdini rolled into one.

Even that moth-eaten goat had the evil eye! It acted as if it were Tutt's familiar spirit! What was the use! Marcus staggered to his feet, pushed through the crowd, and made his way to the ladder.

"Vat you goin' to do?" inquired Rosy.

"Ba-a-a!" bleated Marcus scornfully, as he started up the rungs.

Below him on every side were heaped the materials for the as yet wholly visionary Lordly Courts, Incorporated. He was beaten—horse, foot and dragoons. He would be lucky to escape with his hide. The excavator—the same one he had intended to have chew up the Talliaferro shanty—swung towards him through the air, its hideous open jaws grinning malevolently. To the miserable Marcus it looked just like old Tutt.

"Look here!" he gasped, swarming up the ladder until his perspiring face was on a level with the lawyer's knees. "I'm through with Pepperill—through with everybody, except you!—if only you'll get off and stay off. I'll give you your fifty thousand."

"One hundred thousand," corrected Mr. Tutt, in his most engaging manner. "Remember that you are buying the status quo—and that it is cheap at any price."

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BALISAND

(Continued from Page 5)

of the chaos of past years—an acceptance, while it was momentarily possible, of whatever good offered. He dismissed the servant, and then, when he was on the stair, ordered him to return in two hours.

"I might need something," he proceeded.

It was the servant's opinion, lost below, that what he needed he'd need before two hours.

The decanter of Antigua rum was generous in size, but the space occupied by the brown liquor fast gave way to clear glass. Richard Bale drank evenly, with an abstracted manner and a steady hand. The flowers, at times, appeared to him to be moving in gay procession, the river puzzled him because it seemed to be higher than the cedars. What was there to keep it back? But for the rest he was practically normal. He frowned in an effort of concentration, of thought: had he brought his case of pistols? He wouldn't need them at Todd Hundred, at a party to celebrate the engagement of Gawin Todd to—to Lavender, no, Lavinia Roderick of Henrico County, but it was his habit never to be without them. He rose and, swaying, proceeded to where his box was half unpacked.

Almost at once his hand fell on the heavy polished rectangular case he was in search of, and he opened the lid, lifting out one of the pair of pistols. It had been made by Mortimore of London, with a thirteen-inch barrel carrying an ounce bullet, and it was discharged by a flintlock. The pan for the priming was bushed with gold, the touchhole was gold and the hair trigger set by a beautiful and delicate mechanism. With the pistol in his grasp Richard Bale suddenly grew steady. He raised it with a rigid sweep of his arm and, fully extended, held the sights dead against a small stain on the plaster of a wall. The pistol lay perfectly balanced, almost, it seemed, without weight. It was like a dove, he told himself, like a rose with a stem.

When he had put it away and returned to his chairs he found that the decanter was empty. There was a splintering of glass on the floor; in putting it back he had missed the window ledge. Well, the servant with a fresh decanter would be up soon. Charles Todd had plenty of them, unlimited Antigua rum. At intervals he heard the music from the house—the dancing, as he had realized it would, was filling all the afternoon. There would be a late supper, and the quadrilles, the reels, again. Probably a minuet. He wondered if Gawin would conduct Lavinia Roderick through a minuet. That was a dance not in keeping with Todd's opinions. Richard Bale couldn't understand how Gawin Todd, who was, of course, a gentleman, could have such opinions. At this he very loudly damned Thomas Jefferson. But he was in excellent humour.

The negro appeared with more rum, and he gathered up the broken glass. However, now Richard Bale had a taste for toddy; lime toddy, he directed, and, with his compliments to Mr. Charles, he sent back the rum. But the toddy, when it arrived, he didn't like; he insisted that it was harsh; poured it out of the window.

"For the flowers," he explained; "the darling thirsty flowers."

It then occurred to him that he might send for Mrs. Patton, whose lime toddy was superlative. Again, his compliments to Mr. Charles Todd, and would Mr. Todd send a carryall to Balisand for Mr. Bale's housekeeper, telling her to bring her own limes?

The servant hesitated and Richard Bale slowly rose, with eyes, deep sunk in his head, like stone. Still the servant waited by the door: he only wanted to be sure Mr. Bale was serious

"Certainly not," Richard Bale replied, sliding back into a chair. "A damned discourteous idea" Privately he knew that Mrs Patton would not have come.

Footfalls, quick and light, mounted the stair and went into the next room. It was the tutor. Richard Bale had heard his name he came from New Jersey what was it? Parrot, or some such. Other steps, heavier and deliberate, followed, and Charles Todd entered. He was in riding clothes, his boots stiff with mud, and it appeared that he had been engaged with his terrapin pen: his canoe had swung into the stockade, breaking down a corner, and practically all the terrapin had escaped into the Ware River. Ava, he represented, was in a rage with them both for, in effect, deserting her party.

"But she says Gawin's near as bad—talking nothing but politics with Jasper Robine."

Richard Bale replied that Ava was, as always, right:

"But there's nothing to drink that in." He was gazing at the emptied toddy bowl, and murmured an indistinct period about the darling flowers.

"I'll send at once, but I think, for the moment, you've had plenty. Richard, you must appear at dinner."

Richard Bale swore to that; he added he would drink practically nothing until he had eaten. But he needed the servant, in the interest of his preparations for dinner. He was already, Charles asserted, very handsomely prepared. But the negro who had been attached to him came back with a fresh supply of toddy. How much, Richard speculated, was practically nothing. Obviously it was more applied to lime toddy—and not Mrs. Patton's—than if he had been drinking Antigua rum. A bowl of this, another bowl, he proceeded, would be less than, for example, a taste of brandy; and, rigidly intent on his agreement with Charles, he limited himself to such a diluted drink. Dinner, Richard learned, was ready; but the scientific aspect of his present investigation, he now asserted, demanded his whole attention. Later returning to the chair at the window, he saw with surprise that the light was fading, the garden was dimly rich, but the river was a sweep of pure liquid gold. He was aware of the beauty of the moment—a strange and unaccustomed recognition—and of the swiftness with which night followed day. In no more than a minute the golden river would be dull and then the flowers hidden. This disturbed him so that he went unceremoniously into the tutor's room to tell him about it.

The tutor, he found, was reading by what remained of the daylight; but he rose at once, putting aside his book, and said good evening with a courteous sir. He was young, tall and thin; a simplicity of red hair was brushed back from his forehead; and he had a determined gaze in a face pale but not without good features.

"I know your name," Bale said; "Parrot—Garret!"

The second, he was informed.

"You are Richard Bale, Esquire, of Balisand. I have often seen you riding the roads."

"And so you might." Bale sat down. He had developed a positive antipathy to standing. "I came in," he proceeded with a prodigious gravity, "for your agreement to a very great subject. I'll put it into a question—why is a sunset so soon extinguished by night?"

"That follows the law of the alternation of the earth's relative surfaces," the tutor replied.

Richard Bale regarded him without favour.

"Forget your employment," he said; "speak as a man. A moment ago the world was like a piece of gilt lace and now it's as dark as a cannon's mouth."

"I gave you the answer as it existed in fact," Garret replied firmly. "I didn't know you had mounted to the heavens of sentiment."

"You're paid to know."

"I'm paid to teach Mr. Charles Todd's children," Garret contradicted him. "Sallust and grammatical exercises and reading, writing and ciphering in subtraction. When I have done that I am done, and when I am reading in my room I am reading in my room "

He stood and spoke uncompromisingly.

"You're a tutor," Richard Bale declared, "a tutor and that's all. A tutor tells people things they ask him. But, of course, you have never worn gold lace. You won't know the feeling."

"And I haven't any wish to," Garret assured him. "But if you think I am incapable of sentiment you're—well, you're drunk."

"I am," Richard Bale admitted at once. "That is something else you will miss. Since, rightly, it is the privilege of gentlemen. A tutor as a tutor can't be a gentleman, naturally; but a gentleman, I suppose, can be a tutor and a gentleman when he isn't tutoring."

"I am of plain parents," Garret stoutly explained; "and I like them better for it. I would rather be what I am than ——"

At last he hesitated.

"Than me?" Bale suggested.

"That came into my head," he admitted. "But I dismissed it because of your services."

"Very good it was of you. I didn't realize people generally, even tutors, had heard about them. But to go back—the sunset. It was fine."

"It's possible that it was. They have been known to be. I didn't notice this one. I was reading."

Richard Bale picked up the book the other had laid aside, and, after some difficulty, he read the title, Pictate's Theologica Christiana. Was that, he asked, sentiment or fact.

"Both," Garret answered. "It is God."

"I never argue about religion," Richard Bale said hurriedly. "And, besides, you can't keep a subject. Life is dark and light, like night and day. Why?" The tutor set a candle aflame.

"Now," he asserted, "the night is a little brighter and that is your answer."

"But the candle," Bale objected—"what's that?"

"Maybe it's love."

He had spoken, it seemed, without premeditation.

"I have never been in love," Richard Bale continued; "and I don't know. You say it makes sunsets last . . . for all of life."

"In your spirit, yes," the tutor replied without hesitation. "That is exactly what love does. I suppose, if you care for metaphor, it's like that gold lace you spoke of, on the dull clothes of—of reality."

"Garret"—Richard Bale was solemn—"there is only one explanation for you. It is love. You have been fatally wounded."

"And if I have"—the demand was almost passionate—"how can it possibly concern you? Can your position force you into my room with drunken questions? If that's breeding I am well out of it; the world will be better to be rid of you, for all your fighting. Go to hell!" he cried at Richard Bale.

"I've been there," Bale answered sombrely. "And you've lost your manners. It doesn't matter, though—not just now. I like to hear you. That was a surprising idea about love. If you're right I have been wrong. It's more, then, than having children, leaving a name?" But Garret wouldn't answer him. He was standing at the window, facing the gathering darkness. The pale candlelight showed only the tenseness of his back. His manners were damnable. "You'll want to dress," Richard Bale said at random; "go down to the dancing." At this Garret whirled about:

"I don't dance. It's a thing of the devil's. Hell is kept hot with burning fiddles. Girls that dance ——"

Speech failed him.

"They dance," Bale put in. "There is no more to be said for that. I don't myself, but not on account of any connection with the devil. It has to do with my leg. But let me tell you this." He was at the door; "If you are in love, a minute or two with him, I understand, won't hurt your prospects." Here he was interrupted with the information that neither had he, Garret, asked for advice. "I'll have to go," Richard Bale decided. "You are too much for fighting. My mind was full of sunsets. I believe there is toddy in my room, and, if you like, I'll see you get some." The tutor—but he was not more than a boy—came very close to him:

"Your filthy drinks I wouldn't put a mouth to. Thank God, I don't have to be a gentleman." He then executed a caricaturing bow.

On reflection, once more in his room, it occurred to Richard Bale that the tutor had suffered a grave lapse in manners. He hadn't, really, been annoyed by this, but there was a question in his mind if, in enduring such ill-bred shouts, he hadn't been negligent. It might be necessary for him to go back and instruct . . . what was his name, Parrot? His voice, however, had held a deeper feeling than a mere resentment at Bale's intrusion. Richard was aware of that; the boy was acutely wretched. He, himself, was none too happy. The toddy bowl, again exhausted, he put with dignity away from him. The stinging liquor

(Continued on Page 58)

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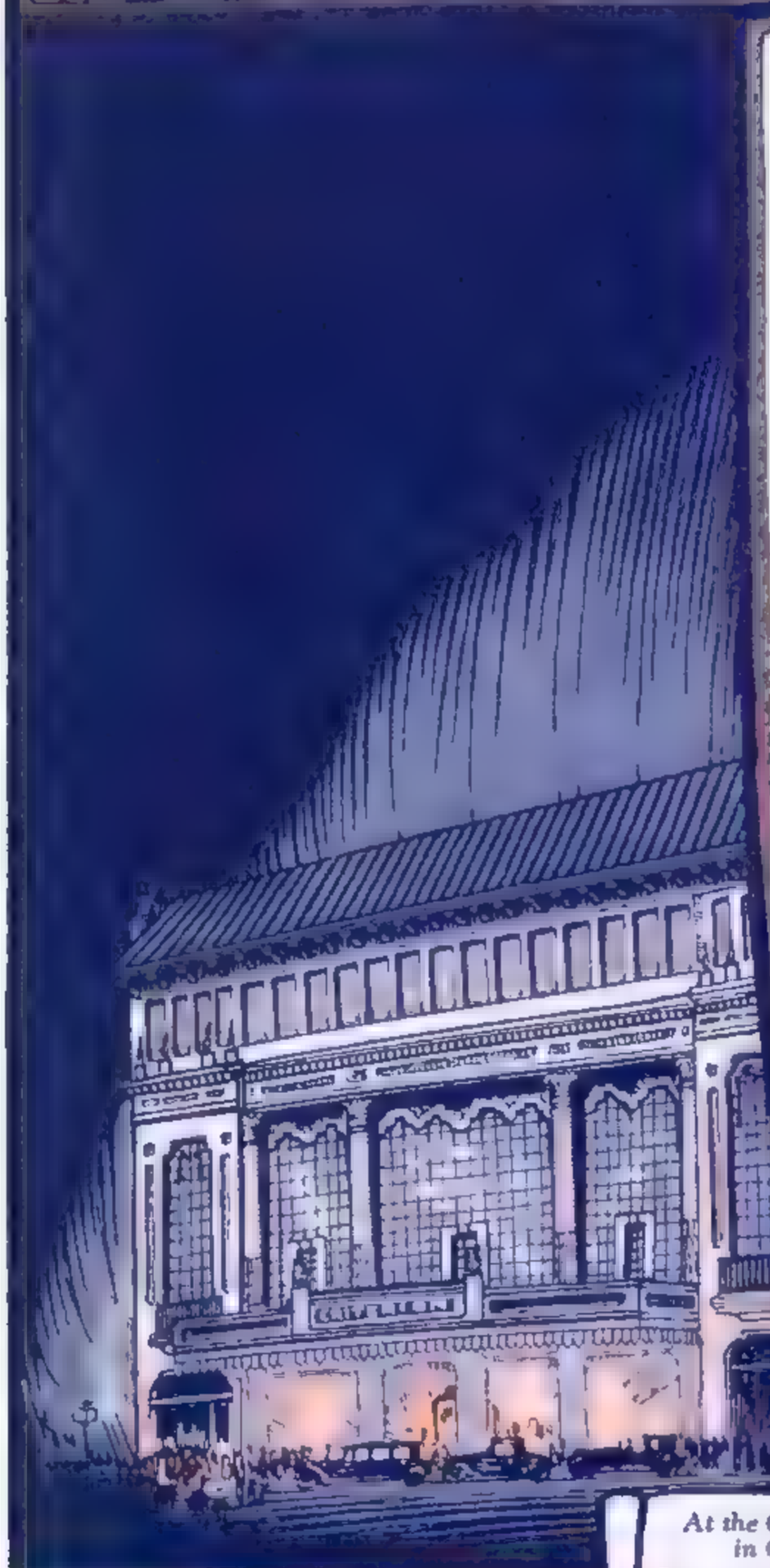

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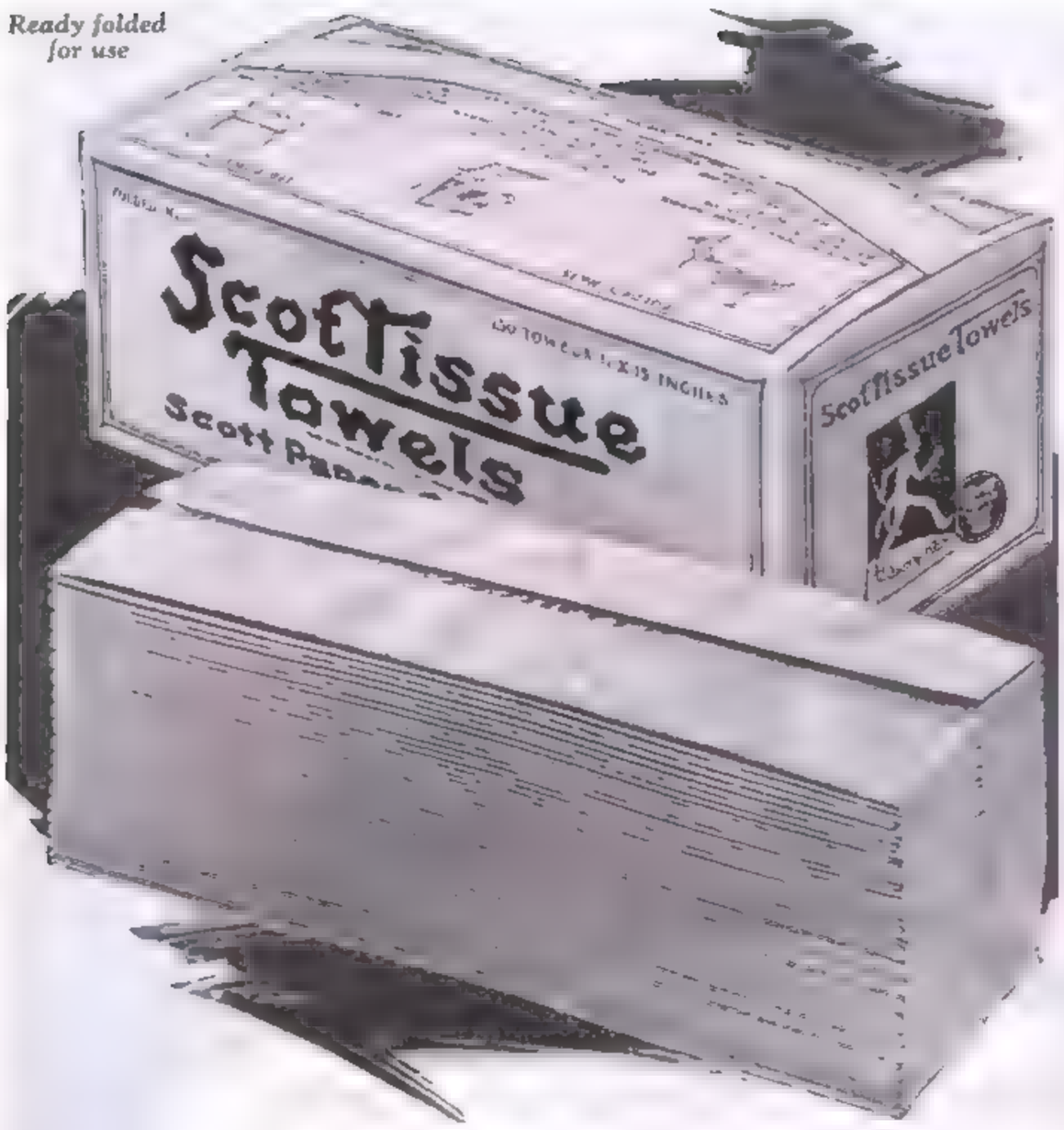

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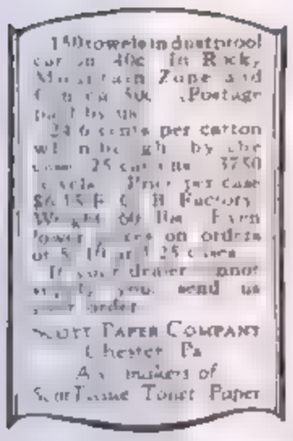

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(Continued from Page 56)

recalled to him the fact that he must appear for supper, that Ava was already indignant at his absence. One more cup and then he would be done. For the present, oh, very much for the present!

He wondered if supper were ready now, and decided in the negative, since, very faintly, he could still hear the fiddles. Then, suddenly thinking of Charles Todd in the river mud, vainly clutching at his escaping terrapin, Richard laughed outright. From that he turned, erratically, to his horse Spadille, not only beaten but badly lamed in his last race. The truth was that he had been a fool to enter Spadille at five miles on sod. His folly had cost him three hundred pounds sterling and a good horse, for it was probable that the lameness wouldn't mend. He mentally reviewed the yearlings in his stable: One, Diggery, showed a promise of speed. And Richard Bale decided to take David, light and a very skillful rider, from whatever he was doing and attach him to the colt for his racing life.

He had lost entirely too much money through the past few months; his luck at whist, in particular, had been bad. Bradlock Wiatt and Beverley Mathews, perhaps the richest men in Gloucester County, had won everything. But it was like that with chance, and he had no inclination to complain or reduce the amounts of his gambling. Instead, he'd get it all back . . . with Diggery. Automatically he turned to the toddy bowl, but he denied his intention. There would be wine after supper and more Antigua rum, and—but he didn't just know why—he wanted to keep his head steady. Invaded by a sensation of extreme virtue, he wished that Mrs. Patton could observe him.

Outside, only a faint glow was left of the day, and a mocking bird began a hesitating and unbelievably sweet song. There was a note and then silence and then another. They flowed together and stopped, followed by a high transcendent melody. Finer than the fiddles, Richard Bale told himself; indeed, of all the birds in the world, including the English nightingale and the bulbul—whatever that was—he was convinced that the one now singing was easily, by eleven lengths, the superior. He couldn't leave for supper with that going on outside his window. Ava would realize that, especially Ava; and he rehearsed, with soundless but moving lips, the exact speech by which he would explain to her what had delayed him. He wondered if the tutor heard the mocking bird, and, overlooking Garret's insolence, he went at once to find out. But the door to the other bedroom was barred, there was no reply to his demands.

The tutor, then, had missed the song, a thing Richard immensely regretted. It would have calmed him and relieved his feeling, made him a proper tutor again. The bird continued, rising, from beauty to beauty of sound, and Richard Bale listened with the greatest politeness. He couldn't leave, he reiterated, until it was over. His patience lasted a long while, long after his pleasure had actually vanished, and at last he rose. "I liked it at first," he said aloud, in a severe voice, "but there is too much of it. Singing has the best of you. Anyhow, she ought to know it all by now."

This reference to the celebrated purpose of such song was, he thought, very learned and adroit. He felt that he had the advantage of the mocking bird.

That, too, he would tell Ava, and even if he were a little late she would forgive him in consequence of the solidity of his advice. But he had better be off, and, with a preliminary misstep, he descended the narrow stairs to the schoolroom and ground. He walked rapidly, and it seemed to him that he was a long while coming to the portico, when he realized that he was going in the wrong direction—he was hurrying away from the house. On his right were the fields and trees of Todd Hundred, and at the left the houses of the quarters. Some of the open doors were lighted, and there was an obscure stir of small negroes in the gloom. Then he saw a group of men by a bright fire of pine splinters. The group stood in a circle, dominated by the bulk of Fayson, Charles Todd's Dutch overseer. Bale, recognizing the preliminaries of chicken fighting, went up to the overseer. That individual made him a civil recognition.

"A nigger from Gloucester Point with a famous bird," he explained. "We haven't anything good enough, but we couldn't let him crow without an effort."

A small negro was stooping and at once smoothing the quills and irritating the shorn rooster in his hands; and, opposed to him, were a number with chickens clamoring at a chance for their favorite.

"Be quiet," Fayson ordered them. "Ash—where's Ash?" A negro stepped forward. "Which one of these is best?" he demanded, indicating the Todd Hundred roosters. "Stilley's is the wickedest chicken ever I see," he replied, and the overseer called for Stilley. "I want this to start," he said in addition; "don't keep Mr. Bale waiting."

The servant who advanced was, it was plain, a field hand; he was naked but for a pair of drill trousers precariously held by a cotton handkerchief; the light from the fire slid in quivering reflections over his deep black chest and heavy shoulders. His rooster was stripped of tail and wing feathers, it was tall and evil-looking, and one spur had been repaired.

"Which do you like?" Fayson asked.

"You will want to back your own bird," Richard Bale replied. "I'll put ten pounds on the Gloucester Point scoundrel."

"I'm not Mr. Beverly Mathews," the overseer reminded him. "This is what I will do—if the Gloucester pirate wins I'll let you have three niggers for a month at the corn, and if ours comes up you can tell Thomas Ekkes to do the same."

Bale nodded, and Fayson shouted a warning to keep the pine fire bright. It was, evidently, a spot used for chicken fighting, since the edge of a board just showed above the bare earth; and across it the two crouching men, the two infuriated roosters, faced each other. There was a moment's pause, a crackling of burning fat wood, and then the negroes flung the chickens together. An audible clash of spurs sounded, a whirl of dust rose, gilded by the flames, and there was a dead rooster on the ground. Richard Bale was contemptuous:

"You had nothing but a pullet," he told Fayson. "London has a duck that would chase all the roosters off your place. And remember—send me three young men."

Fayson, in reply, harshly cursed Stilley and Ash.

"I have a damned good mind to get Mr. Todd to send you south," he told the servant picking up the slain bird. "You might learn what a chicken was on the Mississippi."

The victorious negro from Gloucester Point was vainly trying to recapture his rooster. It evaded him, retreating by Stilley, who met it with an unguarded and wholly successful kick. An outrage, Richard Bale asserted.

A concerted ominous silence followed. The face of the overseer was wooden. The owner of the successful bird examined its fresh injury. It was evident to Richard Bale that the fowl's leg had been broken. Then the negro dropped it and walked with hanging hands to where Stilley stood. The two men faced each other in the open, against the red flare of the fire. The shifting light here and there made visible a black face on the darkness. This, Bale thought, promised to be better. Fayson, however, spoke warningly:

"Take yourself back to Gloucester Point." Stilley retreated a step, but the other negro was motionless, with an appearance of brooding remoteness from all voices and commands. "I warned you," Fayson continued; "you can stay at the price of what happens to you." That, Bale knew, would be a gouging. "I'll take that ten pounds with you now." The overseer addressed him. But he declined:

"Your servant is too heavy."

"Weight's not all there is to gouging."

The brightness of the flames rose and fell, it shone on the trunks of trees, on the low walls of the quarters; it seemed to bring into pink flower the mass of a crape myrtle. There were, now, other mocking birds singing. Neither Stilley nor the negro before him moved; neither, it appeared, had any consciousness of the other's presence or intention. There was an uneasy mutter, the stirring of feet, about them. In the distance a woman called for her children. It seemed to Richard Bale that here Fayson was at fault to permit—but he had encouraged it, really—the chance of a serious injury to one of Charles Todd's valuable servants. Stilley must be worth a hundred pounds . . . more than that, if he had any special ability. His thought might have been voiced:

"There's no danger to our nigger," the overseer assured him. "He has gouged

(Continued on Page 60)

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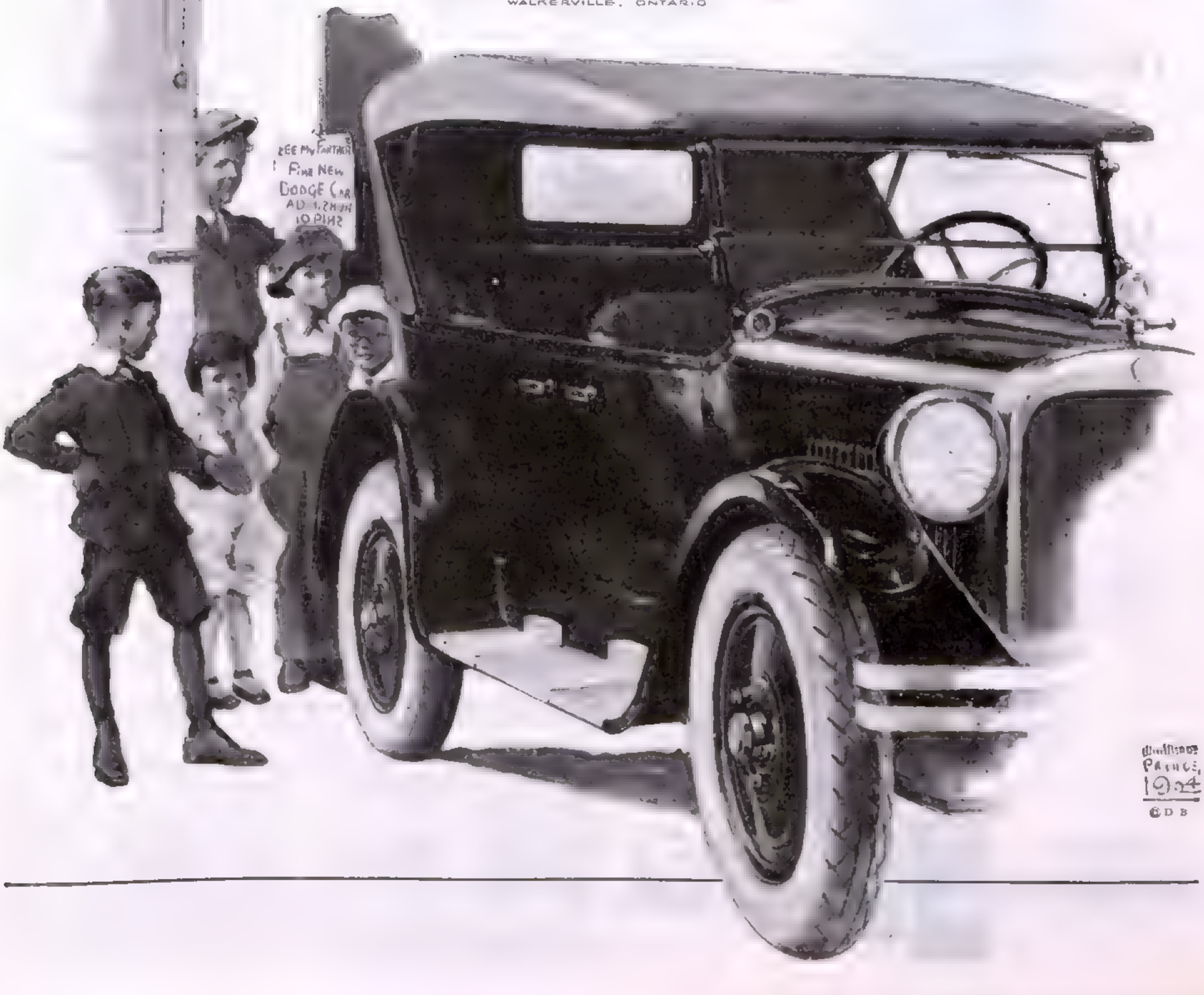

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Quaker Puffed Wheat

Quaker Puffed Rice

(Continued from Page 58)

twenty men." While he was speaking the fight had begun, the two bodies were joined, bound, in a desperate struggle. There were hoarse gasps, utterly degraded and hideous promises, and whimpers of pain. The voices lost what trace of humanity they had held, they became inarticulate in an animal rage. "He's doing better than I expected," Fayson said, in an interested but detached manner. "If Stilley gets hurt I'll lay it across his back."

A consuming dislike for the overseer possessed Richard Bale, and he moved away from him. Charles Todd must be ignorant of the man he employed. He, Richard Bale, would have no such attitude toward his servants at Balisand; and he thought it might be his duty to speak to Charles about Fayson. He was thoroughly annoyed because he had descended to betting with him. His thoughts were sharply interrupted by a scream of insufferable and clear agony, and the struggling men separated. Stilley, with a labouring chest, was wiping blood from his face, but the other stumbled, with his hands pressed to his eyes, across the open. As he passed, Richard Bale saw, on his cheek, a dreadful pendulous smear.

Fayson, in a satisfied tone, declared that he had known how the gouging would turn out, and Bale, filled with loathing, abruptly left. He was utterly hard, cold, to death and any form of maiming, but he was suddenly revolted at the useless bestiality of what had occurred. It was the overseer, rather than the negro, who belonged in the cotton fields. There was no moon, but the sky was clear, the June stars were tender. He stood, opposite the office, in a reflection the result of feeling rather than thought. He wasn't, as the night wore on, any happier. And now he was what he called sober. The desire to drink had left him; he regarded it all, even Mrs. Patton's lime punch, with a supreme indifference. He wouldn't go in to the bottles of Madeira, the decanters of rum. The idea of the talk he would have to endure sickened him; he determined to go to the stables and, with a horse saddled, return to Balisand; and he actually changed his direction again when he realized that what he proposed was an absolute impossibility. He didn't like Gawin Todd enough to demand such an improper liberty of action.

He was in a hopelessly muddled state. What—and be damned to it—was it he wanted? To be back in the canoe, as much as anything, on the silver flood of the River Ware, with his servants resting for ever on their oars. He had felt that the land held only more trouble for him. Fretfully he continued that he didn't understand it; listen as he might in Congress, practically all that went on was over his head; he didn't know what the men of the present were about, what animated and drove them on. He was a planter turned soldier, nothing more; both simple things. And Garret, with his eternal sunsets in the heavens of sentiment, and his candle . . . what was it he meant? It wasn't his fault that love had escaped the tutor, Richard Bale insisted.

The music had begun again in the drawing-room, and he had missed supper. Probably Charles was looking for him. He would have apologies to make. Mocking birds and fiddles, but it was quiet in the quarters, and he wondered if the negro Stilley had injured was stumbling about in the dark. Soon even his pain would be over, and, with a flattened eyelid, he'd be again fighting chickens. There was the whisper of a skirt and Ava stood before him.

"Richard," she exclaimed, "I had begun to be worried about you. Why will you be so strange? You've had nothing to eat for hours."

"But I had a great deal to drink," he replied humbly. "Ava, you must forgive me."

"I don't understand it," she complained. "And I wish you wouldn't give people so much chance to talk about you. They don't know you like I do. We're so fond of you, Richard, and you give us so much uneasiness. Why?"

"I can't answer that," he said moodily. "And to-night I'm worse than usual."

"You are lonely," Ava Todd declared; "living with no one but that old man and Mrs. Patton. Won't you stay with us for the summer? It would be easy for you to ride over to Balisand in the mornings."

"Thank you, Ava; but, no. The Bales belong at Balisand. What I am I'll have to be. And don't let people bother you with their stories about gambling and drink. It's not as bad as you hear. I have a colt, Diggery, that's going to make me a world of money; and the plantation is kept up."

She came closer to him and, momentarily, laid a hand on his.

"Richard," she said, "it's been in my mind . . . I'd be willing to have you marry Mary Todd."

"Why, Ava!" He was startled, confused. "Mary's so young. She wouldn't want an aged wreck from the war." There were tears on his face at the compliment she had paid him: Mary, their choicest daughter.

"If you could, Richard, you'd both be happy, I know. Anyhow, you'll come into the house with me."

"In a minute," he reassured her. "Let me get myself straight first." She left him with that promise, and he walked stiffly down the bricked walk, by the house, and his feet struck upon the hollowness of the wharf. He had a sensation of being suspended in illimitable space above a tide without bottom or horizon. At the wharf's end, under the roof that blotted out an infinitesimal number of the stars, he halted. Below, the river was black, and he swayed dangerously, when a voice directly at his side exclaimed: "Oh!"

His surprise at this very nearly completed the threatened disaster; he recovered his steadiness of footing with the narrowest margin possible.

"Never do that again," he said severely; "it nearly had me in the water."

"I thought you were." The voice answering him was young, vivid—the voice of a girl. It was darker here than by the house, he could make out only the pale indefinite blur of a white dress. It would be safer, he thought, if he sat down, and he found the little bench facing the unexpected and obscure figure. "Do I know you?" he was asked; "I have a feeling that I don't." He rose, momentarily.

"I am Richard Bale of Balisand."

Then, she replied, she didn't; at least not until now.

"I'm Lavinia Roderick," she told him in return. Again there was a necessity of getting to his feet.

"You will be very happy with Gawin Todd." He spoke with a formal propriety.

"Gawin is wonderful," she answered serenely. "I suppose you think it's very strange for me to be here, alone in the dark, at my own party. But I had to. Everything, all at once, was so packed. Mrs. Todd understood. She came most of the way with me; but, really, she was looking for you."

"I saw her," Richard Bale acknowledged.

He fell silent at the thought of what Ava had suggested . . . Mary Todd. But Charles and Ava had always been fond of him. Why, God knew, Mary Todd! She was a charming child, with a wide soft mass of light-coloured hair that made her blue eyes seem very intense indeed; but, aside from that, and the fact that she was a Todd, he was totally ignorant of her.

"I don't mind pauses," the voice opposite him said, "because I have a great many myself. They are often complained about. And so there is no reason for you to talk."

He told her, completely unoriginal, that he had been thinking.

"But that won't do," she protested; "oh, not at all." He had never heard tones so delicately and sharply vital. They sounded as though the impulse that gave them being almost hurt, they were, at once, so eager and wistful. "I don't care if you sit and are just here—I mean busy with the night or river—but you mustn't leave me like that."

"It was inexcusable," Richard Bale admitted. "But, after all, you came out here to escape being bothered, to get away. So did I."

"You never appeared," she reminded him. "Everybody kept wondering about you, and I thought it was very uncomplimentary."

"There was a great deal of toddy around," he explained, once more, "and a tutor and some mocking birds. Anyhow Gawin Todd was all you wanted."

"Gawin Todd is wonderful. We think he will be Governor of Virginia."

"Why not of the United States?"

A little laugh answered him first. Then: "I'm sorry—you see, I've heard Gawin speak of that and you together. Of course, he thinks it's all . . . a pleasant dream. I wish

(Continued on Page 62

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(Continued from Page 60)

you'd tell me about General Washington and the war."

That, he replied sombrely, he would rather avoid.

"It would be useless, for you would listen to Gawin Todd and come to the conclusion all I said was a—a pleasant dream."

"He has a splendid head," she asserted. "But I didn't mean politics, it was the war itself. Did you really cross the river at Trenton and take the Hessians, and was it freezing?"

"We did. It was," he briefly replied. The ache stirred in the bone of his right leg. "If you don't mind," he added, "something else. Tell me about your engagement—how long has it been and how long have you known Gawin?"

"Two months except a day, and since last June." She copied his limited speech. "The time that Mr. Jefferson was elected to Congress."

"I hope it will be happier for you than it was for Congress," he replied with force.

"You see," she instructed him, "if I know how you feel about General Washington, that is the way we think of Mr. Jefferson. And so your manners were very bad. Weren't they?"

That he couldn't evade, and, in the stiffest of terms, he made her his apology. He didn't like this Lavinia, Richard Bale concluded. He now found her voice to be without the acquiescent tranquillity, the placid sweetness, he considered appropriate to girls.

And then, very naturally, she had absorbed most of Gawin Todd's opinions and theories. All her life she would listen to them, hear the praises of dangerous and futile and seditious men. For, though it was true that nothing yet existed to create sedition, there would be a federal unity soon . . . he hoped. Even he couldn't be sanguine about that. His actual apology should have been for the introduction of the subject of politics at all. Girls, women, had no part in it. She was, he discovered to his surprise, singing:

"A lily bud, a pink, a rose
I send to you.
But you must bring me oceans more,
Be true, be true."

She sang in a low voice, and the quality that made it a little disturbing in speech was in song emphasized. There was a note of questioning—the wistfulness—that troubled him. It demanded reassurance.

"I can't sing," she remarked. "That was only another pause. You will find out I am very unsatisfactory. I explained it to Gawin over and over, but he wouldn't listen."

"How?" he demanded.

"I forget things; in the middle of them I do something else—reading instead of being dressed for dinner, or turning down the wrong street, or losing my gloves or money or bouquet at a ball. Everybody—particularly if you're a young man—gets furious at me. A lily bud, a pink, a rose; I make up my mind to have one and then I pick the other. It's specially hard on Gawin, who's very reasonable and not like that at all. He'll be good for me."

There was still another pause. Richard Bale could hear the river murmuring by the wharf. There was a faint light, a packet, out on Mockjack Bay. God's children lost in Egypt. His impressions were scattered like that, without order, and dark. Lavinia Roderick, from her own admission, would never be like Mrs. Patton. But she had brought into his mind a new conception—a lily bud, a pink . . . a flower might be even more desirable than the utilitarian perfection of any housekeeper. This was a revolutionary thought; and, considering it for no more than a moment, he dismissed it as folly. The girl he married, took to Balisand, would have a pleasant but endless round of duties; the lives of the admirably bred and situated women of Gloucester were made up of their husbands and children and of the servants and manors of their plantations.

"Marriage will change you," he predicted.

"It had better," she said lightly. "But are you sure it will?" Again her tone was disturbing, grave. He had an illusion that, all at once, frightened by the dark around them, she had reached out her hand to him.

"It always does."

This, the best answer he could make, struck him as vague to the point of cowardice.

"I don't know why, I thought you could tell me something important," was all she said in reply. Then: "I can't get used to being by myself. Only a short while ago there were a hundred people, and then I found that I was quite alone. Oh, quite. I mean I lost them from inside of me. Could love do that, do you think?"

He was unable, it seemed, to escape from the problems and difficulties of love—in the tutor, the mocking birds and now in Lavinia Roderick, who was going to marry Gawin Todd. That latter fact suggested his reply. "You must ask Gawin." His remark was so obvious, he concluded, that it killed any need of recognition. He had an idea that she had nodded. He could see her more clearly—the general details of her girlhood and spread white dress.

He began to be conscious of the extreme unconventionality in his situation on the end of the wharf with Lavinia Roderick. But, then, he was the intruder; he should have gone at once. However, he had an insuperable objection to moving, leaving his place over water at once cooling and invisible. The absurd impression seized him that there was no wharf, no means of communication, between them and the land. He was certain that if he rose, investigated it, he would find the narrow walk of boards gone. That would be awkward, since Gawin Todd would have to come after them in a boat. Or, rather, the little covered place that held them had drifted out far beyond any communication with Todd Hundred.

"If it's a thought again," she warned him, "I'll forgive you only if you tell me."

"It is too silly to repeat. I've had a very muddled time. Rum never did this before. It must be old age."

"But that's sillier!" she cried. "Why, you are younger than Gawin." Richard Bale was, definitely, weary of that name. "But I suppose all the things you went through ——" She broke off. Then she leaned forward, speaking impetuously. "I hate it because you won't talk to me about anything important, just as though being alive was nothing more than a minuet. It isn't that I want to interfere, or be unattractive; but when I try and try to satisfy myself about living, I'm told to keep dancing. I love it, and I dance beautifully, but I get tired of only that."

Here, probably, in one girl, he reflected, was every quality which in women he disliked. He was glad that Todd and not he was marrying Lavinia Roderick. She belonged in the sovereign state hullabaloo.

"Now I've pained you," she observed in a totally indifferent voice. "But you can't say you weren't warned, and you don't have to endure it." Only one deduction could be taken from that.

"I am sorry to have interfered with your pleasure." He was slow rising, and she was before him.

"No, you must stay; I leave you all my right; and I should have gone long ago. Thank you . . . for the dance."

Almost immediately she was lost in the night. He listened, subconsciously, for the retreating fall of her feet, but it was so light he heard nothing. She faded, with her absence, from his mind; he sat staring at the images of his own perplexity. It—when he considered that principally its appearance had been made only that afternoon—had grown alarmingly, and he wondered if Mary Todd were the answer. Here, it was plain, he wasn't moved by love but by reason. Love might easily follow. Probably that was what it did, come with the actualities of marriage.

No one, for him, for this, could be more suitable than a Todd; as a family different from Lavinia Roderick they had all the traits and qualities he most admired. Their breeding was the full equal of his own; and, in this connection, only, he recalled the old legal definition of a gentleman—qui gerit arma. Yet that was no longer valid, except in a coat armour, since it would admit the militia. The conjunction of those ideas vastly entertained him. He must speak of it to Charles. But not tonight: the day was too far gone for any apologetic or effective appearance in the drawing-room.

No, he would sit a little longer and then go to his room in the schoolhouse. There was none yet at Balisand. His house needed new carpets, too, fresh paint, outside and in, but that, Richard reflected, was natural, with only men and housekeepers living there. His house was showing its age. Beside Bradnock Wiatt's new manor on Carter Creek, his was unimposing, small; but already it had stood facing the North River for more than a hundred years—years through, to be exact, five generations of the Bales of Balisand. No additions or repairs could take away from the stamp of those successive and identical lives.

His thoughts returned to Mary Todd. If he got married—if, that was, she would consent to him—he'd have to change his habits. He doubted if she would allow the hounds in the dining-room: the one reform that Mrs. Patton had been unable to effect. His father had had them there, and his grandfather, and that Captain Richard Bale, the Cavalier, who had removed his branch of the family to the Virginia Colony in 1650. They did make an infernal clamour and dirt. He was thinking of the hounds. He couldn't, probably, gamble so late at the tavern; but for the most, he concluded, his life would go on very much as it was now. All this, naturally, was bringing the three facts—Mary Todd, himself and marriage—more closely together. Actually, he was seriously entertaining the thought of making her an offer.

In a way he was irritated, for it seemed to him that he was being hurried into a decision. To-morrow, it might be, he would feel entirely different; although his need, his situation, wouldn't be changed. The whole truth was this—that since his heart failed to help him, his head must. Love afterwards—perhaps. It would be the devil if, with everything staked, it failed him. This wasn't, after all, simply an affair of housekeepers. There was a splash in the river; a fish had jumped. He wondered what report Lavinia Roderick had made of him, and then he realized that she would say nothing about meeting him on the wharf. Without reason he was certain of this. He knew, too, that at the end she had been even more annoyed at him than he was by her. It didn't matter. She didn't matter. Richard Bale was surprised that she had returned to his mind.

He moved, finally, in to the land, walking to the right, under the high trees, so that he wouldn't be met at the house. The fragrance of sweet grass stirred around him, he collided with a Cape jasmine. In place of the mocking birds, screech owls were calling. The stair in the schoolhouse was dark, precarious; but a candle had been lighted, protected with glass, in his room. The box was entirely unpacked, his clothes and toilet things in order; the case of pistols was on the table.

All at once he was as tired as he ever remembered being, he could scarcely get through with the effort of undressing; and yet, in bed, he could not manage to fall asleep. A difficulty that he couldn't quite distinguish, a problem, weighed upon him, drove his mind to fresh impotent inquiry. He told himself that it was the question of his immediate future. In the stillness of his heart his head would have to serve. He sat up, his hands extended on the mattress, and asked himself directly—what about Mary Todd?

"I'll do it!"

He spoke aloud, and he was so surprised at the sound of his voice, and at all it implied, that he dropped back on his pillow. Now he was committed—he felt as though all Todd Hundred had heard his declaration—and, realizing it, he was unaccountably depressed. He had no right to say, to decide, so much. There was no warrant, where Mary was concerned, for taking anything for granted. The discourtesy of this was what had disturbed him. Yet, in speaking, he had meant only that he would lay such an offer before her. No one could object to that, particularly after all Ava had said. What was bothering him now? He made another effort of sleep, fixing his mind on quiet things—the murmur of the water moving by the wharf. A lily bud, a pink, a rose . . . the sense of trouble lifted from him; he was peaceful, far out on the river, with his negroes, his own.

Sitting in a flood of morning light, with his head laid back to allow for the smooth passage of the razor of the negro shaving him, Richard Bale regarded with surprise, almost incredulity, his emotions of the night before. He was certain, to-day, that they had been all bred of the bottle. Or almost all; his decision to ask Mary to marry him was a sober reality. And that, he asserted to himself, he would follow. No more than that had lifted the load from his mind, he continued; the actuality around him banished what had been no more than fancy. Richard Bale felt more cheerful at once. If life, as he often thought, was a gamble, why, he was no stranger to gambling; he would turn a card with chance. The servant standing above him was exceptionally skillful, his touch was firm and light and soothing; he was altogether superior to Little York, and Richard wondered if Charles would sell him.

"Have you ever been to Balisand?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I got some family in the kitchen."

He remembered now that Sarah Markoe, the cook, had spoken of a nephew at Todd Hundred. It would suit very well then; he didn't indiscriminately buy negroes. For the most part, the servants at Balisand were happy—Thomas Ekkes, who was suspected of Quaker sympathies, maintained a very successful attitude toward them, at once impartial and comprehending. The overseer was, privately, opposed to slavery, and, alone with Richard Bale, he often—with reasons both temporal and spiritual—condemned it. But that was a question Richard couldn't approach with his conscious intelligence. It existed together with other immutable facts, and discussion only made him impatient. He was an upholder, from the days of disaster, of a very strict discipline, opposed to any personal communication whatever between leaders and ranks; so his relationship with the Balisand servants seemed entirely unremarkable and right. He never, in their hearing or out, spoke of them as slaves; he didn't, in a rigorous sense, think of them as that; but as a part of his inheritance, an aspect of the plantation itself.

Perhaps, if Mary came to Balisand she would bring William, the negro attending him. There were many pleasant possibilities in connection with her. They occurred to him one by one as he was dressing. He was a very reflective man, the result of relative solitude, and he kept things a long while in his thoughts, speculating on their meanings and probable results. This, in itself, gave his contacts with ideas a mental slowness of which he was aware. It had taken a long while, however, to form his thoughts, and he didn't propose to upset them in a minute. He spoke quickly, explosively, when his temper or a prejudice was contradicted; but ordinarily he was not adroit. His conversation with Lavinia Roderick, though—he couldn't remember another occasion when he had spoken so much or with such ease.

The darkness had helped him, he concluded . . . he was dressed, and the bell, hung in the covered way to the kitchen, was ringing for breakfast. The morning was even more perfected, more sunny and softly perfumed, than yesterday. The Ware River was an untroubled expanse of utter blue; Mockjack Bay reached idyllically to the sea. Almost everyone was in the dining-room; and, after speaking to Ava, he went at once to Gawin Todd.

"This," Richard said of his congratulations, "you should have had last evening. I'm sorry."

"The best Antigua rum in the world was your excuse," Gawin Todd replied easily. "Lavinia is somewhere in the room."

She came up as he was speaking, and Todd introduced them. After all, she wasn't as handsome as, on the wharf, it had seemed she might be—that was, her cheeks were a trifle thin. Her eyes were brown, her hair only notable, for a tendency to escape from the bounds of fashion; and, slender, she was neither short nor tall. That was his first impression; but, even in the briefness of their hampered and conventional sentences, he saw that he would have to change, enlarge, his opinion. She was very handsome, principally because of the brilliant temper of her youth. The emotion he had got from her voice alone, that sharp vitality, was infinitely increased by her whole presence. Yes, it hurt her just to be alive. In addition, he realized that, under the long rigidity of her stays, the young grace of her body was flawless.

He was amazed at himself for entertaining such an inexcusable and low thought; he was painfully embarrassed; and he stood stupidly silent, with, he felt, his face the colour of red flannel. It was as hot as that.

"You ought to like Richard," Gawin Todd went on; "he is the sort of idealist you would approve of—he wants a happy world made up of privileges for himself and his friends."

Richard Bale was forced to acknowledge the humour of this insight into politics and women. (Continued on Page 67)

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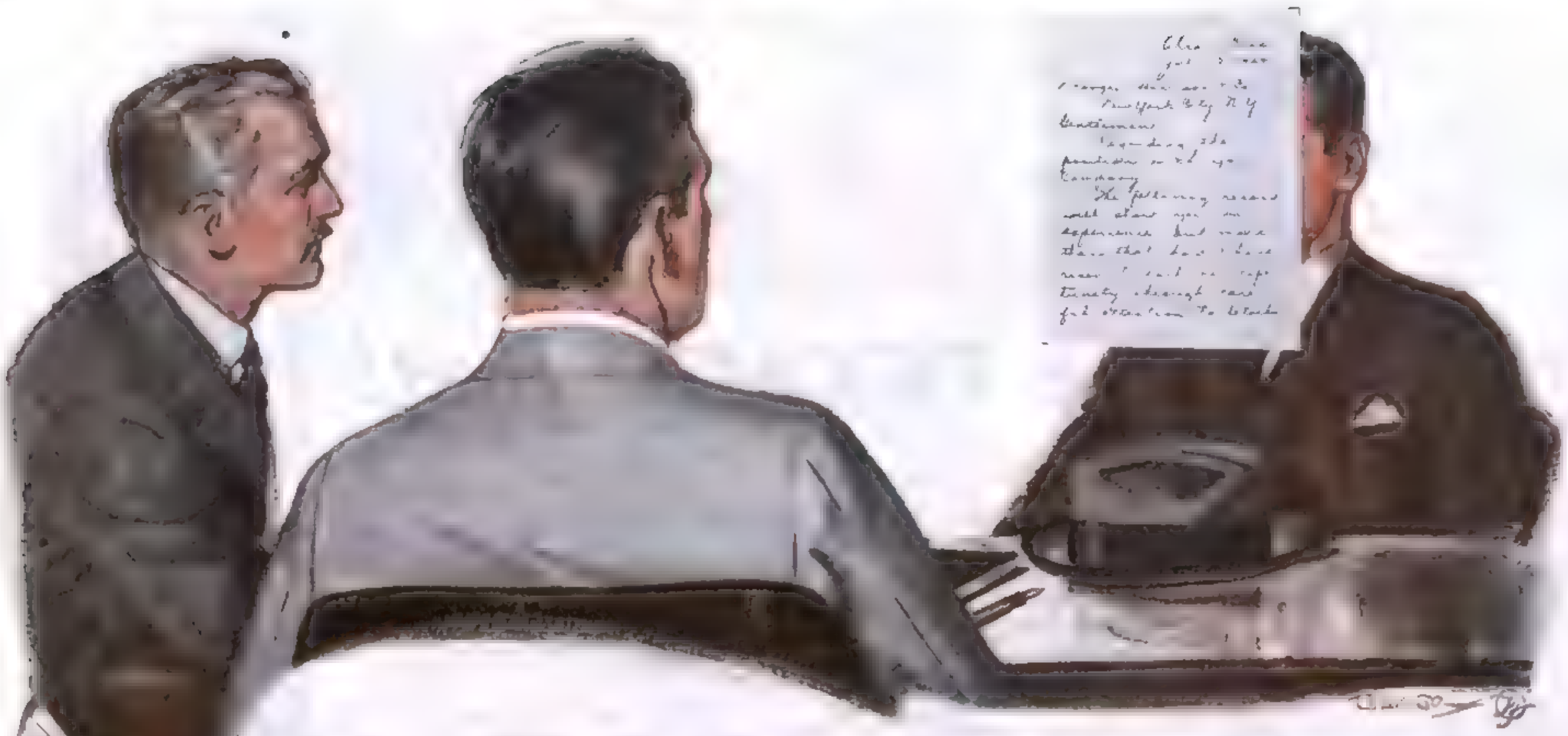

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(Continued from Page 62)

"I never thought of it," he admitted; "but, of course, you are right. All charming women are Federalists at heart. More than that—they belong in a monarchy."

"Then if you're able to go on," Gawin Todd insisted, "you'll soon have those in America rightly placed."

This Bale ignored, although, for a moment, his gaze challenged Todd's assertion. Gawin Todd was a large man, in well-ordered but carefully plain clothes; a fact that Bale, with an amused disdain, attributed to the celebrated preference of the Western public for all the marks of a rough frugality. It was too bad, Richard thought, that he couldn't wear the blue hunting shirt, the buck tail and scalping knife of the Upper Virginia Volunteers. Lavinia Roderick, he saw, was in the middle of one of her pauses. He had an unwarranted feeling of knowing her very well, intimately. She glanced up at him suddenly:

"I have a great deal to overlook, but I will . . . in a minuet."

"It's unfortunate; I don't dance."

Why, already knowing that, had she put him in such an awkward position?

"Then I am afraid ——" She stopped, leaving the rest to his inference. "I adore dancing; I could keep on and on, and never stop."

That was a direct contradiction to what, resentfully, she had already told him. Damn girls, he proceeded privately; but, "You would do it beautifully," was what he said. "And it's admirable you aren't concerned with things that belong to men."

Gawin Todd, surprised, said: "I believe you are fighting, but I can't think why."

However, Richard Bale found a note of approval in his voice. All at once he disliked Gawin—not his principles, but the man himself. Certainly in nothing did he resemble his brother, Charles, who dressed and drank, raced and gambled, like a gentleman.

Enormously to his relief, Ava came up to them, and Richard spoke with a warmth of manner that, as he had intended, she accepted as highly significant. She put her hand upon his arm and led him away.

"You weren't getting on with Gawin," she observed.

"There's no one like you, Ava," he replied. "How did you hit on that in no time at all?" She made no explanation.

"Charles," she called to her husband, who had just entered the room. When he reached them he addressed Richard:

"I believe Ava thought I had gone on another terrapin hunt. And if you don't stay unnaturally sober, I'm afraid we'll get no more toddy."

She said serenely, "Certainly not. This is a party for Lavinia and Gawin. After all, Todd Hundred isn't the tavern."

What, Richard wondered, did she think of Lavinia Roderick? Then he changed the direction of his query—what did he think of her? But there was no need for an answer, none for an opinion. Bradlock Wiatt and his daughter spoke to him. There could never be a question of her good looks: even so early in the morning Eliza Wiatt was positively lovely . . . with her tranquil but not tranquillizing smile.

Henry Dalney crossed the dining-room to sit at Richard's side, but they said nothing to each other immediately. There was no need for them to talk. Like himself, Dalney had served through the war with England; but he had been on the water, on the coasts—among other seas and channels—of the British Islands with Lambert Wickes. There was, in consequence, a deep bond of sympathy and understanding between them. Dalney's small plantation was across the county from Balisand, up on the River York, and Richard Bale didn't see him as often as he would have chosen.

"Who is that beside Ava?" Richard asked presently.

When he learned that the individual he had indicated was Jasper Robine, he studied him with a dissembled and considerable interest. He was a man with great properties in the Northern Neck, inherited from the patent under Lord Howard; and, notable in family, he had added to an education in England the experience of a wide travel over the Continent. Robine, different from Gawin Todd, was clothed in the extremity of fashionable taste. But, in spite of this and of all the aristocratic influences that had so largely molded him, he was not a supporter of federal principles and hopes. He was, Richard Bale held, faithless to his own world. Yet he was forced to admit that Jasper Robine was an impressive figure: his well-known ability in the composition of music was reflected in his narrow, self-absorbed, pale face; his blood was made clear by the intolerant carriage of his head, the assuredness of his speech.

The base of his friendship for Gawin Todd must be politics, Richard concluded, for Gawin had a strong personality; he was already—in a way that, for the present anyhow, he chose to deprecate—a power with the new and regrettable ferment in Virginia. Ava was laughing at a phrase of Jasper Robine's; he was touching a napkin to his lips; his hands were delicately narrow and white. On Ava's other side Bradlock was sitting, devoted only to his breakfast and the tall glass of brandy and water it was his custom to take with that meal. Rose Ann Marable was next; and then, beyond Gawin, Mary.

Her face was set in a frame of hair, loosely confined at the back with a ribbon, that seemed to have over it a sheen of frost; her eyes were a darker and more intense blue than usual; her cheeks were rose. He calculated her age and found it to be fifteen—that was young, yet it was suitable for marriage. She discovered him looking at her, and raised her hand in a momentary recognizing gesture. She was busy, really, in a repressed and earnest conversation with her sister Delia, who was three years younger. On Henry Dalney's left was Sally, the Todds' youngest child. Marable, their son, a year Mary's senior, was absent; Charles had put him at school in England.

"What do you suppose Mary and Delia are talking about?" Sally inquired of Dalney and Richard Bale. "They won't let me hear a word. I know a great many things they couldn't guess at."

Her face was round, her eyes gray like Ava's, and her mouth had the amused quirk that was characteristic of Charles Todd's expression and attitude toward the world.

"I couldn't imagine," Henry Dalney replied. "But we can whisper about something."

"It wouldn't do for Mr. Bale to know," she asserted. She leaned over and laid the freshness of her mouth against the man's ear. "If you told him I can't think what would happen to me. I'd be sold South."

"Sally," her mother exclaimed, "if I ever hear you use that expression again I'll send you North until you learn better! You encourage her, Charles. I hope you are ashamed of the result. Where can she hear such dreadful things!"

"Naturally I wouldn't speak of it," Dalney reassured the child. "It's gone out the other side of my head."

"Then it will strike Mr. Bale."

"Do you think so?" He turned and seriously regarded Richard. "There could be happenings a great deal worse." And then he asked Bale how Mrs. Patton was.

Mrs. Patton was well enough, Richard replied in an absent manner. She had always said that she would leave him when he married; but—if it were Mary—she mustn't do that; not for five or six years at the soonest. Then his wife would take over the white wicker basket that held the keys of Balisand.

"Lucia Mathews is coming today," Sally informed them further. "I am glad. If she would only talk about something else than horses! She says when she grows up she'll fox hunt. She's jumped now, in the paddock."

That was like Beverley Mathews, Richard thought, to let his daughter, who couldn't be ten years old, ride horses over jumps and talk of fox hunting. It must be almost as lonely at the Mathews' as it was at Balisand, with only Beverley and that one daughter. His wife had died at Lucia's birth, and there was another ten years between her and the child before. And now they had all gone from Gloucester but those two: a boy in the French Embassy, another in New Orleans, one on a Georgia plantation and a girl intermarried with the Du Puys of South Carolina. Beverley Mathews had a great house at Welfield, with an imposing falling garden, and Richard had a momentary vision of them, the child and the old but vigorous man, sitting on their long terrace.

There was a movement about the table; breakfast was at an end, and Jasper Robine took the chair beside Rose Ann Marable. She was Ava's sister, twenty, twenty-five, years old; but, dominated by her head, or, rather, by a universally applauded wit, she hadn't yet chosen to marry. A part of the brilliant and fashionable gatherings at the famous plantations on the James River and on the Rappahannock, there, naturally, Robine had come to know and—it was evident—appreciate her, for, careful to keep from anyone else the subject of their mutual interest, very much in the manner of Mary and Delia, they were being enormously amused.

Rose Ann was gazing innocently at the goblet she was turning in her fingers. How ugly she was, Richard Bale thought; the life she led, suitable enough for men, had visibly damaged the colour of her youth. Robine leaned forward on the table.

"Mr. Bale," he said.

"Of Balisand," Richard continued.

"Certainly that, with all it means. I have heard a lot about you from men you've probably forgotten, but who remember you with—shall I say—respect." Richard Bale thanked him. "It isn't often that soldiers are willing to meet actually the consequences of their fighting, like Washington and yourself, although there are always plenty after easy posts. I suppose you will be going North at the end of October with Colonel Richard Henry Lee."

Yes, Bale assented, he would. The conversation suffered from a halt since he was as indifferent to making any advances as Jasper Robine, under his extreme ease, was toward receiving them. Altogether their meeting was a success. Richard Bale had recognized a man of patent good breeding and mettle, whatever else might be urged against him; and Robine's manner was wholly acceptable. He was joined by Gawin Todd.

"You know Capt. Henry Dalney too," he said negligently. "Rose Ann, you are being wicked."

"She was," Jasper Robine answered for her; "but fortunately with me and not you, for it would have blasted your tender republican nature."

Gawin Todd lightly added that the failure of the Established English Church to chasten their vanities would be corrected by the Methodist, an American institution.

"Did you hear that?" Rose Ann Marable cried to Lavinia Roderick. "You had better have your wedding dress cut out of homespun and carry cowpeas."

One by one those at the table left, until only Richard and Henry Dalney remained.

"What do you think of Robine?" the latter asked. He listened with approval to Bale's opinion. "But you have missed what lies behind all that—he is looking to be Governor of Virginia. His ambition is bottomless." The other dismissed that for sheer nonsense: "Unless it gets to be as secondary as we hope; then he can have it and be damned to him. Will you come to Balisand with me when this is over?"

"I would, but I sent word to Jordan Gainge I'd ride out and see him. He's been sick, his overseer told a man of mine."

There was the bond of the sea, Richard realized, between Dalney and Jordan Gainge, who had been the master of packets throughout his early life and in command of privateers later. He had, in Gloucester County, a doubtful reputation; not a great many years before he had been tried at the General Court for piracy among the West Indies; but the charge hadn't been sustained, and Henry Dalney publicly supported him.

"I wonder if you have any idea what Sally whispered to me," Dalney went on. "I have the greatest temptation to break my confidence with her." Richard said that he was willing to make a wide guess. "It had to do with my possible marriage."

"Wide!" he was echoed. "That was the thing itself, and to Mary. It seemed serious to me, Richard, because it was about Mary and not you. Since we have gone so far, I might as well finish—it's Sally's opinion she's in love with you. If that means anything. It hasn't to either of us yet."

Richard Bale was silent; the truth was he was a little appalled at the rapidity with which such a consummation was gathering about him. Yet he had consented to it.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"Nothing could be better, of course. I'm only surprised I hadn't thought of it long ago. Why, it's ideal—a Todd and a Bale. Richard, this would be made in heaven."

They rose, in a silent and common consent, and walked through the hall to the portico. A number of saddled horses were tied to the rack opposite, ready for whoever might require them, and there was a stable boy to adjust the stirrup lengths or perform any other similar duty.

"I am going back to Charles Todd's office," Dalney announced. And, turned the other way, Richard walked out to the wharf.

Sitting in a row at its end were Mary and Delia, Eliza Wiatt and, beside Sally, Lucia Mathews, who must just then have arrived. She was a strongly built child, with a good nose, a calm gaze and black eyebrows that almost met; her whole colouring was as dark as an Indian's. There was a great deal of laughter as he approached, but, when he was discovered, as quickly as possible, it stopped. There were irrepressible giggles directed, he felt, at Mary Todd. She was entirely undisturbed.

"What do you think?" she addressed him. "Eliza Wiatt has another suitor. We all think she ought to be ashamed to go around making so many men unhappy." Eliza looked at them slowly.

"It isn't my fault, if it's true; I don't do anything; I don't specially want them."

At this there was a derisive chorus that she'd die without attention.

"I saw you with him," Delia asserted, "and it was a shame. I wanted to warn him."

"It's the tutor, Mr. Garret," Sally put in.

Here, then, was the cause of Garret's profound and resentful melancholy. Well, he would have to recover from disappointment as he best might, for he'd have no success with Eliza Wiatt.

Dancing formed the largest part of her deliberate activities, she would never come to regard fiddles as a combustible material for hell.

"He told me," she explained; "that he was plain but honourable, and that he had a call for the ministry. He thought I would be a beautiful minister's wife."

It was their concerted response that the beauty, at least, was a possibility.

Richard Bale sat above them on the bench—where Lavinia Roderick had been the night before—and listened, half detached, to the bright animation of the chatter. But Mary, he fancied, was quieter than the others. Sally had said that she was in love with him, and if it were true it would make his course easy; but what he meant was that it almost assured his success. It wouldn't be easy. Why, he didn't know, he couldn't discern. Lucia Mathews got up.

"I am going to the stable," she announced.

"I suppose I'll have to go too," Sally added. "But I won't stay there all morning, looking at horses, with everybody else dancing."

They left, and, at once, Eliza said that she must change her slippers.

"There will be more people, I expect," Delia informed them. "I'm going to see. We'll find Lavinia."

Mary Todd, gazing into the river, didn't stir. She sat with her arms extended, either hand on the edge of the wharf, and Richard Bale could just see the line of her cheek beyond a soft mass of hair. This, he concluded, was an admirable opportunity for asking her to marry him; he would do it . . . in a minute or two. A fish jumped. There was a schooner bearing away from the land, into the Bay. Only yesterday he had come from Balisand, around the point of Ware Neck, in his canoe. Then he had proceeded to get drunk, or nearly drunk. Devoted, apparently, to that end, he had midway changed his mind. No, that had been done for him. He recalled the screaming agony which had ended the gouging in the servants' quarters, and the peace that had followed, the night serene with singing birds and stars.

Mary shifted her position, she leaned back with her hands clasped behind her head. It was time he spoke. But he waited, his mind possessed by other thoughts and sensations. He remembered Lavinia Roderick's song, and her explanation that it had only been one of her pauses. Then his attention was caught by a negro, busy over what was evidently an oyster bed. There were marking stakes in his boat, and a fishing line tied to a thwart. The line straightened out and the negro, his hands moving rapidly one over the other, lifted a large fish from the water.

"It was a rockfish," Mary Todd observed. She turned to Richard.

"Yes," he assented, "you are right."

That wasn't what was in his mind to say. He had an insuperable reluctance to pronounce the words that would commit him, and perhaps Mary, to all the future. The illogical feeling assailed him that there was a reason to the contrary. This irritated

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him, since he was entirely free. But it persisted, quite as though a shadowy and restraining hand had been laid upon his mouth.

"Yes, it was a rockfish. A big one."

At this inanity she glanced up at him. Blue eyes and a pure appealing mouth. Her breath quickened; he could see it in the sharper rise and fall of her immature breast. With an extraordinary sense of relief it occurred to him that he ought first—for the form's sake—explain his intention to Charles Todd. And that he could do almost at once. The air, so far as he was concerned, was remarkably cleared, he felt at once at his ease.

"No one could be prettier than you, Mary," he told her.

She was standing now, close beside him, and she said simply that she was glad he thought so. Her voice was deeper than he remembered it, a still voice, if such a thing were possible, like the difference when a stream fell into a pool. In a moment she had grown older, if not in appearance, then in a way infinitely more important and moving. Yet, he saw plainly, it was the fact that moved him—he was sorry for her to have life sweep over her so soon.

They walked slowly in toward the house, but as if she followed an idle impulse, Mary turned to the left and they entered the garden. Within low borders of trimmed boxwood the flowers were like gorgeous silk shawls, yellow and white lilies were heavy with bloom; there were honeysuckle and tall larkspur and massed roses; fig trees and pomegranate; and, walled from the north, apricots, nectarines. Mary Todd stood for a moment, lost in reflection; and then, in a decided manner, she walked toward the half-circular stone steps and door to the hall. She said nothing, but, just as they entered the house, she gave him a faint smile. At once, inside, he came up to Lavinia Roderick. There were other people close by, but, for the purposes of conversation, they were alone; and, looking away from Richard Bale, she told him in a voice low but clear that he was absolutely detestable.

He was so startled that, in an unguarded and loud tone, he demanded why. She didn't answer. Without looking at him, she went to the door through which he had just come. "Why?" he asked again, in a more ordered voice.

"All those lies," she said. They were outside, and suddenly, indignantly, she faced him. "Why did you let me tell them, and to Gawin? It nearly killed me afterward."

"But I had nothing to do with that," he protested, confused by her attack. "I didn't know, I couldn't guess, what you were going to say. And when you had, did you expect me to contradict you?"

"There was no reason for their not finding out I had met you," she proceeded; "it wasn't disgraceful. But, somehow . . . oh, like that! Well, I didn't want them to."

"I can't see, then, why you blame me," he insisted. "It's unreasonable. You are making entirely too much out of it. After all, you didn't deny that we had seen each other—heard each other, I mean—before."

"I didn't blame you; I called you detestable."

"Absolutely detestable," he reminded her.

"You weren't very pleasant, at the end," Lavinia Roderick replied.

"But you practically sent me away, after complaining of what I was saying."

Her answer to him was that she had found out why he didn't dance.

"If I loved you it would be for that more than anything else."

If she loved him! A tremendous and unexpected quality in that left him breathless. He found himself staring blankly at a smoke tree on the farther border of the garden. There was a premonitory scrape of fiddles at his back. All his present existence, it seemed to him, was ironically set to dance music. He allowed himself a swift glance at her and was relieved to discover that she was calmly regarding a pink hawthorn tree. Beyond it stood an octagonal summer-house.

"You'll be married soon?" he asked.

"Very," she replied. "Gawin has so many plans, he wants to begin with the least important."

Her manner as she said this was consciously light, without importance. However, he chose to offer a conventional objection: "Gawin wouldn't agree to that."

"Gawin is wonderful."

This, he thought, she had adopted as a phrase to be issued at intervals like gold coins of the same denomination and stamp. It didn't need his confirmation. She went down the steps, out into the garden, and he walked behind her. Lavinia Roderick led him to the summer-house, where she stopped and again confronted him.

"Why did I come here?" she demanded. "I didn't want to. I couldn't have been asleep and waked up in a summer-house—with you."

There was a floor of wood, and, on all the closed sides, there were narrow benches. A lattice of sunlight fell across her shoulders and, streaming on into his face, for a second it dazed him. Instead of the world of Todd Hundred, there was a searing flash that left dancing spots of black in his vision. They cleared away and again he saw the cedar trees against the river and a stiff file of hollyhocks. She was still gazing at him with an air of being at a loss. More than handsome, she was incomparably lovely—lovelier by far than Eliza Wiatt.

"The sun got in my eyes," he told her. Why, only God knew. "If you don't like it here we can go," Richard reminded her.

"Don't." She made a gesture for him to be quiet. She stood motionless, her lips parted, an arm raised in an instinctive self-protection. Then her tension relaxed. "I had a strange feeling," she said, but what it was she made no attempt to explain. He heard Gawin Todd calling her name; and, in answer, she went out to where Todd could see her. He came quickly up to them.

"Jasper Robine wants a minuet with you." It was clear that this pleased him. As they started for the house he dropped back with Richard Bale. "And Robine wants to talk to you," he proceeded. "It's evident he doesn't think you are hopeless."

"You ought to warn him that from your position and his I am," Bale replied. His dislike for Gawin Todd—in the hypocrisy of his plain brown coat—had grown acute. How could he have persuaded Lavinia Roderick to marry him? But women were notoriously bad judges of men. Gawin was wonderful! Hell. He wouldn't, he decided, go in and see the minuet, but keep on to Charles Todd's office, where he would speak to him about Mary and his pretensions. The door to the office was open, and, entering unceremoniously, he found Charles in an earnest conversation with the tutor.

"After a little, Richard, please," he said over his shoulder, and Richard Bale escaped as quickly as possible.

He thought of it, the truth was, as an escape; and he went at once to his room, where surely nothing positive could happen to him. Then up the stairs came plodding feet and Garret stood in the doorway.

"I thought you might have some rum," was his amazing admission.

"A short passage with the devil?" Bale inquired. The quotation that followed, in Latin, Richard Bale took as referring to a descent into the infernal region. "You're even lower than yesterday," he observed. In return he was treated to an enigmatic period about scarlet women. And, at this, he told the tutor plainly that he was a gloomy young fool.

"I gather," he went on, "that you consider yourself to be in love, and if you are it's your mischance. There is no scarlet about it. I'll admit to you I have heard enough to know who it is, and there is only one thing for you to do—recover."

"I have given up my place here," Garret replied. "I've lost that, and my good prospects, and I think I have lost my God. Dance! Why, I'd dance naked at the Court House, I'd play a fiddle in church!"

He bent over, with his face in the bend of an arm, and his body was shaken by long hard sobs. Richard Bale, since there was nothing to say, said nothing. He wasn't specially sympathetic with the suffering of Mr. Garret. It was a shade too unreserved.

"You can't go on like that," he finally, sharply, remonstrated. The tutor rose, with a wet face, but his voice was steady.

"Not in your world," he said. "I am sorry to have troubled you with my private affair. Remember that you came into my room first."

When he had gone Richard Bale smiled. Descents into Avernus and the scarlet woman! But, by heaven, he had been brushed by an overwhelming emotion or, rather, he had been overwhelmed, in the manner, very probably, of tutors.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

First National Pictures

People Who Are "Born Rich"

BERT LYTELL and Claire Windsor first lived through a movie romance in Algiers, where Edwin Carewe's "A Son of the Sahara" was made, now they are together again in "Born Rich," which is being filmed on a wealthy estate near New York

"Born Rich" is as interesting a story as its title suggests. It has proven its appeal in novel form and now, under Will Nigh's directorial genius, it promises to become one of the screen's most fascinating society dramas. In addition to Mr. Lytell and Miss Windsor, Cullen Landis, Doris Kenyon, Barney Sherry and Frank Morgan appear in the cast

Your local theatre has it scheduled for early showing.

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IF, in the mellow moonlight, when July's mystic spell is upon you, a young man reads the poetry he has written and you have inspired, first tell him how beautiful it is, but then ask him how much he can sell it for. A penniless poet and his country sweetheart, played by Matt Moore and Patsy Ruth Miller, supply the romance to J. K. McDonald's "A Self-Made Failure." Then of course there are Lloyd Hamilton and Ben Alexander, who see that there is not a dull moment.

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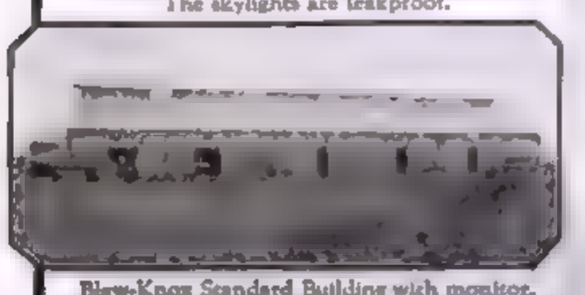

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THE EPIC CURE

(Continued from Page 21)

I have just been to New York to get some letters which will make it possible for me to divorce him. And, Epic, those letters are in the lost folder."

"Well, close my eyes an' sing me to sleep!" Hop Sure's brain commenced functioning at amazing speed. "Words what you says, Miss Edith, an' ideas which they gives to me."

"I don't understand."

"N'r neither I don't, entire. S'posin', Miss Edith, that yo' husban' was to git them letters, could you git a divorce away fum him?"

"No-o."

"An' you say he don't want you to do same?"

"Yes."

A beatific smile illuminated Hop Sure's countenance. "Miss Edith—I think I know where yo' letters is at!"

Her face brightened. "Do you mean it?"

"I never was meaner in my life."

"Epic!"

Out of the corner of his eye Hop Sure saw the drawing-room door open. He took position between the young lady and the drawing-room and his voice was low and insistent.

"Look who's comin' out of that drawin'-room, Miss Edith."

Her gasp of astonishment gave proof that she saw. Robert Furness disappeared toward the diner. Hop Sure looked down into her flushed angry face.

"You know my husband?"

"Yassum. He's him, ain't he?"

"Yes. And you think ——"

"I thinks just prezac'ly that. Wait a minute, Miss Edith! Where you goin'?"

"I'm going into that drawing-room and get those letters."

"No'm. S'posin' they ain't there? S'posin' ——"

"But he must have stolen them. He has sworn he won't let me divorce him. Says it's all foolishness and that those letters don't mean what they say, and of course he ——"

"Now listen at me, Miss Edith. I has knowed you ever since you was knee high to a drop of rain, an' I ain't aimin' to let you git caught in no man's drawin'-room."

"But, Epic ——"

Hop Sure drew himself erect. "I goes in there an' prospec's around, Miss Edith. Is that folder in there I gits it fo' you."

Her face was radiant. "Oh, Epic! Will you, really?"

"Won't do nothin' else. You just sit heah a minute."

Hop Sure disappeared into the drawing-room, closing the door behind him. A great anger welled in his heart against Mr. Robert Furness. "Committin' burglary on his own wife!" he muttered. "Stealin' her folder while she was eatin' breakfas' in Washin'ton! By goshamighty!"

But the folder was nowhere to be seen. Then, somewhat doubtfully, Hop Sure instituted a more rigid search. He slid Mr. Furness' suitcase out from under the seat, placed it on the lounge, snapped the catches and threw it open. And there, exposed to his gaze, was the missing folder. A long skinny wrist protruded from his cuff as he reached for it.

"Come to papa, li'l' folder."

The drawing-room door opened. Hop Sure turned to face the startled eyes of Mr. Robert Furness. Mr. Furness saw the porter, the open suitcase- but he could not see the suddenly sinking heart of Epic Peters, eight-year service man of the Pullman Company.

Epic felt himself slipping. Here was something beyond his calculation. He made a valiant effort to pull himself together, and found himself grinning in a sickly, placating sort of way.

"'Mawnin', Mistuh Furness. 'Mawnin'."

"What are you doing with my suitcase?" The man's voice crackled through the room, cold with fury.

"Yassuh; suttinly am. Just straightening things up a li'l' bit, suh."

Mr. Furness' fists were clenched. Hop Sure closed his eyes anticipatively. "One bust an' it's all over. Reckon it won't hurt so awful much. Golly, ain't this a fine way to resign fum the porterin' business!"

"Straightening up, were you? In my suitcase. Where's the conductor?"

"Conductor? Which conductor, Mistuh Furness?"

"Call him."

"Now listen at me, suh. Leave me 'splain ——"

"You ——"

And then someone else appeared. Hop Sure saw her as she shoved by him and confronted her husband. There was high color in her cheeks and her eyes flamed. She addressed the porter, but her eyes never left the face of the other man.

"Epic, you will keep that folder."

"Yassum."

"And as for you, Robert ——"

"Yassum—as fo' him?"

Mr. Robert Furness had, at the moment, less poise than either of the others. "Edith!" he exclaimed; and then again, "Edith!"

"You will not annoy this porter," she said in an icy little voice. "He is an old family servant of ours, and was searching your suitcase at my bidding."

"I don't see what right ——"

"And I don't see that this is one particle worse than your burglary of my suitcase."

"Oh. You knew?"

"I didn't know—but I know now. I sent Epic in to find it. You have done a good many things, Robert, but this rather caps the climax. I never believed that you would stoop to—to—larceny."

"I would stoop to anything, dear, if it would prevent your taking the foolish, hasty step you are contemplating."

"I'm the best judge of whether it is foolish or hasty. Epic, give me that folder."

"Heah 'tis, Miss Edith. An' if I c'n say somethin', miss, it soht of seems like that you an' Mistuh Robert heah—it bein' Thanksgivin' an' all—you-all two bofe ought to ——"

"That's enough, Epic."

"Yes, Epic." Furness' voice now matched that of his wife in coolness. "You may perform her robberies, but your good advice is not welcome."

"Now, Mistuh Furness, you know Miss Edith ain't nothin' but a female lady an' ——"

"I know it, Epic. God knows I do."

Mrs. Furness vanished with her cherished folder and its content of damning letters. Furness stared moodily after her. Then he sighed.

"Thanksgiving?" he murmured.

"Ain't it the troof, bossman? Anyway, they has got turkey in the dinin' car."

A few minutes later Mrs. Furness went for her lunch, but this time she took no chances; the folder went with her. Epic stared disconsolately from a vacant section.

"Folks suttinly is peeculiar—'specially is they ma'ied to each other. Seems like them two just simply ought to make friends to pass the time away if not fo' nothin' else."

From the drawing-room Mr. Furness beckoned to the porter.

"She said you were an old family servant."

"Ain't nothin' else, suh."

"What's your name?"

"Epic Peters, suh; but on the run they calls me Hop Sure."

Mr. Furness inspected him carefully. "Something tells me, Hop Sure, that we possess a common interest."

"Yassuh—we don't do nothin' else. But just what does you mean, Mistuh Furness?"

"I mean this: I have a hunch that what we both desire more than anything in the world, Hop Sure, is to see Mrs. Furness happy."

"Well, wiggle my brain! Ain't you the mind-readin'est white gemmun in the world!"

"Mrs. Furness is making a very grave error, Hop Sure. I'm speaking to you now confidentially as an old family servant. She is convicting me on circumstantial evidence."

"No?"

"She is."

"Golly dam! I never did like that thing nohow."

"Those letters do not mean what they appear to mean. But they are sufficient to win a divorce. I stole them, Hop Sure, to make that divorce impossible. I was desperate; I have tried to talk to her—to argue—but she won't listen to me. I wish now that I had destroyed those letters when I had my hands on them."

"Ain't it so! What I always does, Mistuh Furness, is to destroy 'em befo' they gits mailed."

Mr. Furness stared reflectively out of the window. "I haven't any undue supply of ego, Hop Sure—but I believe Miss Edith loves me. And I believe that if she cannot get a divorce from me we shall eventually become reconciled. And with those letters —— Hop Sure, how far would you go to make Miss Edith happy?"

"How far —— Goshamighty, Mistuh Furness, I'd go fum heah to Hoboken fo' that li'l' gal! They ain't nothin' I woul'n't do fo' her. Was she to ast me to die fo' her, I'd go right out an' fall kerplunk off the train an' git runned over. Was she to ast me ——"

"Very well. Steal those letters from her. Give them to me. Let me destroy them."

Epic Peters stared. His elongated body sagged slightly in the middle. "Pfooo! You suttinly is got the habit of thinkin' hahd things. Me steal that folder?"

"Yes."

"Off her?"

"Yes."

"An' give it to you?"

"Exactly."

"Is you shuah, bossman, that you ain't forgotten somethin'?"

"Forgotten?"

"Uh-huh. You also don't want me to murder nobody, does you? Or wreck the train? Or steal some jools? Man—this heah job what you thinks up fo' me to do is plumb pestiferous."

"But you said you'd die for her. You said ——"

"Golly Moses! I wan't cravin fo' you to take me so se'ious."

"And you won't?"

"'Tain't 'won't,' Mistuh Furness; honest it ain't. I just cain't. My sperrit is willin', but, suh, you don't know half how weak these heah flesh is."

Mr. Robert Furness appeared considerably depressed. "Think it over, Hop Sure. You'll see things my way eventually. And if you change your mind, just bring the folder to me. I'll protect you—and I'll see, too, that it is made financially worth your while."

"Wuth while? Yassuh, thanky, suh, I got plenty of life insurance a'ready, but I ain't cravin' to collect it."

Mr. Furness sought the diner. A few minutes later Mrs. Furness settled herself in Section Twelve. Hop Sure stood beside her.

"Miss Edith—you know I woul'n't git pertinent, don't you?"

"Yes, Epic."

"Well, Miss Edith—I been thinkin'; been thinkin' a heap of things; an' one of 'em is this: How come it some folks takes a whole heap of trouble to git ma'ied an' then takes ten times mo' trouble gittin' unma'ied? How come it that when a gal has got a nice husban' she goes aroun' collectin' letters ——"

"Epic! No more of that!"

"But, Miss Edith ——"

"You are making me angry."

Epic Peters bent over her. "All right, Miss Edith—you just got to git angry, then. I has knowed you ever since you was li'l' enough to hide under a dandelion an' I reckon 'twoul'n't be the fust time you got peeved at me. Now I pusson'ly b'lieve that Mistuh Furness ain't done nothin' fo' you to get a divorce away fum him fo', an' I think also that was you to go to him an' say, 'Heah I is—now what you gwine do 'bout it?' you'd shuah think mighty quick that you was glad you done it. I knows a heap 'bout Mistuh Furness an' —— Now, don't you go to cryin', Miss Edith; cryin' never got nobody nowhere, an' besides I reckon you has done enti'ly too much cryin' right recent."

"But, Epic, I'm so miserable!"

"Huh! Reckon you think I don't know what misery is? Di'n't a gal most ma'y me one time? An' wan't I mis'able when Mistuh Furness found me in his suitcase? An' ain't I mis'able now seein' you-all two folks travelin' an alone on Thanksgivin' Day? An' ain't ——"

With a little sigh Mrs. Edith Furness motioned Hop Sure into the opposite seat. "Sit down over there and talk to me, Epic. You're the first person I've met in months who understands!"

When Robert Furness returned from the dining car forty minutes later he met Epic Peters in the vestibule. Mr. Peters was pondering.

"Have you decided, Hop Sure?"

"Bossman, I ain't decided nothin', an' Ise uncertain 'bout that."

(Continued on Page 73)

Loyal to Themselves

It is characteristic of the people who wear Allen A Underwear and Hosiery, that they dress as well for themselves alone as they do for appearances. Their intimate apparel is every whit as fine as their outer garb.

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VAN PHIL
A low collar, with wider spacing in front

VAN DELL
Low-cut, with squared points and narrow opening

(Continued from Page 70)

"If you'd get those letters ——"

"Ise skeered."

"You're my last hope."

"Yeh, an' Ise got a last hope of my own, Mistuh Furness. I ain't aimin' to lose it."

Mr. Furness turned away. "It's the right thing to do, Hop Sure. You won't regret it."

He moved moodily into the car. Epic stared out at the landscape. He was busy—oh, very busy!—with his thoughts. He wanted—and he feared. He was roused from his reverie when the train paused briefly at Sweetbriar. "Sweetbriar," he reflected sentimentally; "an' Thanksgivin'. Names so pretty, an' them folks so unhappy."

Another hour passed. Mr. Robert Furness stared unseeingly through his drawing-room window.

The twilight hour set in; they flashed by tiny stations: Evington and Otter River and Clarion and Alta Vista. And then above the thrumming of the wheels and the clanking of the cars came the insistent sounding of the door buzzer. He sprang to unlock it. A tall dark figure shoved quickly in; a cloudy face turned toward his.

"Mistuh Furness—I has done it!"

"What?"

"Heah!"

Epic Peters, Pullman porter, extended to Mr. Robert Furness, husband, a red gusseted folder. Mr. Furness emitted an incoherent series of exclamations expressive of intense gratitude. With eager trembling fingers he opened the folder and extracted therefrom a sheaf of letters. He checked them over swiftly and surely.

"They're all here; all here. Hop Sure, I'm grateful. I can't tell you ——"

"Boasman, don't you tell me nothin'. This heah ain't no time fo' talk. Does you gimme five minutes fo' reconsiderment, Ise gwine take them letters back again."

"Good. Open that window."

Epic opened it. The chill wind swept into the room, a miniature gale. "Tha's a col' win', Mistuh Furness—but it's hot 'longside of what I feel."

Robert Furness worked efficiently. One by one the letters were torn into tiny bits and consigned in little puffs to the state of Virginia. Epic closed the window and in the dim solitude of the drawing-room the two men faced each other.

"Hop Sure, it's done!"

"Oh, golly! Reckon I am too."

"I promised to stand by you."

"Yeh! I hope you got enough speed."

"I promised you also ——"

"Nemmin' that also. I ain't cravin' money."

"Take this. You've earned it."

Epic's eyes popped. "Great swimmin' gol'fish! You know how much this is?"

"It isn't half what you deserve. You've made happiness possible for me and for Miss Edith ——"

"Yassuh. An' now, 'scusin' me, suh—I craves to git out of heah. Was Miss Edith to catch me talkin' to you ——"

The door closed behind him. Mr. Peters stood uncertainly in the aisle of the car, his long narrow body swaying gracefully to the lurching of the train. From Section Twelve Mrs. Robert Furness looked up eagerly into the dark face. He bent over her, and lowered his voice confidentially.

"Miss Edith," reported Hop Sure, "I done just what you told me to."

"You gave him the letters?"

"Yassum. And he tore 'em all up into li'l' bits an' th'owed 'em out of the window."

"Did—did he seem happy?"

"Seem? Miss Edith—that man di'n't seem nothin'. He was! An' I —— Hey! where you goin' Miss Edith?"

With her hand on the door she turned. "I am going, Epic, to ask my husband how he dared bribe you to steal those letters."

A slow grin split Epic's countenance. "You suttinly has got funny ideas, Miss Edith. If I was you I woul'n't say nothin' about them letters, an' I'd repeat it frequent."

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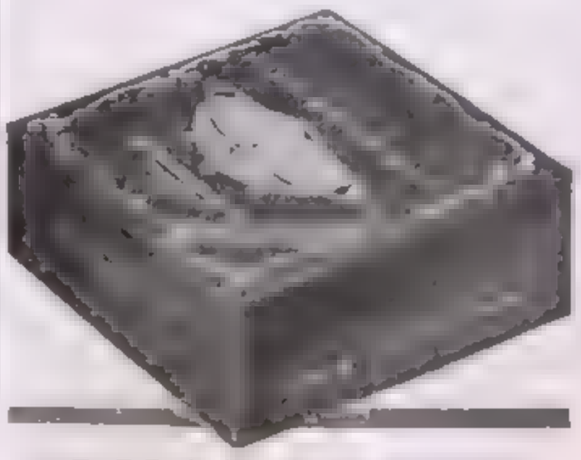

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THE SILVER FOREST

Continued from Page 30

Coxon assented. There was a table between the beds, on which was set a lamp. Beside this lamp lay a book which Coxon recognized as the one Julie had been reading in the library the day before; but the lamp, instead of being drawn near her bed, was on the side toward that of her husband, so he thought she had not read after retiring. When the fire was lighted, he went downstairs again.

Doctor Moal was in the living room, and Coxon, after a moment, asked, "What time did you all go to bed last night?"

"About eleven, I guess," the doctor replied.

"Everybody go right to sleep, I wonder? Sometimes Mrs. Rotch reads after she gets to bed. I've seen her light going. Did you notice her take a book upstairs?"

"I think I did," Doctor Moal replied, considered for a moment, then said positively, "Yes, I'm sure she did. She went into the library and got one."

"She maybe heard something," Coxon remarked. "We can see by and by."

Pring called from the upper hall and the woodsman went to see what was wanted. His employer said in a low voice, "Coxon, Mrs. Pring is ill. I should not have left her alone. Will you fix up a hot drink for her, a hot towel—something of the kind?"

"All right," Coxon assented, and went downstairs and into the kitchen.

When he came back into the living room again Grace Taber had joined Doctor Moal there; and Coxon was faintly surprised at this, since she was usually the last of the party to come downstairs. Doctor Moal must have told her what had happened, for she had fallen into a chair, pale as death. The doctor ran upstairs ahead of Pring.

"She needs a stimulant," he explained. "I'm getting some strychnia."

She had been, Coxon remembered as he went upstairs, fond of Wardle, for all the dead man's unattractive qualities; he felt a sorrowful regret and pity. Then he knocked on the door of Pring's bedroom and Pring called to him to come in. Coxon found him fully dressed. Mrs. Pring lay in bed, her eyes closed, her cheeks pale, her lips twitching. Coxon looked at her compassionately. She had long ago enlisted his affections and his devotion; he felt himself her man—had once or twice gone so far as to blame Pring for the lack of tenderness between them. He saw Pring bend over her now with the hot drink and lift her with an arm beneath her shoulders. Her eyes opened and met those of her husband, and she trembled shudderingly and averted her eyes even while she drank from the cup he offered.

The woodsman withdrew and went down to set the table for breakfast. But he could not forget how Carlotta had shuddered when she met her husband's eyes.

VII

THE members of the party gathered for breakfast one by one. Doctor Moal was with Grace Taber in the living room when Coxon came downstairs, and while the old woodsman arranged plates and knives and forks he listened to their conversation. Grace said that she had been awakened, as had the others, by the scream of that miserable rabbit, untimely taken off by some marauder in the still silence of the night.

"I heard, just after that, someone moving around; and I even heard some talking. But I was so sleepy; it made no impression on me at all." She had been sound asleep before the rabbit disturbed her, she told the physician. "I was tired when I went upstairs," she explained. "It took me no time at all to get into bed—and asleep too."

She was quite evidently in great distress, and the guide noticed that she avoided meeting her companion's eyes; that her cheeks were alternately flushed and pale. Her attachment for Wardle, obvious enough during the preceding days, might well account for this state of mind; yet he thought it faintly surprising that she displayed no particular grief. He had not expected grief from the others; their distaste for the fat man's company had been too evident. But he thought she had displayed unmistakable evidences of a deeper feeling, and her present manner puzzled him.

Pring came downstairs presently and said to Coxon, "We won't wait for Mrs. Pring. She's in rather bad shape—terribly upset. I expect she will stay abed for a while."

"I'll take her up a cup of coffee," Coxon suggested, and the other agreed.

"She'll be glad to have it, I am sure," he said. Added as an afterthought, "But I would not talk to her about what has happened."

"Can I do anything for her?" Grace asked uncertainly, and Pring shook his head.

"It is just the shock," he replied gravely. "She needs rest."

"It's a terrible thing," Grace commented uncertainly. "Haven't you any idea at all how it happened?"

Pring shook his head, smiling mirthlessly. "I've very few ideas of any kind this morning," he replied.

Julie Rotch came downstairs. Coxon had said nothing to her, when he built the fire in her room, about the tragedy of the night; she had had no warning. Yet the countenance of the three persons waiting in the big living room must have told her at once that something had occurred, because she stopped on the bottom stair and looked from one of them to the other in perplexity, and at last asked, "Whatever's the matter with you all?"

Doctor Moal flipped his cigarette into the fireplace; Pring hesitated; and it was Grace Taber who said in a voice edged with hysteria, "Bill's dead. Somebody shot him—in the night."

Julie met the other woman's eyes, her own flickering and unsteady.

"Shot him?"

"Yes"

"Murdered him?" Her voice was curiously toneless, expressing not even surprise, rather as though she said what must be expected of her, Coxon thought.

Pring stepped slowly toward her and said in a steady voice, "Yes, Julie. And we're all in it together, I suppose. It's shaken us up pretty well. Where's Bert?"

Julie said awkwardly, "He has a terrible head, but he's coming if he ever gets his shoes tied." Pring smiled.

"Does he need any help?" Julie shook her head unsympathetically.

"He'll manage it," she replied. Her eyes were searching the room and Coxon thought she expected to discover Wardle's body somewhere.

Doctor Moal read her mind and said quietly, "He's in there, Julie."

She stared at the closed door of the bedroom. The silence became oppressive, and abruptly she laughed and exclaimed, "Well, you all act as though you thought I did it. Goodness knows, Bill was obnoxious! I oughtn't to say that though. Give me a drink, will you, Warren? This has got to me."

"Did you not hear anything?" Pring asked as he took up one of the decanters.

"Slept like a top all night except once. Something yelled out in the woods. That woke me for a minute, but not for long."

"Whoever it was used the rifle with the silencer," Pring told her, and handed her a glass

While she lifted it to her lips, Rotch came uncertainly down the stairs, and caught sight of his wife and saw what she did and said in a good-humored voice, "That's my dose too. Fill 'em up again, Warren, old man."

Coxon went into the kitchen to bring in the victuals, since, save for Carlotta, they were now all gathered about the table. When he returned with a platter of bacon and eggs they were telling Rotch what had occurred. Julie had disappeared; but a moment later she came out of the library and joined them again, no one but Coxon remarking her momentary absence. Rotch took the tale of the tragedy in a fashion faintly surprising.

He lighted a cigarette, puffed a cloud of smoke into the air and said cynically, "Well, I move we vote the chap a medal of honor."

"Bill?" Grace Taber asked, and Rotch shook his head with a smile.

"That's atrocious, Bert," his wife told him.

He looked at her in a fashion mildly truculent.

"Why be hypocritical? We all hated the man. Why pretend we're mourning now?"

Pring asked quietly, "I don't suppose you know anything about it?" And Rotch met his eyes for a moment and then laughed.

"That's right," he agreed. "We're all under suspicion, aren't we? I suppose the guides are out of it."

"There were no tracks in the snow," Pring replied. "It was someone in the house."

Rotch laughed maliciously.

"I can see this is going to be a merry party," he commented. "Where's Carlotta?"

"She's badly broken up," Pring told him. "She is not coming down."

"Ought to be here," the other urged. "Whoever's absent must expect the others to talk about them. I shall stick with the crowd or you'll be mutually agreeing to pin it on me."

"Bert slept through it all," Julie volunteered. "He didn't even hear the rabbit. Just lay there and snored."

Coxon said, "Breakfast's ready."

They took their places; Julie, at Pring's suggestion, taking the foot of the table to pour the coffee. Coxon brought her a cup to fill for Carlotta, and with this and a slice of toast and a little marmalade on a tray, he went up to knock at Mrs. Pring's door. She bade him enter, and he put the tray on the table beside her bed. She lay supine, her eyes fastened upon him; and he waited for a moment, expecting she might question him. She did in fact ask, "Are they at breakfast, Coxon?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"All of them?"

"Yes."

"What do they say?"

Coxon smiled uncertainly.

"Not much yet, ma'am," he said. "Mr. Rotch didn't even wake up in the night. The others woke up, but none of them knew anything about it except Mr. Pring and Doctor Moal. The doctor heard Mr. Pring moving about and came out and sat with him till morning."

"How can they eat there?" she asked faintly.

"We put Mr. Wardle into his bedroom," Coxon explained. "I moved Doctor Moal upstairs."

She nodded faint assent.

"What are we going to do, Coxon?" she asked.

"Why, I figured on sending Bullard and Newry out today, ma'am," he replied. "They can bring help. While they're gone, we can see what we can find out. I feel kind of responsible. I'm in charge, in a way, and that gives me a sort of responsibility. I thought they'd all maybe let me ask them some questions. Me being on the outside, I can look on it evener, kind of."

"Why do we have to?" She hesitated. "It might have been just an accident, Coxon. We might all say it was."

"You can't keep a thing like this," he urged.

"I suppose not."

He hesitated, then asked quietly, "You didn't happen to be awake, did you?"

"I woke up," she replied.

"What woke you?"

"Was it a rabbit?"

"I guess it was, ma'am. Did Mr. Pring wake at the same time?"

Her eyes darted toward him and away again.

"Why, no," she confessed. "No, he was at the door when I woke. Putting matches in the crack to keep it from rattling, he said."

"In his pajamas?"

"No, he had on his dressing gown and slippers, I think."

"How'd he happen to go downstairs?"

She hesitated uncertainly.

"It probably didn't mean anything," she replied. "But he heard someone come upstairs and go into the room opposite?"

"Mr. Rotch's room?"

"Yes."

He lowered his eyes for a moment.

"He don't tell me that," he murmured; then looked at her and asked, "Did you hear it too?"

She replied, almost reluctantly, "I—I don't think so, Coxon." Her eyes met his, but he saw in their depths a wavering, a tremulous movement as though they wished to turn away and hide; and her hand upon the coverlet trembled.

He questioned her no further; said gently, "You eat a bite and drink something, ma'am, and you'll feel better." And so withdrew.

Outside her door in the hall he paused, considering not only what her words had said but that which he had half seen in her eyes. From below stairs came the murmur of the voices of the others. They did not need him, and it was a part of his duties to put the bedrooms in order. He proceeded to do so, working expertly and swiftly. In Julie's room he became conscious of something amiss—something that was trying to reveal itself to him; and he stood for a space, looking all around, wondering what this was. Understanding came at last. The book which he had seen on her bedside table was no longer there; it was not, so far as he could discover, in the room at all.

With this circumstance foremost in his thoughts, he started downstairs. On the solid wall at the right of the stair, and near the foot, there hung a panel upon which was mounted an enormous lake trout which Pring had taken some years before. Coxon noticed absently that this panel was awry, a little out of line, and he touched it to straighten it. It should have rubbed against the wall, but something muffled the contact, and Coxon pulled the panel a little away from the boards. A bit of white fell at his feet. A handkerchief; one of those small and fragile things which women carry in their hands. He stooped and picked it up and pocketed it. As he did so he glanced at the party around the table and saw that Pring was watching him intently. The others paid him no heed. Coxon ignored the regard of his employer, descended the last step or two and turned into the gun room at the foot of the stairs.

In this room, he reminded himself, the murderer had stood. There in the rack was the weapon he had used. Without touching it, Coxon examined it closely. It had been wiped yesterday afternoon with the oiled cloth which lay at the end of the rack for such purposes, but Doctor Moal and Pring had handled it since then. Pring had told him the barrel showed evidence that it had been fired; and Coxon made a mental memorandum to clean it presently so that the steel might not be pitted by the stale powder. He stood still for a moment, considering, his eyes moving to and fro. On the table in the middle of the room there was a cigar box into which the day before he had dropped the discharged cartridges which he picked up from the porch floor. He went to this box now and bent over it, stirring its contents with a gingerly finger. After a somewhat extended search, he found that which he sought and lifted it gingerly and slipped it into his pocket.

This done, the man stood still for a moment, considering what should next be done. The French doors opening on the veranda caught his eye. These doors could be secured on the inside with a bolt; but when the camp was occupied, this bolt was never drawn. A latch, with handles both outside and inside, ordinarily held them closed or permitted them to be opened. Coxon moved that way and turned the latch and stepped out on the screened veranda. To his right similar tall windows opened into the library, and beyond, other windows gave access to the room Wardle and Doctor Moal had occupied. But between, snow had drifted in a thin sheet, an inch or so in thickness. It was innocent of tracks, convincing Coxon that no one could have come to the gun room this way.

Nevertheless, the guide, with some obscure thought in his mind, stepped back into the gun room and got a screw driver from the drawer of the table. With this he unscrewed and removed the handle of the latch which secured the windows of the gun room. This he put in his pocket with his other discoveries.

No further measure occurred to him, and he went back into the gun room and closed the door behind him. He reentered the living room, to find the party still about the table, no longer eating, but smoking and talking in constrained tones about what had occurred. Coxon took the opportunity to go into the small library. A single glance showed him, in its place on the shelves, the book he had seen that morning on Julie's table; and he nodded as though he had anticipated this discovery.

The same moment Pring called, summoning him; and Coxon went back into the other room and stood facing them all, a square and ready figure of a man, his wise eye surveying them. The attitudes of the persons about the table were characteristic. Rotch sat at one side, amused and cynically smiling. Doctor Moal, serious and grave, watched Coxon and waited for Pring to speak. Grace Taber was pale and ill at ease; and Julie—though she, too, smiled and spoke lightly was, Coxon thought, under a severe nervous strain. Pring, who felt upon himself the responsibility for what had occurred, revealed this burden in the gravity which filled his eyes. He had called Coxon now to consult with him.

"We've been talking this over, Coxon," he said carefully. "I'd be glad of your opinion."

"It's early to have one," Coxon replied.

"I do not so much mean your opinion about what has happened. I mean your opinion as to what we should do." Coxon nodded.

"You might say what you think, sir."

"Is it possible to cover this up, Coxon?" Pring inquired. "Are your men here to be trusted? This might have been an accident, you know. Such things have happened. We are a long way from the outside world. What do you think?"

Coxon considered for a moment.

"If it was an accident," he suggested, "he didn't shoot himself. No powder marks on his face. Somebody shot him, just the same."

Pring hesitated; the others made faint movements of dismay.

"I should feel it my part," said the host at last, "to assume that onus."

"Say you shot him accidentally?"

"Yes."

"There'd still be questions."

Pring looked at his guests.

"My friends would support my story." Coxon slowly shook his head.

"Too many know this, sir," he said. "It would get about. You're too old a hand to shoot a man right between the eyes by accident. People would smile at the idea, even if they couldn't prove anything. Then the true tale would get about; and then all of you here would have to go through the world with that said behind your back; that a man was killed here and maybe one of you killed him. I don't believe in it, sir."

Rotch said smilingly, "One of us did kill him, my friend. Behold! One of us five persons. We may safely eliminate Carlotta. They say a murderer wears a mark upon his forehead. Do you discover that mark here, my good Coxon?"

Coxon replied, "I shouldn't drink so much today if I were you, Mr. Rotch. We'll need clear heads."

Julie laughed with delight.

"One for you, Bert!" And Rotch also smiled, but without mirth. His eyes rested upon Coxon in an unfriendly way.

Doctor Moal spoke.

"What is your suggestion then?" he inquired.

"Well," said Coxon, "my idea is to do the regular thing. We can't get away from here very well—not all of us. The lake's solid, and there aren't snowshoes to go around. I'd figured to send Bullard and Newry out to tell what's happened; let them bring in sledges and the like to take the rest of us out. They could get word to the sheriff too."

"That sounds brutally businesslike," Rotch commented lightly.

Coxon looked at him and said, "You'd best remember, Mr. Rotch, that a man's been murdered here; and someone did it; and it's our job, in a way, to find out who it was."

There was a momentary pause; then Pring said with a movement of decision, "I'm afraid you're right, Coxon. You'd better get the men started right away."

"All right," Coxon assented. He moved at once toward the kitchen. Pring faced his guests.

"I suppose the best thing for us to do in the meantime," he suggested, "is to canvass the situation; see if by putting our heads together we can find any lead." Rotch grinned again.

"Always remembering," he reminded them, "that one of us is a murderer and knows it. Could any fact endear us to one another any more than that?"

Coxon closed the door behind him and heard no more.

VIII

BULLARD and Newry had come to the kitchen of the main camp for breakfast, and Coxon found them there when he left the others in the living room; but he was unwilling to be overheard in that which he had to say to them; so he waited till they were through eating and then led them out and along the trenchlike path through the deep snow to the cabin the four woodsmen occupied. Bruton, the cook, stayed behind to attend to his own matters.

Bruton had told the two guides as much as he knew of what had happened. Coxon told them the rest.

"Now someone has to go out and send word," he said decisively. "Maybe the lake is closed up, and maybe the telephone's down out there too. If it is, you'll have to go around the shore and down to the railroad—one of you, anyhow. It's better than twenty miles to the hotel, the way you'll have to go. I want you should follow the telephone line and mend it if you can. It's broken somewhere. Better get the sheriff to come back with you. You can come around by the old road then with sleds. The women will have to ride out, and there's the stuff to be hauled."

They were full of questions, even while they began swift preparations to start. He could only tell them as much as he knew: that Wardle had been killed and that—since the snow showed no tracks—someone within the main camp had killed him.

Newry commented shrewdly, "They'll be a nervous bunch, time we get back."

Coxon nodded and said in a sober tone, "They will that. Mrs. Pring is upset already; and I'm expecting the other women to go into hysterics any minute."

Bullard asked stupidly, "Who done it, Bob?"

Coxon shook his head.

"If I knew, I'd have him tied up by this time. When a man's done one killing there's nothing to stop him from doing more."

"Got an idea, haven't you?" Newry inquired.

And Coxon said frankly, "Not any. Only I don't figure it was one of the women; but it might have been. And I guess it wan't Doctor Moal."

"Why not him?"

"Whoever did it must have come downstairs—to get into the gun room," Coxon explained. "The doctor might have come along the porch, I thought; but there was snow there and it didn't show any tracks. He couldn't very well have gone clear across the living room from his door to the gun room without Wardle's seeing him."

"Maybe Wardle did see him," Newry suggested. "Maybe they were talking together. What was Wardle doing in the living room, anyhow?"

Coxon's eyes narrowed a little.

"That's right," he agreed mildly. "That's right. I've got to find that out too. What fetched him out there?"

The men were ready, their preparations complete. Coxon reminded them to go to the kitchen and get a lunch to eat on the way. They had been abroad on snowshoes the day before and the webs were on the cabin porch. These under their arms, they went to the kitchen door and got packets of lunch from Bruton, and so set off around the camp, locating the telephone wire where it ran from a corner of the building to a near-by spruce tree, and with this as their guide began their journey. Coxon watched them out of sight; and when he turned toward the camp again it was to discover the others at the windows, also watching. He went slowly back to join them.

Enough has been said about this old woodsman to make it clear that he was not a man to evade responsibility. It seemed to him that in this emergency his duty was clear. He was not only the head guide, and therefore in somewhat the same position as that of skipper of a ship at sea; but also he was, like the other guides, in some degree charged with the enforcement of law. He was an old man and a wise one, dispassionate and just; and he was quite ready to act within the broad limits of his authority.

An aspect of the situation which had occurred to him during his talk with Bullard and Newry returned to his mind now. He had said that a man who had once killed may kill again. It seemed to him this was a very definite peril; and when he went back into the living room and encountered the eyes of the five persons gathered there—since Carlotta was still in her room—this consideration was foremost in his mind. Nevertheless he did not at once speak of it; simply reported, "Well, I've started them off."

Pring asked, "How long will it take them, Coxon?"

"They figured to make it to the head of the lake sometime tonight. Then it depends whether the telephone is down from there on."

"They'll hardly get back tomorrow."

"If they come next day I'll be satisfied," Coxon replied.

Pring nodded, and Grace Taber said in a nervous voice, "Three days! How terrible!"

Rotch grinned at her.

"On the contrary," he urged, "I find the whole affair most amusing. Do you realize its full piquancy? Look about you. You are in the presence of a murderer. All of us are very busy at this moment in an absorbing guessing game. I find it infinitely more entertaining than bridge."

(Continued on Page 79)

On the road to Latite

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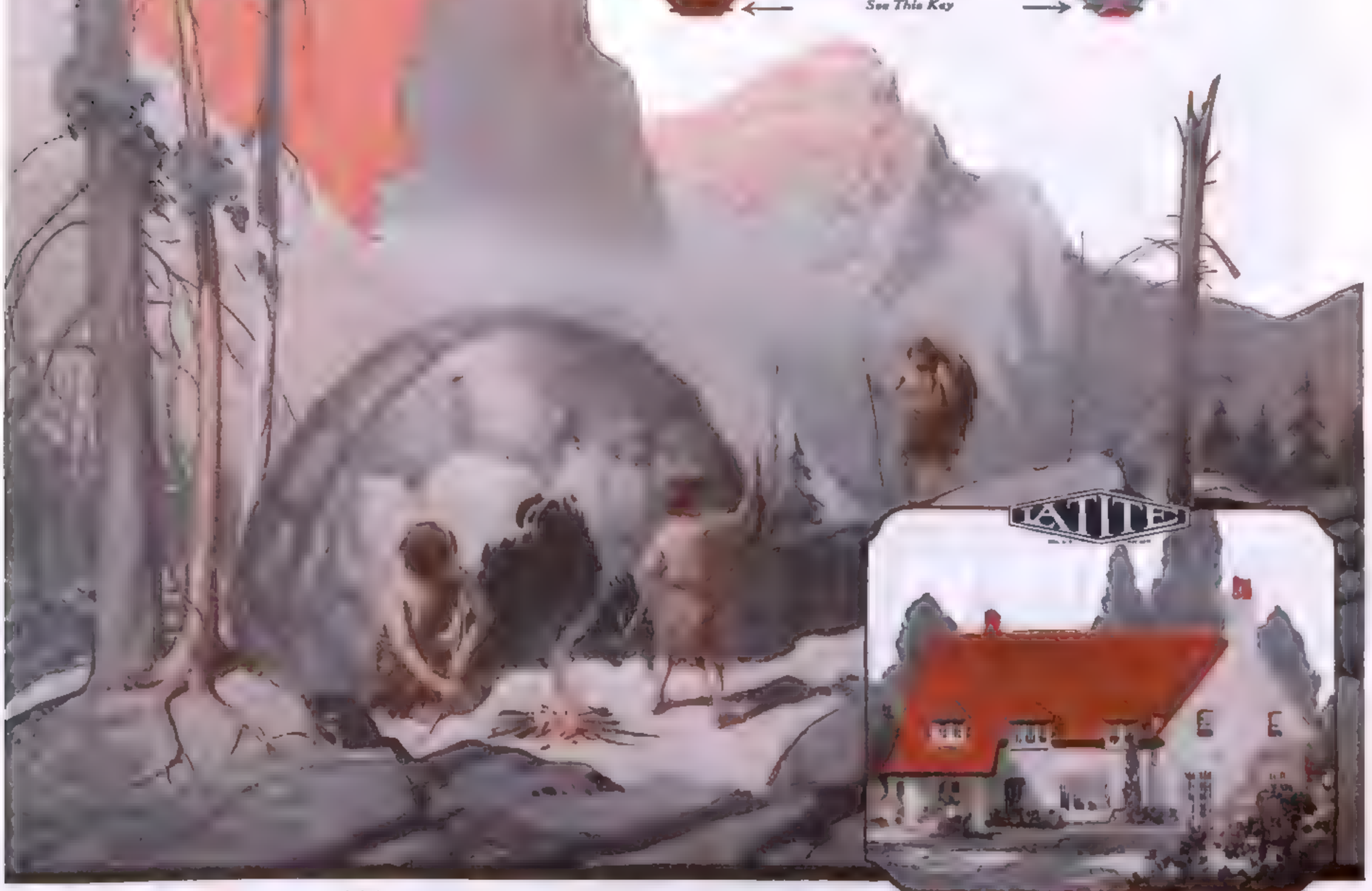

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Genasco Latite shingles

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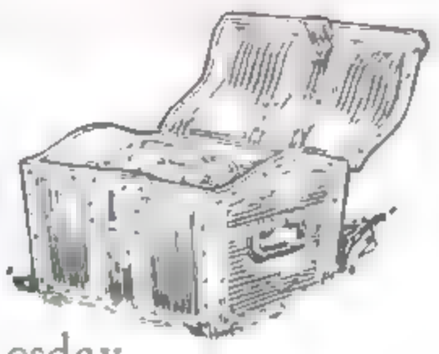
—a pleasant adventure will befall you



Wash on Tuesday
—money will be left you

Wash on Wednesday
—you'll be happy in wedlock

A superstition in olden times — now an actual fact

OF course you don't believe in that ancient superstition, but there was a time when women did. They washed on Thursday in the hope of "a trip on the ocean"; on Friday that "a great rise in life" might be theirs. Indeed, they needed these fabled assurances to lighten the burden of washday—to help them endure the trying toil of rubbing and scrubbing and lifting.

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And that is not all. As in the time of these old superstitions, so now in modern laundry times, there are five washdays. Hundreds of thousands of women send their bundles on Tuesday or Thursday; other hundreds of thousands choose Monday or Wednesday or Friday as their washday. As a result, the laundry is able to offer, not "pleasant adventures," but practical advantages.

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Here are six modern laundry services to choose from. Some laundries offer all; all laundries offer some, or equivalent services under other names.

PRIM-PREST

A finer laundry service. Everything carefully washed in many changes of rainsoft water and mild suds, everything beautifully ironed, ready to use or put away—a dainty service, complete in every detail.

HO-MESTIC

A most acceptable medium-priced service. Everything is tastefully ironed and folded. Because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used. Many laundries, however, starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost.

ROUGH DRY

Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels, are fluffed dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

FLOAT-IRONED

A low-priced [illegible] Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists and house dresses will require a little touching up with a hand iron at home.

THRIF-T-SERVICE

Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed and carefully folded. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching.

WET WASH

Everything washed in mild suds, and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of rainsoft water. The excess water is removed and the bundle returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or starch and hang up to dry.

(Continued from Page 74)

Grace laughed in a curiously high-pitched fashion, Coxon gravely regarding her.

"I can't believe it's true!" she cried.

Rotch seized upon this idea.

"There's a suggestion," he exclaimed, and turned to Pring. "Confess, now, my friend. Is not this all a colossal jest? One of the good Wardle's practical jokes? I incline to think that he is in the next room listening and chuckling in his amiable fashion."

Pring said impatiently, "Don't be a gruesome fool, Rotch."

"You give me your word?"

"Go look for yourself," the other challenged.

Rotch glanced toward the closed door, and Coxon saw his pallid face turn gray. He shook his head.

"I've no curiosity in such matters," he confessed, and moved toward the table where the decanter stood. "I shall take your word."

Doctor Moal, who had listened with an unmoved countenance, said quietly, "I can vouch for it, Bert, if you require corroboration. I assure you our friend is perfectly dead."

"Your professional reputation?"

"Quite so."

Rotch had gulped his drink.

"That reminds me," he said, a sudden edge in his tone. "Our former friend was inclined to make light of that professional reputation of yours, Chet."

"He made light of most things," the physician replied assentingly.

"You didn't take it so calmly at the time," Rotch insisted, and Doctor Moal seemed to perceive something beneath the casual remark and swung to face the other. Their eyes met and for an instant held; then Rotch laughed and looked away and poured another drink. With this in his hand, he turned and stood at one end of the mantel, facing Julie at the other end. She watched him steadily, and with a fixity which he seemed to find discomfiting. He endured this for a space, then swung arofnd to face the room again, looking from one to another. Doctor Moal had taken a chair before the fire; Pring stood by one of the windows looking out toward the pond; and Grace Taber moved uncertainly to and fro as though unable to be still. Only Coxon presented a normal mien as he busied himself with some small task about the sideboard.

Rotch fixed his gaze on the old woodsman and raised his voice and said, "I say, Coxon, what do you think of all this?"

Coxon continued his task for an instant, then looked toward Rotch and toward Pring, who had turned to face him.

"I think it's no matter for joking," he said quietly.

"Pshaw!" Rotch insisted. "If we don't laugh we'll go insane. You'll have a lot of madmen on your hands." His countenance twisted in sudden bitterness. "This is a rotten business for a fact. Cooped up here by this infernal snow, with a dead man in the next room." His voice rose. "One of us killed him. You, Warren; or you, doctor—or me—or one of the girls. That's a fine thing to keep thinking about, isn't it? Pring, this is a fine party of yours." His outburst ended; the silence protracted itself, and at length he laughed and added, "Just the same, we'll all be famous for it. This is one of the little matters you never live down. Chances are the murderer won't be found out. Imagine that for yourselves. Or if he is, there'll always be some who won't believe. Every one of us will be under suspicion for the rest of our lives."

Silence again, unbearably protracted. Julie, resting her elbow on the mantel, stared into the fire. Grace had come to stand at her back, and her fingers fumbled together nervously. Rotch lighted a cigarette, breaking two matches in the process. Doctor Moal watched him with a professional eye, foreseeing the inevitable collapse toward which the other was tending. Pring was the first to move. He left the window and came toward the fire and sat down, feet outstretched before him, resting his head wearily against the back of the chair. It was Coxon who at length broke this long silence.

He said quietly, "Mr. Rotch is quite right in what he says. We've got to find out what happened here last night."

Rotch laughed; but Pring looked at the old woodsman with some attention.

"Have you any idea, Coxon?" he asked.

"A good many!" Coxon replied frankly. "Yes, sir, I've a good many. You see, I can look at it more clearly because I'm on the outside. It was someone in the house—some one of you—or Mrs. Pring. We've got to think of everybody. But the snow shows it wasn't me, nor any one of the other guides. So I can look at it maybe in a more level-headed way. Then, I'm an older man too."

He hesitated, and Pring said, "That's true, Coxon. And I have a very definite respect for your judgment. What do you propose?"

"Well, sir," Coxon replied, "there's one thing plain. A man's been killed here, and someone did it. Whoever did it has to keep the secret—his secret or her secret—or they're done for. When a person has once done a killing like this one—it was cold-blooded, sir, and deliberate, as you can see—then there's nothing that person is going to stop at afterward."

"I see your point," Pring said judicially. "You think he may kill again?"

Julie uttered a low exclamation, fixed her glance on Pring.

"That's it, Mr. Pring," Coxon replied. "If there's a chance of our finding out, why shouldn't he? He's no worse off if he kills us all—maybe better. He'd stand a better chance if he killed us all and got away than if he stayed here after we knew he did it. Or if he thought one of us knew, why shouldn't he kill that one?"

Pring said in a low tone, "Go on." The others listened with fixed attention.

"It leads up to this," Coxon explained. "I think I ought to take all the guns and the sheath knives and everything like a weapon in the house, and take them back to my cabin and lock them up there."

Pring considered this at length, his eyes upon the fire.

Julie broke the silence, crying, "I think that's so wise! Oh, I think that ought to be done!" Her voice trembled so that they all looked at her, sensing something behind her words. Under their gaze she flushed scarlet, collected herself. "I think Mr. Coxon's right," she repeated in a steadier tone.

Rotch grumbled, "Far as I'm concerned, I'd feel a lot safer with a gun under my pillow."

"If you kept one, the others ought to," Coxon argued. "Then the first thing we know, someone will wake up in the middle of the night and hear something, or see something, and shoot without looking, just out of nervousness. We don't want that. It's bad already."

"I hardly think lack of a weapon would deter the murderer if he wished to kill another of us," Pring suggested.

"It would make it harder for him," Coxon retorted. "Why, Mr. Pring, a man used to a gun could stand in the gun-room door there and kill every one of us before we could make a move!"

Pring considered this for an instant, then rose decisively.

"I'm not sure you're right, Coxon," he said. "But I'm going to rely on your judgment. Do you need any help?"

"You've got a shotgun in your room," Coxon replied. "I wish you'd bring it. And the others the same. And knives."

Silence again; one of those intervals when each man watches his neighbor, waiting to see another yield before himself surrendering.

Then Grace said, "I've nothing in my room," and Pring at once started toward the stair.

"I'll get my gun," he promised.

Doctor Moal rose, dusting cigarette ashes from his knee.

"I've a knife upstairs," he said. "I'll bring it down."

Julie turned toward her husband.

"Get my little pistol out of my bag," she directed; and Rotch, after a moment's hesitation, sullenly obeyed.

Coxon went to the door of the kitchen and called Bruton, and the two men turned toward the gun room, where Coxon collected the weapons. He took rifles and shotguns from the racks, pistols from the cabinet drawers, and loaded them all into Bruton's arms with instructions. One pistol, the target weapon with a broken firing pin, he left behind, in its case in an upper drawer. It was useless; he thought it might serve a purpose to leave the thing there. Back in the living room he received the contributions of the others and saw Bruton depart with them.

Rotch, watching the process, said with a grin, "Like holding court in Kentucky in feud time. Leave your pistols at the door, gentlemen."

Grace Taber asked Pring, "Is Carlotta better?"

"She's dressing," Pring replied. "She'll be down soon."

"All little playmates together," Rotch commented.

Pring, who had resumed his seat, said now, "Another thing occurs to me. You know, this matter will eventually come to the courts, at an inquest if not at a trial. We'll want to remember every detail of what has happened. I suggest we each write out all we can remember, of the time since we met, and the trip up here, and anything we heard or saw last night. It will make it easier later on."

They considered this without replying for a little; then Rotch said, "Nothing for me to write. I slept all night."

Doctor Moal took the other view.

"A good plan, Warren," he approved.

"I think so," Pring agreed. He smiled faintly. "Incidentally, it will give us something to do, a way to occupy our minds."

"Why don't we all play solitaire?" Rotch asked sardonically. "I'd suggest bridge, but that would be too hazardous if one knew one's partner might be a murderer, ready to practice his trade if you made a misplay."

Pring ignored him, appealing to Coxon. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

Coxon hesitated for a moment; then he said, "It ought to be done—while the thing is fresh in your minds. But, Mr. Pring, I've a question or two I'd like to ask first. They'll maybe clear up some of this."

"What are the questions?" Pring inquired in level tones, the others all attention.

"Well," Coxon replied, "one thing is this: Wardle was supposed to be in bed, but he wasn't. Something made him come out here. Now what I want to know is, What was he out here for? If we knew that, we could maybe get somewhere."

Pring said slowly, "I don't know, Coxon." He glanced at the others. "Does anyone?"

There was no reply.

"That's not the way to ask it," Coxon said. "Anyone who did know wouldn't dare say for fear the others would think there was more than was told. I thought I'd like to talk to each one of you, by myself—maybe find out something; and anyway, it would do no harm." He saw the reluctance in their eyes and his mild tones hardened. "You see, Mr. Pring," he explained, "up here in the woods the game wardens and guides like me are about the only policemen there are. It gives me some authority, if I want to take it. I think I ought to go this far. I think I ought to have a chance to talk to every one of you, one after the other—alone."

Doctor Moal said approvingly, "I believe that's a wise plan, Warren. It could do no harm, and might lead to something."

"I'd be glad to answer any questions," Pring said frankly. "You can start with me, Coxon, if that suits you." Coxon nodded.

"While the others go upstairs," he suggested. "They can be writing out what they remember, as much as they remember, while I'm talking to you."

Again that long, considering silence fell. Doctor Moal got to his feet, as did Pring. Then Grace Taber suddenly fled across the room and up the stairs. Julie, by this movement, was roused from her rigid absorption, and she touched her husband's arm.

"Bert, come along," she said quietly.

"I'm beginning to think I killed him myself," Rotch exclaimed angrily.

Nevertheless, he went with her, and Doctor Moal followed them. Coxon and Pring were left alone.

Pring said quietly, "Suppose we go into the library."

"It's cold there," Coxon suggested. "But that's the best place. I'll start a fire."

Pring nodded and began to move nervously about the room. Coxon went to the kitchen for kindling and Bruton returned with him and sat down before the fire.

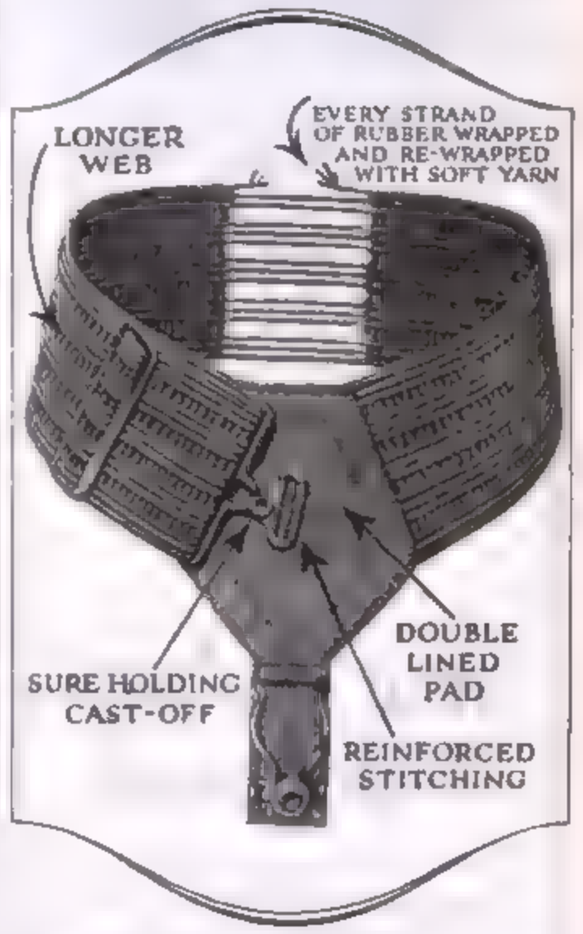
"Just to make sure no one else hears us," Coxon explained in a matter-of-fact tone, and Pring faintly smiled.

The fire was quickly started; the small stove radiated heat. Coxon was busy arranging the drafts and Pring sat down upon the wide seat against the window. When the fire was burning to his satisfaction, Coxon straightened and began to fill his pipe.

"You know why Mrs. Pring is upset, don't you?" he asked, whittling a slice from his black plug.

Pring looked mildly surprised.

Comfort Construction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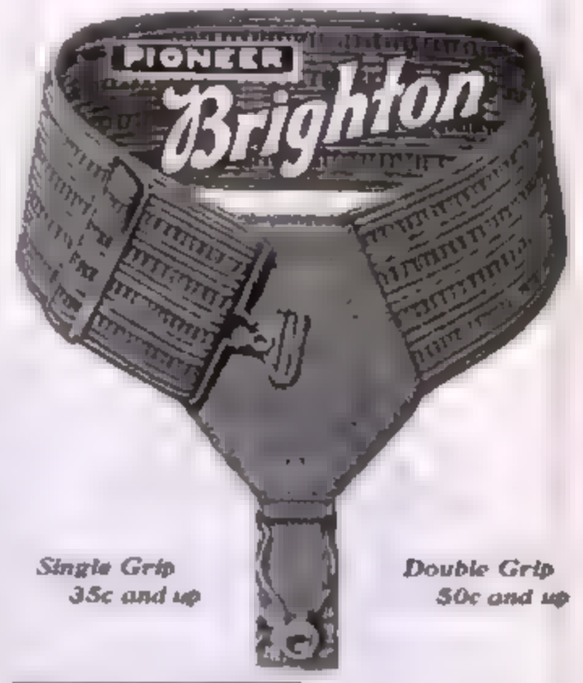

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"It's enough to upset her, I should think," he suggested.

Coxon looked at him squarely.

"She thinks you killed Wardle," he explained.

IX

PRING was a trial lawyer of ability and reputation, and while Coxon was building the fire in the stove, he had found himself faintly interested in anticipating what was to be in effect a cross-examination, with himself as the witness. It did not occur to him as remarkable that the old woodsman should question him; there was an intangible authority in Coxon's bearing which seemed to justify his proceedings. Pring did not even look upon the approaching interview as a mere conversation between employer and employe. It was true that Coxon was in his pay; but it was also true that in their woods contacts, Coxon had usually commanded while Pring obeyed. So Pring now yielded himself to the other, awaiting his beginning with interest and curiosity.

Coxon's abrupt opening, his direct statement that Mrs. Pring suspected her husband of the murder that had been done, first startled, then angered the other man. Pring's brows gathered and a deep line was graven between them, and the veins upon his temples swelled furiously. His countenance became suffused with blood while from his lips the color seemed to drain away. It almost seemed to Coxon, steadily regarding him, that the man's closely cropped hair bristled and rose like the hair upon the back of a belligerent dog. Nevertheless, the guide held his ground, quite undismayed. Overhead, he could hear Rotch and Julie moving about in their room. For the rest, all within the house was silence; while outside, away beneath the spruces and the hardwoods, the deep blanket of snow lay white and still, muffling all the world. To an imaginative person their situation must have seemed incredibly remote from contact with their fellows, hemmed in and isolated by this snow. But to Coxon the forest was his familiar home, while Pring was too furiously angry to consider any matter save what Coxon had said.

Yet furious though he was, he held his tongue, striving to control himself; and after a while he managed a grim smile, as though faintly amused, and said slowly,

"Do you ever go to court, Coxon?"

"I have been, yes."

"It is an old trick," Pring remarked, "to seek to anger a witness by your first question."

Coxon hesitated, his eyes wavering. Then he said slowly, "I didn't aim at that, Mr. Pring. You see, it's like this: If you didn't do this thing, you know it. But I don't know it, and nobody else knows it, except the one who did do it. I just wanted you to see that people might think you did it. And I meant what I said too. Mrs. Pring does kind of think so."

Pring controlled himself; his voice was amiable.

"Why do you think that? Why do you pretend to read her thoughts?"

"I can usually figure about what a person thinks if I have anything at all to go by. You can take my word for it, she does."

Pring looked thoughtful.

"I have seen she was more disturbed than was normal, and she did seem to want me to leave her," he remarked.

Coxon nodded, and he sat down in a chair by the stove and said casually, "I want you to tell me some things, Mr. Pring. Matter of fact, everything you know. What about last night? Go over it again. Start right from the beginning."

"What do you call the beginning?"

"The beginning of last night. Start when you went upstairs. Did you go right to bed—both of you?"

"Yes."

"And go to sleep?"

"Carlotta did," Pring replied. "She always does. I lay awake for a while."

"How long?"

"Perhaps half an hour."

"Go to sleep then?"

"Yes."

"What waked you up?" Pring hesitated.

"I suppose I did not really go to sleep at all," he replied. "I know that after a while I became conscious of the rattling of the bedroom door. You know how that is. You lie still and try to pretend you're asleep and that you hear nothing; yet all the time you grow more and more miserable."

"I always sleep pretty good," Coxon replied, and the other smiled.

"You are most fortunate."

"You was awake quite a while, then, before you got up?"

"Yes."

"Half awake, or wide awake?"

"Oh, wide awake, I suppose. Trying to get up courage to get out of bed and fix the door."

"Hear anything while you was lying there?"

"No."

"Not a thing? No voices, or people moving, or a shot? I guess you couldn't have heard the shot, with the door shut. Silencer don't make much noise."

"I heard nothing," Pring insisted, "except the rattling of the door as the wind began to stir a little."

"So you got up?"

"Yes."

"What'd you do then?"

"There were matches on the table by the lamp, and I took three or four and began to stick them into the crack of the door."

"Didn't you open it?"

"No, not at first."

"And then you started back to bed?"

Pring hesitated.

"I think I was still busy at that when the rabbit screamed outside somewhere."

Coxon nodded.

"That woke Mrs. Pring, didn't it?"

"Yes; yes, she spoke to me right after that."

"But you went on fixing the door?"

Pring seemed to consider. Then he said gravely, "You come to the point now, Coxon. While I still stood by the door I heard a movement in the hall outside. Heard it quite definitely. Heard someone come up the stairs and along the hall and into the room opposite ours. I have been reluctant to tell you this; nevertheless, you ought to know it."

"Mr. Rotch's room?" Coxon asked, unmoved by this explanation.

"Yes."

"How'd they come—slow or fast?"

"Quickly, I should think. But quietly too."

"Think it was Rotch? Or Mrs. Rotch?"

"I don't know."

"Man or woman?"

Pring said reluctantly, "I really thought at the time it was a woman."

"Mrs. Pring heard it too?"

"She must have."

Coxon nodded.

"So you opened the door and looked out?"

"Yes."

"Why? No reason Mrs. Rotch shouldn't have gone downstairs, was there?"

"I felt something might be wrong. A curious, vague impression, hard to define."

"So you saw the light, and came down and found Wardle shot?"

"Yes."

"Lying on the couch?"

"Kneeling, his head on the couch, as though he had been standing and had fallen forward."

"I expect you moved him."

"I don't remember. Probably. I probably shook him, lifted him—something of the kind. A natural thing to do."

"Sure." Coxon agreed. He considered. "Hadn't taken time to dress, then, had you?"

"I put on my dressing gown and slippers."

"When was that?"

"Before I came downstairs."

"Wardle had on the same thing, didn't he?" Coxon remarked, half to himself. "He'd gone to bed and got up again. If he got up to talk to someone, it was probably a man. He wouldn't hardly have come out to talk to a woman dressed that way."

"He might very well have done so," Pring argued.

Coxon did not press the point. He relaxed in his chair and filled his pipe again, while Pring waited and watched him covertly. When the pipe was going, however, Coxon said thoughtfully, "I wish you'd tell me how long you've known this Wardle."

"Since we were in college together," Pring replied.

"Go on."

"College, and afterwards. He inherited a partnership in a big bond house from his father. We were always neighbors. We used to run around with the same girls. He married my sister Bess, you know. But they didn't get along."

"What happened between them?" Coxon asked.

"I don't think Bess ever loved him," Pring replied reluctantly. "But Wardle—you saw for yourself—had a way of taking it for granted that you liked him, and presuming on that assumed liking. Some such process worked with Bess, I believe. He was so sure she loved him that she began to agree; he was superficially good company, not so obnoxious then as he afterwards became. At any rate, she married him."

"I meant, why did they get divorced?" Coxon explained.

"The actual divorce was technical, more or less by arrangement," Pring admitted.

"Why? What was back of it?"

Pring said slowly, "Well, Bess found she didn't love him. She came to the point of constant unhappiness, and once or twice she flew out at him in a rage. Bess always was a tempestuous person. I believe she actually struck him, perhaps more than once, with whatever came to hand." He hesitated. "You must appreciate the fact that my sympathies were with Bess. Wardle tells a different story of their relations, but I believe my sister. She and I have the same temper. They must have had stormy times."

"Wardle was your friend," Coxon commented. "Must have been hard for you."

Pring made an impatient gesture.

"I tell you, I always disliked the man," he insisted. "But you could not insult him; he thought you were joking. And you could not be rid of him if he chose to attach himself to you. There have been times when I felt like lashing out at him."

"Just like your sister did?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"How'd you happen to fetch him up here?"

"He managed that," Pring said sardonically. "The poor devil, he asked for it."

"Invited himself?"

"Exactly."

Coxon weighed this in silence; at last got to his feet.

"Well," he said, "I dunno as there's anything else I can ask you. Oh, you don't know anything about Wardle and the other men—the other folks here, do you?"

Pring made a careless gesture with both hands.

"You've seen," he replied. "I don't suppose any one of us disliked him more than another."

"Miss Taber liked him, I thought."

Pring said slowly, "It ought not to be necessary to involve her."

Coxon shook his head.

"She's already involved," he replied. "Everybody's involved. What I'm trying to do is to uninvolve some of you."

"It's certainly safe to leave her out."

"How about Mrs. Rotch?"

"Yes, her too."

"Thought you said you heard her come upstairs?"

"What of it?" Pring retorted testily.

"This of it," Coxon replied firmly: "If you did, then she knew he'd been killed; she must have seen him before you went down."

Pring brushed the thought aside.

"I don't know what to think."

Coxon considered.

"You didn't hear anything in Miss Taber's room?"

"No."

"Her door closed, was it, when you came out in the hall?"

"Of course."

Coxon turned toward the door.

"I guess I'd like to talk to Mrs. Pring," he said thoughtfully. But Pring checked him.

"Wait a minute," he exclaimed. "I'd like to ask a question or two on my own account, Coxon. How far have you gone? Have you any ideas?"

"Some," Coxon replied cautiously.

"What are they? Where do they lead?"

Coxon faced the other steadily.

"I guess I'll keep them to myself for a while," he replied. "You've got to remember, Mr. Pring, that I'm working pretty much alone."

Pring smiled wearily.

"You think I did this?"

"I haven't begun to think yet," Coxon replied steadily. "But I know this much: You say you put on your dressing gown before you came downstairs; but Mrs. Pring says you had it on when she woke. And you say she heard someone come upstairs, but she says she didn't." Pring stared at him, slowly turning crimson. "That much I know," Coxon concluded. "I don't have to start guessing yet."

And before Pring could speak, he had swung open the door into the living room.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE BEAUVAIS LINING

(Continued from Page 34)

replace them with other equally good things. But you can have this to go on with; the glory of the house can go back to it. The only things which it would have been impossible to replace are in existence."

Matilda paused to give Mr. Collover's intellect the chance to catch up. A selection of premonitory mumblings warned her that he was about to ask a question.

"What do you mean?"

"The Beauvais tapestry panels for the dining room."

"Tapestries?" blurted out Mr. Collover. "What are you talking about? What have they got to do with me or my house?"

"That's a natural question, Mr. Collover, and I'll tell you what I can."

Clyde Overly was automatically opening and closing his mouth in an effort to think of something to say that wouldn't damage his case. Matilda, refreshing herself with a brief look at his discomfiture, spoke again:

"That day when you were kind enough to take me over your house I was at once struck by the dining room—the wall arrangement of it. Walls were frequently paneled that way to frame tapestries. And then, even after all these years, there was still a suggestive fading to portions of the wall which hinted that those spaces had been covered. Did you realize that the shutters to the dining room had been closed from the day Buckleigh Collover took up his residence in the house? And that was ninety-nine years ago."

Frederick Collover shook his head to show that he hadn't realized it; in fact to admit that there were several things he had failed to comprehend.

Matilda smiled her sweetest toward him and turned to include Mr. Overly also in her radiance.

"Really, Mr. Collover, you don't know how happy it makes me to think that I can give you even such scant information about the truly noble Collovers who formerly owned the house."

Mr. Collover managed to show his thanks by a sort of shudder of his head and motioned her to proceed.

"It's probable that if I hadn't caught that hint from the walls I shouldn't have suspected what was in the curtains when I examined them. Maybe you recall the curtains. You were kind enough to let me buy them."

"Sure!" shouted Frederick Collover, whose mind could always orient itself when buying and selling were part of the conversation. "You paid me two hundred and fifty dollars for them. A pink check on the Chemists' Bank. Do you mean to tell me there were tapestries in those curtains?"

"Yes," said Matilda gently; "four of them—Beauvais. Extremely lovely ones. Hanging that way, properly supported, they are in almost proof condition."

Mr. Collover appeared suddenly to become distinctly weak. Then his emotions began to work and fume. And after a series of gradually increasing puffs of rage he vented the only profanity his morality permitted him to enjoy—"Darn!"

"Exactly," said Matilda, "And if you'd care to have me, I should like to tell you a bit about those rare Beauvais. May I?"

"Darn!" said Mr. Collover.

"Thanks. It won't take but a minute. I'm pretty sure of my premises in this matter. I've spent considerable time looking up the subject of Beauvais. In Abbe Pihan's little book on Beauvais is this statement: 'The United States possesses some very fine Beauvais tapestries. This is how: The Committee of Safety'—all-powerful in France, you know, after the Revolution—'imported some American wheat, and when the time came to pay offered assignats'—which were notes issued as currency by the revolutionary government of France and secured by lands confiscated from the church and the nobles—'of course, the American planters objected, since the assignats were practically worthless. Then they offered and the United States was obliged to accept a number of Beauvais tapestries.'

"Those tapestries were shipped; but so far as is known, no clew to the whereabouts of any of them exists. But in the records of the Collover family it is noted that the second Sidney Collover, with other planters, exported wheat to France in 1793. I imagine he received the four Beauvais panels I'm offering you, in payment for his share. That fact can't be guaranteed, but the fact does remain that his panels are magnificent examples of that particular style. Isn't it a wonderful story? And if it can thrill me so much, I can just imagine how you, with Collover blood in your veins, must feel. Gracious, but I envy you!"

"But ——" spluttered Mr. Overly, managing to get to his feet. A quick glance at Frederick Collover, however, assured him that his salvation would come, if at all, through silence.

Mr. Collover restrained his speech for a few seconds while struggling to think.

"But what on earth were the tapestries doing done up inside of those curtains?"

Matilda looked gratified that he had put a question she could answer.

"It was this way, sir: People seem to think that Buckleigh Collover became a hermit through being crossed in some affair of the heart. I hate to crush such a sentimental idyl, but the truth is different. He and his brother Hamilton quarreled over the division of the property. It ended by brother Hamilton taking the contents of the house, while Buckleigh remained the owner of it. I imagine he concealed the tapestries in that original fashion to assure their remaining in the house."

Mr. Collover nodded as though she had helped him to recall a point of family lore which he had temporarily forgotten.

"I suppose, young lady, that since you've got me cornered nicely like this, you plan to make me pay through the nose for those what-do-you-call-'em tapestries."

"That's it exactly!" squealed the quivering Clyde. "That's just what she's going to do! It's nothing better than blackmail."

"M'h!" sighed Matilda, almost overcome with the sweet salve which the situation supplied to her feelings. "Is that truly what you think, Mr. Overly? I'm shocked at your opinion of me. I hope, Mr. Collover, you don't agree with Mr. Overly."

"Well," said that gentleman, beginning to sense reasons why he might respect this girl, "what are you going to make me pay?"

"It's right down in the estimate attached to my contract, Mr. Collover." And Matilda drew a many-leaved document from her hand bag. "Let me see. Yes, here it is. See? 'The four Beauvais tapestry panels which originally hung in the dining room of the Collover homestead, two hundred and fifty dollars.' Does that seem unfair? And even the total estimate is quite reasonable, you see."

"Umph!" said Mr. Collover as though he were observing a prestidigitator take a brace of rabbits from his grandfather's whiskers. "That's what you paid me for the curtains. A pink check on the Chemists' Bank. Is there any other catch in your contract? And what makes you so sure I'll sign it, anyway?"

Matilda smiled, but with dignity, at him and chose her words slowly and with care.

"The oldest law in the world, Mr. Collover—the law of inherited tendencies. You, Mr. Collover, could no more reject those things which were the prime glory of the home of the Collovers of other days than you could do an unsporting thing. I know you better than you know yourself. Yes, that's it—right on that line there. And you can rest assured that the house will be a thing fitting for the Collover traditions."

Matilda blotted the signed contract and placed it carefully in her bag.

"Well," said Matilda gayly, "if there's nothing more right now, sir, I'll be going along. I want to get this job under way. . . . Are you coming my way, Mr. Overly?"

"Yes," said Mr. Collover, "he is. Drop in again some day, Mr. Overly. We'll have a chat. You'll excuse me now, won't you? I'm inundated with work." And he began tossing papers around his desk and ringing a whole series of call bells.

The door to the Collover offices was scarcely passed before Mr. Overly began a hysterical outburst.

"What do you mean by that? It's a darned outrage, putting me in such a position!"

"Really," said Matilda gently, "I hardly know what you mean. Just what do you mean, Mr. Overly?"

"You know well enough what I mean!" screamed the frantic decorator. "Handing him all that rigmarole about blood will tell, and the noble past of the noble Collovers. You knew all the time he had absolutely no connection with those real Collovers."

"Oh, that!" sighed Miss Munty. "Of course I knew that. The only thing that worried me was that he might be man enough to disclaim the relationship. That would have been awkward. Also remember this: That if you had been man enough to correct my error, he would have given you the job. But there wasn't much of a gamble. I was pretty sure I knew you both."

THE MAKING OF A DANCER

(Continued from Page 38)

dancing at all until the time for limbering up comes just before the performance. One rule is commonly observed by all kinds of dancers engaged in heavy work—the day must be planned so that the meal comes at least two hours and in some cases three or four hours before the performance. Consequently, on matinée days the dancer's breakfast and lunch may be one and the same, and the heartiest meal of the day will come after the evening performance.

What are the rewards that await those who achieve success in this strenuous career? There is no standard rule. Some find it in the work itself; others in the acclaim, excitement, tension of theatrical appearances. From the financial point of view the rewards may be considerable.

Upon entering the chorus the dancer received forty or fifty dollars a week, enough to live on and to pay for further training. Having risen to the position of principal dancer, she received a hundred dollars a week the first year, a hundred and fifty the second, two hundred the third, and three or perhaps four hundred, the fourth year. However, the reign of popularity for the principal dancer does not ordinarily last longer than four years. So the average successful dancer turns either to vaudeville or to musical comedy. In vaudeville she may receive from one to two hundred dollars as a member of a company, or from two hundred and fifty to seven hundred and fifty dollars a week for an act, out of which she must meet heavy traveling expenses and a ten per cent commission to the booking agency. From one to two hundred dollars a week may be received by the dancer who works in a company of interpretive artists, but in general the interpretive dancer receives the lowest financial consideration. Only a few in this class have developed great earning power on the concert stage. One celebrated dancer now before the public, with a company in Russian ballet, is said to clear from seventy-five to a hundred thousand dollars a year.

This leaves out of calculation the financial success of the musical-comedy star. However, by the time the dancer becomes a star in musical comedy she is usually dancing very little. Her success in that field depends rather upon the appeal and charm of her personality and upon acting ability, her rôle requiring greater finesse in songs and lines than in dancing. She may actually have arrived through finesse with songs and lines rather than through exceptional skill as a dancer. In this field the returns are large—from seven hundred and fifty to two thousand dollars a week, and in very rare cases as much as ten per cent of the gross receipts, which might conceivably amount to thirty-three hundred a week.

If these figures seem imposing, it should be remembered that the big returns come to but few, while engagements are uncertain and seasonal.

When does the dancer pass her zenith? It cannot be said that there is any age at which the truly successful dancer must retire.

In the great majority of cases the career lasts for less than ten years, coming to a close before thirty. In comparatively few cases it continues until thirty-five. One of the most eminently successful dancers before the public today is close to fifty, and her art is still regarded as supreme. There are other isolated instances of dancers on the concert stage holding their public until after forty—by exceptional work and the strictest kind of conservation regimen.

Because of the uncertain future and also because of the strenuous work involved in a career, many dancers after a few years of stage experience lay their plans for work in the drama, attending dramatic schools and seeking experience that equips them for the speaking part. Among the notable stars in the legitimate theater today are some who began as dancers fifteen or twenty years ago. Others turn from dancing to the vaudeville sketch—again the speaking part. A few find that they have voices enabling them to aspire to light opera or to teach singing—while others cultivate musical abilities that enable them to retire as teachers of the piano. By far the largest proportion of retiring dancers establish small professional schools of their own or teach in such schools conducted by others.

It is not an uncommon thing for dancers—especially among those who pursue the more strenuous ways of vaudeville—to develop heart disease from overexertion. Not a few of these have taken to the rural life. Occasionally, facing the inevitable, dancers retire at an age which permits them to obtain employment as models—mannequins—for the makers of gowns and the dealers therein.

In recent years a new vocation has welcomed the retiring professional dancer. In New York there are a number of large public dance halls accommodating anywhere from three to fourteen hundred patrons. These ballrooms employ dancers known as instructresses to dance with the men patrons. The patron buys tickets in a set of three at a cost ranging from thirty-five to fifty cents. Of this sum the instructress who dances with him receives half and the house half. The dances are short—from a minute and a half to three minutes—so that the instructress who works long hours and has her regular pupils may, between 2:30 P.M. and closing at 12:30 A.M., have many tickets to her credit, her income varying from three to ten or fifteen dollars a day, depending upon gratuities.

Positions in these dance halls are much sought after by former stage dancers. One such institution gives employment to two hundred and fifty girls who were formerly in the chorus, in vaudeville or on the concert stage, and a few former stage dancers are to be found in most of the larger public dance halls of the city.

Usually the dancer-instructresses are not of an age to come back, even if they had the will and courage to undergo the ordeal of breaking in again, but some have come to the instructress stage while still comparatively young. Something fortuitous occurred in their careers—they gave up the sponge when out of luck, out of work or deep in love and unwilling to travel. Now it is easier to instruct the fox-trot and the tango than to enter into competition with those who are just from training—the young and fit. So it goes. *C'est la vie!*

Some time ago I elicited from a vaudeville dancer, who has held her public while generations of dancers have come and gone, her impression as to what becomes of dancers when, soon or late, they must retire. There may have been a note of skepticism in my query as regards the financial soundness of the average career.

"Imagine," she observed scornfully, "a girl who has the pluck to go through the training, to stay with the bar and the work until she arrives—don't worry about her not having sense enough to look out for herself financially! Dancers save more than any other class of professional people—they know what is coming! I've been in the game some twenty years, light and heavy, thick and thin, and I'll never pass thirty again, not till I die—and I say the dancer has sense as well as pluck. If you're going to tell on the dancing girl, at least give her credit for knowing the difference between three and six per cent."

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WHAT DOES MUSSOLINI MEAN?

(Continued from Page 23)

instead of trip him in the work he had to do required that he grip its throat with a hand of iron. But if he had pressed too hard he knew that he would have squeezed out the last spark of the constitutional form of government to which everything indicates that he is committed.

Only a few days after his appointment by the King, Mussolini went to the opening session of the chamber and spoke, straight to the point. I had seen him in his limousine a few minutes before in a side street, and to my salute he had thrown back a toss of the head and the expressive raising of his eyes which, in one youthful gesture, always implies that he has reached a decision and is not unhappy about it. And now, from the diplomatic gallery, I saw him in his usual rather quiet manner, but with a voice capable of explosive forcefulness, look into the faces on the parliamentary benches.

His own face at times is suggestive of bronze; it is muscled, but metallic; the shaven jaws are prominent, the mouth is rather thick-lipped, but not weak. When he speaks he leans forward; but, although this is his posture, he does not appear tense. Instead, through most of his discourse, there is an attitude of nonchalance, as if nothing worried him excessively. He uses none of the conventional graceful, finished gestures which attend most Italian oratory; nor does he arrange his thoughts or connect them with such care that one senses the usual Italian forensic preparation and form. Now he is humorous in a dry and mischievous, almost impish manner; now he is meditative. Sometimes he clenches his hands, but usually he immediately rests them on his hips.

I have noticed this—he never flinches from abusing his audience if he wishes, he never ducks away from a brutal truth. And I have never seen his listeners, even enemies, who did not enjoy this fearless and brutal directness.

The chamber was quite still when this young leader of Italy, to whom every deputy knew he must bow, arose to speak; and the first thing he said was loaded with that brutal humor.

He said, "I perform today in this hall an act of formal deference toward you, for which I do not expect any special gratitude."

Let me pick out of his speech to the chamber its essence. Americans can meditate upon it. Mussolini said:

"For many years—for too many years—crises in the government took place. They were solved by more or less tortuous and underhand maneuvers, so that a crisis came to be regarded as a scramble for places and governments were caricatured in comic papers." He went on to mention the revolution by the Italian people; then he said: "I shall leave to the gloomy partisans of superconstitutionalism the task of discoursing plaintively about this. I merely maintain that the revolution has its rights. So that everyone may know it, I will say that I am here to give the greatest value to the Black Shirt revolution, inserting it intrinsically into the history of Italy, an active force in development, progress and restoration of equilibrium."

Full Powers, Full Responsibility

He said: "I could have carried the revolution much further; I refused to do so. I imposed limits upon my action. I told myself that the truest wisdom is that which does not forsake one after victory."

He said: "Before arriving here we were asked for a program. It is not, alas, programs which are lacking in Italy. All our problems—every one of them—have been solved on paper. But the will to put them into effect has been lacking. We represent that firm decisive will.

"We prefer action to words. Gentlemen do not throw useless words at the nation.

"We ask for full powers because we wish full responsibility. We do not exclude voluntary coöperation, which we shall cordially accept from deputies, senators or private citizens. We have a religious sense of the difficulty of our task. But there is no doubt that an enormous step has been taken toward spiritual unity. The Italian nation has found herself again!"

These are the words of the man the world called a dictator, spoken a few days after he came into power. As I heard them spoken I realized three facts: First, Mussolini realized that his real grim work had begun. Second, he had approached that work not as one who is puffed up by glory but as one who knows that performance is better than programs. Third, that he would continue to value national unity as a power directly opposed to class struggle and to a democracy—not a republic—so weak that it had become the prey of looting minorities.

Not more than ten days later he said to the Senate: "You must not believe that unanimous support flatters me. I have a contempt for those who clamorously sided with me in these last few days. They are followers of a fair wind. I prefer sincere enemies to doubtful friends. For me, all these labels of Conservative, Aristocracy, Reactionary and Democracy are so many empty terms. They sometimes distinguish, but more often confuse."

He said to the Senate: "I shall not follow an antiproletariat policy, for reasons which are national, and other reasons. We are not going to oppress the people or drive them into humiliating conditions. Exactly the contrary. We want to elevate the masses materially and spiritually. It is not because we believe the masses can create a great civilization. Let us leave this type of idealism to those who profess to be ministers of mysterious religion. The reasons we are for the proletariat is that this friendliness is in the interest of the nation. These reasons are founded on realities. No nation can be peaceful and united if 20,000,000 workers are condemned to inferior conditions of life. Our antidemagogic policy will prove more useful to the working classes than the policy which, like a mirage, has hypnotized and mystified them into a vain attitude of waiting."

Duties Set Above Rights

"The critics have said to me, 'The responsibility you have taken is enormous.' Yes, I know it and feel it. Sometimes, intensified by a deep and vibrating expectancy, it almost crushes me. I have to gather all my force, to arm myself with all my determination, to keep before me the interests and future of Italy. I know it is not my interests which are at stake. If I do not succeed I am a broken man. These are not experiments which can be tried twice in a lifetime."

I made up my mind that this speech to the Senate fitted into my picture of Mussolini. I had no prejudices, unless they were those of a Roosevelt liberal, and my judgment of Mussolini had been reached from a detached viewpoint. I had known Mussolini before he had come into power, and I did not think of him as a dictator, but as a patriot, whose supreme ambition from the moment he took the plastic material of chaos into his hands was to mold a state which would be not only a piece of legal machinery but would also have the breath of unity and of national spirit, so that the government would mean more than a good but soulless institution of convenience, so that it would hold the loyalty and service of a whole people by an appeal almost mystical and religious. I had learned that it is impossible to understand Italian Fascismo, as distinguished from imitations in other lands, without understanding that it is more than a political party and is made of stuff which has nothing in common with the self-seeking of class struggles. Fascismo is a philosophy and an emotion running counter to the recent stream of thought which centers mankind's attention on rights. Mussolini, without distinguishing between classes, is the first conspicuous leader since Roosevelt that has organized political unity not around rights but around duties.

Said he: "The task in history which awaits us is to make a state; that is to say, a moral idea which is personified in a system composed of men who from first to last feel it a pride and a privilege to fulfill their duty."

But Mussolini suffers no delusion concerning the maintenance of this moral idea. He said to me at one time:

"No state can exist except by seeking favor or by using force. The state which lives by seeking favor is eternally the victim and prey of other nations. Even its own citizens abuse it; and, breaking up into groups, they contend with one another for favors until the state degenerates into a mass of decay and everyone is amazed at a result which is truly inevitable."

Even with the presence of a philosophy of discipline, self-imposed by a people, Italian Fascismo has no set program; and this is one of the characteristics which distinguish it from political parties and from the crop of many old and modern social theories. It intends to deal with conditions as conditions change and to accumulate experience by action.

Mussolini, answering attacks by liberals, says:

"Liberalism is not the last word; it represents no final formula in the art of government. This difficult and delicate art deals with the most refractory of materials, always in movement, not dead and fixed, but living. What is this liberalism? Does it mean universal indulgence? Does it mean legislative bodies in continuous session so that they may afford the indecorous spectacles which have sickened everyone? Does it mean that in the name of liberty the few are to have the freedom to kill the liberty of all the rest? If this is liberalism it is the theory and practice of humiliation and ruin.

"The truth apparent to all whose eyes are not blinded by dogmatism is that men are perhaps weary of liberties. They have had an excess. For youth, restless and eager, presenting itself at a new dawn of history, there are other words which move even more deeply than 'liberty'; these words are 'order,' 'organization,' 'service.'"

It is necessary for the American who wishes to weigh the causes for Mussolini's appearance, and to fathom what his success at administration means, to know also the ideas and philosophy on which he and Fascist Italy stand.

As ambassador I had the difficult task of indicating such understanding as I had in a public speech in Rome. I was careful to avoid political comment on Fascism. Before I made the speech I told Mussolini something of what I would say. He replied:

"You may be sure that it will cause a sensation. It will be printed through Europe. And everywhere the old social theorists will attack you because you have given your approval to Fascismo."

The Philosophy of Fascismo

"But I shall avoid that," I said. "I will state principles which were Roosevelt's and which were mine, and which I believe were American long before the word 'Fascisti' was in existence. If these are principles which Fascisti can approve, then it is not a diplomat approving of Fascisti ideas, but a diplomat stating ideas which Fascisti can commend."

Mussolini laughed, and later referring to my speech in one of his own, he said:

"The words of your excellency interested me because they reveal an exact understanding of our movement. This fact is the more remarkable because Fascismo is so complex that the mind of a stranger is not always the best adapted to understand it. You constitute the most brilliant exception to the rule. You have given the philosophy of Fasciamo, interwoven with an exaltation of beauty, of discipline, of authority and the sense of responsibility."

It is because the statements I made were thus approved by Mussolini as an understanding and expression of Fascismo that I repeat them in part as useful to those Americans who also desire understanding.

I trust I was voicing sound American doctrine when I said: "We have heard a great deal in the last few years about the menace which war brings before the face of the world. I am confident that my people and your people are willing to act together to contribute anything possible to reduce the dangers of war; but I hold the belief, and I think your Premier holds the belief, that worse menaces than war now oppose the progress of mankind. Folly and weakness and decay are worse.

"These menaces of weakness often are fostered by men of good intentions, who talk about the need to rescue mankind and about the necessity to establish the rights of mankind.

"I want to see leaders of men who, instead of teaching humanity to look outside themselves for help, will teach humanity that it has power within itself to relieve its own distress. I want to see leaders who, instead of telling men of their rights, will lead them to take a full share of their responsibilities.

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"I do not doubt that the spirit of benevolence is a precious possession of mankind, but a more precious possession is the spirit which raises the strength of humanity so that benevolence itself becomes less of a necessity. He who makes himself strong and calls upon others to be strong is even more kind and loving of the world than he who encourages men to seek dependence on forces outside themselves or upon impractical plans for new social structures. I do not doubt the good faith of many of those who put forth theories of new arrangements of social and economic and international structure, but they may all be sure that more important than any of these theories is individual responsibility, and the growth and spread of self-reliance in the home and in the nation.

"I do not doubt that we, Italians and Americans, have a full appreciation of the pity which we ought to confer upon weak or wailing groups or nations or races which clamor for help or favor; but I trust that even in the competition of peace or war I shall be the last ever to believe that weak groups or nations or races are superior or are more worthy of my affection than those who mind their own business with industry, strength and courage, and stand upon their own strong legs.

"I do not question the motives of many of those who, feeling affectionate regard for the welfare of their fellow men, hope for a structure of society in which international bodies shall hand down benefactions to individuals. I merely point out that some nations, such as yours and mine, are beginning to believe that these ideas come out of thoughts which, though easily adopted, are the offspring of a marriage of benevolence with ignorance. In any structure of society which can command our respect and our faith the current of responsibility runs the other way. The doctrine that the world's strength arises from the responsibility of the individual is a sterner doctrine. The leaders of men who insist upon it are those who will be owed an eternal debt by mankind.

"The strength of society must come from the bottom upward. The world needs now more than anything else the doctrine that the first place to develop strength is at home, the first duty is the nearest duty. A strong coöperation of nations can be made only of nations which are strong nations; a strong nation can be made only of good and strong individuals."

Mussolini's Achievements

"When one makes the fasces, the first requirement is to find the individual rods, straight, strong and wiry, such as you have found, Mr. President, and so skillfully bound together in the strength of unity. But if they had been rotten sticks you could not have made the fasces. Unity in action would have been impossible. The rotten sticks would have fallen to pieces in your fingers.

"Mr. President, what the world needs is not better theories and dreams but better men to carry them out. The world needs a spirit which thinks first of responsibilities before it thinks of rights. I was always a nationalist before I was an internationalist, and I would go on being a nationalist, believing in the spirit of strong and upright and generous nationalism, and believing not in theorizing nations or whining peoples but in those nations and peoples who develop a national spirit so finely tempered that they offer to the world an example of organization, discipline and fair play, only because they themselves are upright and strong men and therefore can contribute valuably to international coöperation."

Fascismo, without doubt, follows a sterner philosophy than has been fashionable since the war, but I do not understand that it wishes to be judged by its philosophies but rather by its performances.

What have these performances of the Mussolini régime been?

Progress toward national unity stands first.

Not only has Mussolini labored to crush out a wasteful class struggle but, unlike statesmen less farsighted, he has planned to absorb the elements which were arrayed against one another in class struggles. He has done what he could to suppress the conflicts of political parties, not to crush opposition but to save the waste of endless contentions over meatless bones.

"Parties, with all their illusions, are the ruin of Italy," said a Fascisti leader. "They lay too heavy a burden on her national economy; they crush her under the weight of theories, projects and programs. Special privilege, taxes, subsidies and an ever-growing bureaucracy are the outcome of parties masking selfish minority interests."

I have often heard from Mussolini the idea that democracy carried on by too much faith in parties and programs may be a fraud. A writer on Fascismo has said:

"Parliamentary rule as we know it is democratic in theory only. The method by which members are chosen and the manner in which administrations are appointed pay no heed to the ideas or the needs of the voters. It is always special groups and special interests that get the upper hand in parliament. Consciousness of responsibility among citizens is destroyed; they think of the state as something to be deceived and exploited. But political democracy must not be confused with that democratic sentiment which should control all human relations."

Mussolini, seeking national unity, at once flung himself into the task of adopting everything worthy from the programs of class groups or of other political parties. I remember that one day early in his administration I had just come out from a conference with him at the Foreign Office.

A Glutton for Work

I have often found him working in the morning with a growth of black stubble beard on his chin and lips, hollow-eyed and pale—up all night no doubt. I had close enough touch with him to know that after the victory of the march on Rome and he had been appointed by the King to restore the state, he doubled his hours and his output of energy.

I said to him, "Take care of yourself. Get air and exercise. Do some boxing. Get the champion Stallo to give you some lessons."

He told me that he was fencing and riding. He was learning, they said, to sit a horse in a manner to give Italian hearts pride in the appearance of their leader.

"You have seen me slightly tired like this before," he said. "But you have also seen how quickly I can restore my strength. There is endless work to do. Detail!" He spread his short strong arms apart to indicate the world of detail. "Detail interferes with wise solution of the larger problems."

Later he told me that he had learned to value a particular hour of the day more than any other; it is the hour before sleep. He told me that every day he used that hour, first to review all that he had done, and then, turning his back on yesterday, he would spend the rest of the time planning exactly what he would do tomorrow. By such unlimited capacity for labor, and by ordering his efforts, he had grown to a personality many times the diameter of the former socialist, the former soldier, the former journalist, the former deputy and even the former leader of Fascismo, as he was when I first knew him.

On this day he was interested in the working population of Italy. Outside his office door, where stood Black Shirts on guard, were a group of old trade-union leaders and even some former communists. Mussolini was occupied in building a new idea in the relation of the state to the workingman and to the capitalist.

In this plan there is no abolition of capital or private property. Mussolini is a stalwart defender of private property just as he is a bitter enemy of the doctrine of class war. Furthermore, he is a most vigorous opponent of government ownership or any vesting of property in the state in the process called nationalization. He has quite another plan. It is to form unions in industry by which both capital and labor share in the creation of producers' coöperatives, which will be one leg of a national economy against wastes of which the other leg is the consumers' coöperatives. Furthermore, unless these coöperative unions are proved necessary, or more useful than older forms in any given cases, he believes the state should keep its hands off.

Capital, so Mussolini thinks, has a social function—owes its duties to the commonwealth just as labor has its social obligations. Both ought to be responsible to the state in somewhat the same way they ought to be in wartime; that is, both may be, in effect, conscripted if necessary, and made to work together for the ends of peace. The savings of the laborer are treated as capital; the day's work and the personal contribution of the capitalist are treated as

(Continued on Page 90)

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(Continued from Page 88)

labor. The state, although it repulses state ownership of industry, fosters a system of unity of production. This system is built up of trade-unions, better described as producers' coöperatives, a group of these form a corporation and there is a National Confederation of Corporations. The state, as one Fascisti writer has said, "stands above all these with a persuasive and, if necessary, coercive force."

Similar corporations exist for agriculture; within a period of less than two years the national corporations of Italy had nearly a million and a half members. It must be remembered, however, that these new unions and corporations to a large extent, and for the present, are voluntary.

Everyone remembers our own National Council of Defense in Washington during the war, with its experts and research bureaus. Mussolini has erected a somewhat similar organization for the purposes of peace. The producers' coöperative corporation organization has its experts, but there are also national, provincial and local organizations called Groups of Competence. These groups are made up of the best men to be found as experts and advisers, whether they be laborers, professors, capitalists. The creation of this system is based on the idea that in the modern world the realities of technical, economic and social problems are so complex that their solution cannot be carried on by politicians and orators. Therefore the state, as well as local administrations, has followed to a marked degree the advice of these nonpolitical unprejudiced Groups of Competence in matters which range from technical army and industrial problems to colonial policy, constitutional reform and educational system.

The value of the volunteer system is always in Mussolini's mind. I told him once that I had suggested in my own country that the day might come when every boy and girl between seventeen and twenty-one would be required to give a fourth of every year to training for citizenship and to performing assigned duties for the benefit of the state. Mussolini's face lit up as he characteristically nodded his agreement. He has created several volunteer organizations of national scope with the full faith that they not only perform needed labors but serve to preserve patriotism and the spirit of service.

Work for the Unemployed

Two of these organizations, for instance, are the Volunteer Militia for the Land and the Militia of the Waters. Spreading all over Italy, taking in boys and girls as well as adults, these organizations engage in reforestation, combating pests and plant diseases, distributing agricultural information, restocking waters with fish, fighting malaria, reclaiming waste lands, dredging streams.

So also, to combat the menace of unemployment, one Fascisti plan is for volunteer committees of public works. Among all Mussolini's difficulties that of unemployment was most pressing. He was engaged in stripping the bureaucracy of endless government employes, in the government-owned monopolies and public utilities he was knocking the pads out of the pay rolls, he faced the fact that emigration as a relief to overpopulation and unemployment might become limited rather than extended. Volunteer committees therefore were formed locally to determine the needed public improvements or decide upon developments which would pay. The dwellers in the locality were assessed according to their incomes and received shares in the venture. If there were several undertakings the contributors could invest in one or in all. The unemployed were put to work.

All these measures—the breaking away from class struggle by creating cooperative organizations rather than combat organization of industry, the insistence on organizing a spirit of service, the full recognition of the needs of the masses, the successful fight on unemployment—arose from Mussolini's insistence on national unity. In the main he has accomplished in this field a success which none of us who saw him come into power believed that any man could attain. And he has done this without the political cajolery of the old régime of politicians. He says, speaking of the workers:

"The 20,000,000 Italians who labor with their hands have the right to defend their interests. What we oppose is that political trickery which is a detriment to the working classes; we fight these priests and prophets who, in bad faith, promise a paradise they do not believe in themselves. This new breed burns incense hypocritically before the proletariat. We say that the proletariat, before it tries to govern the nation, must learn to govern itself. It must make itself fit in technical skill and, still more, morally, because government is a tremendously difficult, complicated task. The nation is composed of millions of individuals, whose interests clash. No superior beings exist who can reconcile all differences."

With the same skill at stripping off all gloss and veneer and exposing the bare material, he says: "Liberty? Well, even the socialists have always given the lie to liberty; they have denied the liberty of work." And of force used in government, he says: "Force and not words maintain a state. And force is consent. If there is no consent there can be no lasting force."

The Spirit of Service

He distrusts talk and makes a minimum of speeches. He once said that fifty-two a year were too many for a busy administrator, but he succeeds in his contacts with all classes in spreading an infection of the spirit of service. He goes to the Ministry of Finance and there he says to the officeholders: "I hear that some of you work sixteen hours a day. Good! Long hours and a fine example. But if sixteen were not enough, it would be necessary to work twenty! Only in this way can we come out of the sea of difficulties and reach the shore."

In creating the spirit of service and of national unity there is something more than a cold program of efficiency. As I have said, there is something mystical and religious in the Fascist conception of the nation and the state. When Acerbo, Undersecretary of State, who has been conspicuous in the work of administrative and electoral reforms, was selected to review the accomplishments of the first year of the new government, he put first the restoration which Fascism has given to the spiritual forces of the nation. He spoke of the relations of Italians to the family and to God. His first claim was that the new government had reënforced the institution of the family and home by "strengthening all those judicial and political rights which give family life economic and moral solidarity, including the rights of private property." His second was that teaching of religion had been restored in the schools. He emphasized the preëminent need for ethical and spiritual, as well as for the mere material, restoration of Italy.

I learned in my acquaintance with Mussolini to understand his capacity for leadership of men's hearts and minds. I learned to know why the Italian people understand that a man who can be a brutal realist can also be an idealist who makes love of country and commonweal a religion. I saw also the immense capacity Mussolini has for labor, his skill in dismissing detail and in reaching political and administrative decisions with bullet directness. I am still profoundly impressed by my contact with one of the few men I have ever known who could combine the leadership which compels human hearts and minds to follow with the administrative ability which guarantees that those who follow will not be led up the paths of false hopes. This is the combination for which every country—even our own—hungers and thirsts. Efficient administrators who fail really to lead us we can find. Passionate and sincere prophets we can dig up. But rare, indeed, and needed, indeed, is the man who can be two men at once.

Mussolini, without much training or experience, became, under responsibility, a genius of administration. During the first year it is said that the cabinet over which he presides passed 1658 executive decrees. The business done by these decrees, it must not be forgotten, was the entire overhauling of a state of chaos and the taking of momentous decisions, some of them allied with dynamite for destiny.

I have been told by members of the ministry that Mussolini, in conferences, has a manner apparently almost inattentive, listens and says nothing except to ask a few questions. Then suddenly and usually before anyone expects it he becomes galvanized; he sits up with a jerk of his stocky body and shoots out a decision which almost invariably is final.

It is these decisions which have changed so markedly almost the whole set of social and economic statistics in Italy; it is these decisions which have transacted more business in ten minutes than the Italian parliamentary system has transacted in ten years.

If one has a liking for figures and for reading in figures, the complete change of complexion of life in Italy, the first year of Mussolini, furnishes plenty of interest. The savings of the people increased nearly 15 per cent; the deficit in the budget was reduced nearly one-half. The receipts were 160,000,000 lire more than the estimate. Nearly one million taxpayers who had formerly evaded payments came onto the list. The government-owned railways, which Mussolini wants to turn back to private ownership, had dismissed a large part of the useless employes who must go in a plan to reduce their number from 240,000 to 180,000. The deficit in railway operation was brought down from 1,257,000,000 lire to 905,000,000. The posts and telegraph system turned from a deficit to a profit.

Unemployment figures had been cut down from 606,819 to less than 180,000. Strikes were reduced from 643 to 150 and the number of men involved from nearly 500,000 to less than 50,000. All traffic, passenger and freight, showed a marked increase; cars loaded in the first six months of 1922 were 2,598,115, but in the same period of 1923 the number had increased to 3,022,700. The clock of economic activity had begun to tick again. Although the national defense had been reorganized on a more efficient basis and the air force had been, in keeping with the program of France, substantially augmented, the expense had been estimated at a reduction of 338,000,000 lire.

When Mussolini first came into power the diplomats of Europe found it fashionable to regard him as the bad boy of European affairs. Firebrand, some called him. Well, let us see.

I state the facts. I am not and, under the duty of being an impartial observer, I cannot be a partisan of Mussolini. I trust that I am not one of those American diplomats who become surrounded by a narrowing ring of one-sided opinion. I have tried to see the events around me with the detachment of a stranger who believes in minding one's own business and doing it as well as possible.

Nothing for Nothing

A most distinguished Italian said to me: "We are where you would be if you became involved in European affairs. The larger powers have used us first on one side and then on another. We are cajoled with promises. But we always find ourselves between two fires. We serve and we obtain nothing."

Mussolini at once, on coming into office, stated his doctrine of foreign affairs: "*Niente per niente*"—Nothing for nothing. Abandoning faith in the great dreams of European settlements, he set himself to the task of strengthening the prestige and peace of Italy in the Mediterranean area. Leading rather than being weathercocked by passing opinion, he has done all that no one believed he would or could do. Instead of war, he made peace in every direction.

Nothing could be more amusing than the claims that the League of Nations made Mussolini back down in the Corfu incident and in the claims he made upon Greece for the murder of the Italian commissioners on the Albanian border. The plain facts are that the League, unable or unwilling to force the issue, and facing the withdrawal of Italy from the League, referred the whole matter to the Council of Ambassadors, and that the latter body compelled Greece to give in substance the whole of the Mussolini demands, including the indemnity. The performance, like that in the League's unwillingness to deter France from her Ruhr invasion, was so clearly defined that one irate League advocate, Doctor Robinson, principal of the University of Birmingham and a moving spirit in the English League of Nations Union, called the League's attempt to intervene "a lame and lamentable conclusion." He said for his associates: "We are not prepared to give either our time or our money in advocating the claims of an international organization the authority and competence of which have been successfully defied and repudiated."

I saw something of Mussolini during the days following the bombardment of Corfu, when, after plenty of warning that firing would begin, the Corfu authorities, official and otherwise, allowed refugees to remain in the very spot where the shells of Italian fire could be expected. No one could have felt more deeply the loss of innocent persons than he.

But he had his way. If a peaceful American mission abroad were murdered under circumstances which created the odor of premeditated political crime, it is not unlikely that we would send an armed expedition. I hope so. And I have heard more than one prominent European diplomat who has said to me that Mussolini's action, instead of menacing war in the old theater of wars, had brought the tinderlike Balkan situation into sobriety at a critical moment when no academic persuasion of arbitration or debating societies could have done the work of a firm and iron hand.

A Man of No Illusions

The plain facts show that Mussolini, instead of being a war maker has been a treaty maker. He has forged a political and commercial treaty with Jugo-Slavia which settles the ugly Fiume question. He has made a new *rapprochement* with Spain. He has built a commercial treaty with Russia. Doctor Benes sat in my garden in Rome the day he came to open up conversations which have led to a treaty between Italy and Czecho-Slovakia. Mussolini is working out an emigration problem with Brazil. He is extending commercial possibilities in the Near East. He has exercised in the European situation a liberal influence, doubtful about the occupation of the Ruhr, and in general harmony with promising settlement policies like those of the Dawes Commission. It was Mussolini who ordered the ratification of our Washington disarmament agreements; it was Mussolini who during the Lausanne Conference ordered his delegates to act to the best of their abilities as conciliators and peacemakers.

He has no illusions in regard to war and peace or in regard to the feebleness of conferences. I heard him say:

"I confess I do not believe in perpetual and universal peace. In the life of peoples, notwithstanding ideals—noble and worthy of respect—there are permanent factors of race and the greatness or decadence of nations which lead to differences often only to be settled by a recourse to arms. International agreements represent a breath, a pause, and it is useless to inquire whether they have been created for idealistic or for business reasons. If Italy does not adhere when possible we should appear in the eyes of the world as imperialists and jingoes, which is far from the thoughts and beliefs in our hearts and our minds."

He said: "Treaties concluded between two powers—the basis for close economic relations between two nations—are of more value in the reconstruction of the European world than all the complicated and confused plenary conferences whose lamentable history everybody knows. The fundamental principle upon which our foreign policy is based is that treaties once signed and ratified must be carried out, no matter whether they be good or bad."

It sounded like Roosevelt.

Mussolini is interested in Roosevelt. He often asked me about him. He associated Roosevelt with his own ideas of summoning a people to a citizenship which puts national unity above class selfishness, which puts responsibility and obligation higher than claims and rights, and which is willing, for the defense of principle, to hit and hit hard.

They accuse Mussolini of being a nationalist. Of course he is a nationalist.

Until I see him again I shall remember him sitting in a corner in my residence in Rome with my two little daughters climbing over his knees. He was no longer the Mussolini who with a metal, muscled face snaps out orders, paces up and down, runs a nation and pumps into it spirit and vitality. Still young, still belonging to a generation which can engage in athletic play, he had taken off care and it was pleasant to see his gentleness.

"You do not know who I am?" he asked my children in Italian.

"Yes," said they; "you are Mussolini."

He laughed delightedly and then he asked me why I intended to retire—to leave Italy. I told him that for one who is not much more than forty it is not good to be away from one's country too long.

"Ah, yes," he said, nodding, and his voice was vibrant. "One's own country!"

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Mr Child

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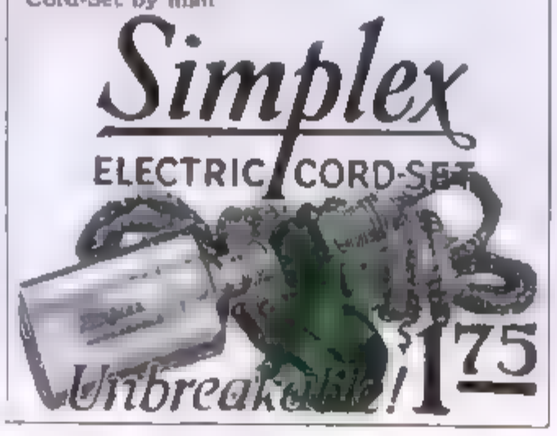

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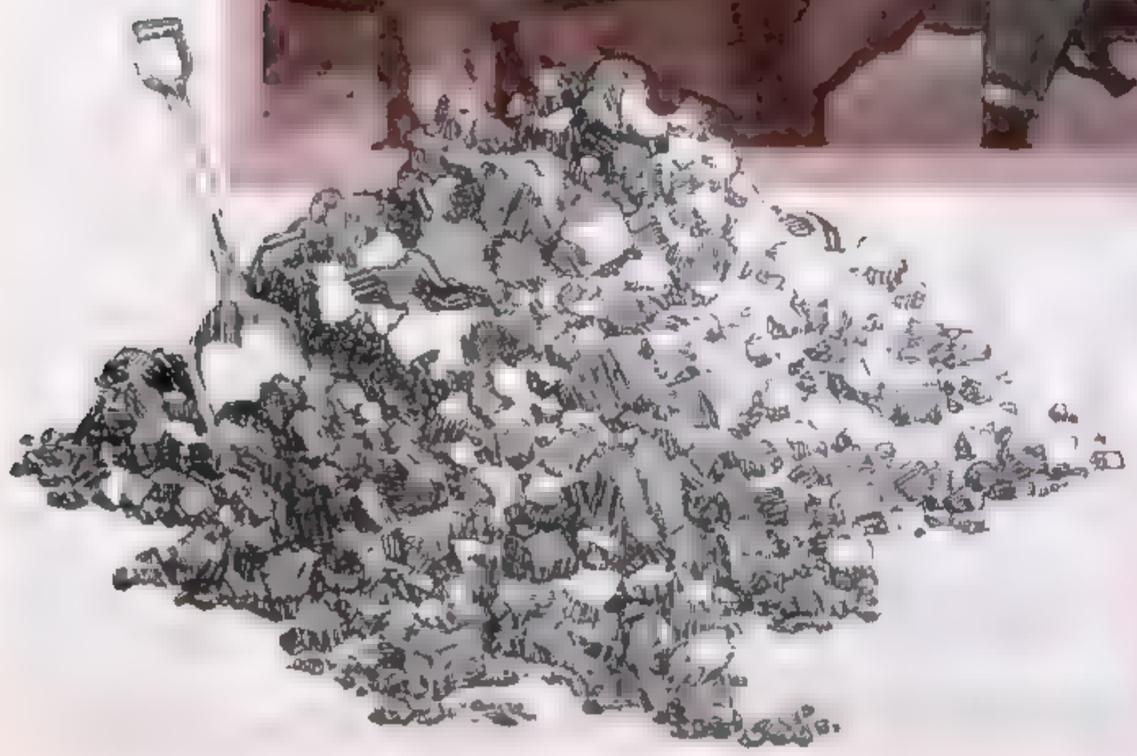

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WEBER AND FIELDS

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took to be a New York sensation, plastered the city with their names and stood off clamorous creditors with promises of prosperity to arrive from New York by the train. Possibly he had no one hundred and seventy-five dollars to meet Weber and Fields' weekly salary; but if they were as originally funny as they asserted and he sanguinely hoped them to be he would have it.

A three-hundred-pound German waddled up O'Farrell Street soon after eight o'clock and greeted the early birds at the bar—three of them bill collectors—with attempted cheerfulness, broadly accented. He got, with much puffing, on a high stool at a cashier's desk and began stacking beer checks. Each waiter bought a ten-dollar quota of these checks at the start of the night and paid with them in advance at the bar for the drinks served in the theater. The waiters supplied, Walter glanced in at the box office, then passed into his private office.

"That's Walter," someone indicated, and Joe and Lew followed him into the office, the short and shaven Weber in advance, the gangling and whisker-smudged Fields behind, but not hidden.

"Mr. Gustav Walter?" Joe asked.

"Tomorrow I'll pay you," Walter said without looking up from his desk.

"You got us mixed, Mr. Wal——" Weber began.

"Positively tomorrow, or at der ladtest Monday, chentlemen," Walter promised, continuing to examine an account book. "Tomorrow comes Weber und Fields, der greadt Eastern funny men. Chust you wait und see der landt-office business vot I do."

"We're Weber and Fields," Joe announced.

Walter looked up with a start. He fumbled for a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, got them on his nose and looked again. Frowning, he readjusted his glasses and pulled himself out of his chair.

Consciously or subconsciously, Walter had formed his own mental picture of what the Funniest Men in the East—the sure things on which he had staked his all—ought to look like. Yet his eyes told him that he saw two rather pinch-faced youths, newsboys at a guess, about the age of his own Karl, a high-school junior, for neither Weber nor Fields looked his age. The taller one's face appeared to need washing. Both looked as if they had slept in their clothes on the grass of Portsmouth Square.

Worst Fears Confirmed

Walter's mind flatly refused to credit what his eyes reported. He turned the latter beseechingly about the otherwise empty office as if in the hope of seeing who really had spoken.

"We're Weber and Fields," said Lew.

Dismay was on Walter's face and choking sounds came from his throat.

"*Mein Gott!*" he supplicated, clutching at his collar. "You are Weber und Fields? You I pay one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week und send tickets von New York? You I bill like a circus? Tell me you are joking, please! No?" In his distress he fell back upon his native tongue. "*Du lieber Himmel!*" was all that they cared to understand.

"We just got in and haven't had time to spruce up yet," Weber apologized.

If Walter heard him he gave no sign.

"Funny men, yes?" he said, half to himself. "Vell, if you are zo funny, make me laugh!" He thumped his chest. "I bet it you'd be funny could you do dot."

Joe and Lew, in their growing discomfiture, looked more the Saddest Boys in the West than their billboard titles.

"Vell, vell!" Walter demanded petulantly. "Maybe you are Weber und Fields. Is idt my fauldt? Vat you want? Go see der stage director."

"We'd like to get fifty dollars advance," Weber suggested timidly.

Walter's worst fears were confirmed. Broke too! Swindling young bums, seeing America first on his money! He pounded his desk.

"Ven you earn fifty dollars den you get fifty dollars! Now, nod a beer check!"

Rehearsal was called for ten o'clock the next morning, by which time the scene of the night before was public property. The other entertainers, all local talent, had been coldly jealous of these well-paid interlopers billed like a three-ring circus. Now they were derisive.

"Please take a look!"

"Do you see what I see?"

It might teach Walter and the other managers a lesson.

Their acorn grew when the orchestra leader called for the Weber and Fields music. Any first-class act of the time used three or four songs; certainly an entrance number and dance accompaniment.

"We don't use any music," the boys told him.

"No music!" he exclaimed. "What the devil do you do, anyway? How do you come on stage?"

"Anything will do to bring us on," Weber explained. "All we want is just a few strains—The Wearin' o' the Green, or anything like that."

"Let's get on with the rehearsal then," the stage director cut in. "Weber and Fields next!"

The orchestra struck up The Wearin' o' the Green, and Joe and Lew walked across the stage and into the far wings.

"Hey!" the director yelled. "Your act! Whatever you do, if anything! Trot it out! It ain't a secret, is it?"

"We don't need to rehearse," Fields told him. "We've done this act ten thousand times. All we need to know is when we go on."

The Boys' Ultimatum

A guffaw exploded in the wings. Joe and Lew turned and saw their companions on the bill gathered in a mocking group and licking their lips at this Roman holiday.

"You go on at 1:30," the director instructed.

What? Did they give afternoon shows? the boys wanted to know. No, the director was talking about 1:30 in the morning. Joe and Lew broke into excited protest. What sort of a raw deal was this? Half past one o'clock in the morning! Not for a minute! They wouldn't play! When the director tried to tell them that this was the preferred position on the bill they laughed in his face. He shrugged his shoulders. That was Mr. Walter's orders, anyway.

"Put us on at ten o'clock the first night," Joe and Lew pleaded. "Then if we don't make good you can stick us on with the milkman at 5:30; but give us a chance! We've got a bad enough deal here already."

The director put up a silencing hand.

"One-thirty it is. You're holding up rehearsal. I'm hungry already. Wilson and Cameron next."

"Then we don't play!" the two shouted. "And don't send for us unless it's to be ten o'clock'"

They walked out, but they did not forget, in their indignation, to make sure that their address was on file with the stage-door man. The director went on with the rehearsal.

Another of the long succession of bluffs tossed in the face of a disdainful world by our young heroes, and the most prodigious of all. Three thousand miles from home, penniless, already in debt, their future depending on the outcome, and already discredited locally, they were at Walter's mercy if he only knew it. In their own hands were two small trumps—their unbounded faith in themselves and their belief that Walter, on the verge of bankruptcy, had staked his all on them.

Two o'clock—three—four o'clock came, and they drummed their heels in the Mission Street boarding house and watched the clock. A chill pea-soup fog rolled in from the Golden Gate and blotted out the sun. Five o'clock, and they listened tensely at every opening of the street door. Six o'clock, and they had no appetites for supper. But at 6:30 they heard their names spoken. The stage director came with a compromise. Silly as it was, Mr. Walter would humor their caprice and let them go on at midnight. It did not need the shrewdness of a street gamin to perceive that Walter was licked. Ten o'clock or bust, they reiterated.

The director slammed the door as he left, but they could eat with a relish now. Before they had finished, a messenger came with a note. Their terms were agreed to.

The circus billing had done its work. The Orpheum was chockablock by nine P.M. Joe and Lew could not, or did not, know that the place was but half awake at this

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Serve and Save

(Continued from Page 94)

hour normally. They did, however, sense the hostility of all backstage, and the heart was taken out of them. They would have no alibi now if they failed. Whipped before they started, they hugged their dressing room until the last minute.

A patter of hands when they made their nervous entrance at ten o'clock, most of it from Uncle Dave, who had insinuated his way in somehow. Folded arms from most of the house. San Francisco's address was Missouri, not California, that evening.

The audience saw a vastly different Weber and Fields from the apologetic waifs who had stuck a pin in Walter's balloon and provoked the horsy mirth of the rest of the cast. Here were two comedy Germans of any age from thirty to sixty, the little one a pocket edition, in figure, of Walter himself. The make-ups were funny, but the cold entrance and the dialect patter were novelties outside San Francisco's experience. The house was puzzled and did not know whether it liked it or not.

Early in the act Weber's lines called for him to pronounce "yesterday" explosively as "gesterday." It was Fields' business to clap a hand to one eye as if the spray had put an indignity upon him. This old spit-in-the-eye slapstick had not been done to death in that distant day. Seemingly it was new here, for the audience cackled delightedly.

"It's easy!" Lew whispered under cover of the laugh. "We've got 'em!"

They assaulted the English language with new vigor and felt the house respond. They tried a story they had used the preceding presidential year and discarded after the election. Fields declared that he had known all along that Harrison would defeat Cleveland. Weber challenged the statement. Lew pointed to the number of Harrison banners he had seen.

"Banners don't vote!" Joe retorted.

"They show which way the wind blows," was Lew's snapper.

The Time the Teller Told

When the house rose to this it was all over but the shouting. This grew tumultuous. Before they reached their knockabout the waiters forgot their beers and stood rapt in the aisles, watching the stage. Weber and Fields were a smash in Frisco.

Walter beat them backstage and hugged them deliriously when they had taken their last noisy curtain call. His long shot had won. His job now would be to keep his competitors' hands off the family jewels.

"Maybe you boys would like a leetle advance, no?" he suggested. "Say fifty dollar?"

He had two double eagles and an eagle in his hand, the first gold coins the boys ever had fingered. Each wanted to carry half this California money. They were saved a dispute about the odd ten dollars. Uncle Dave was at their elbow and they knew what to do with it.

The next night Weber and Fields sheepishly took the stage at 1:30, as originally scheduled. All that barking of the day before had been up the wrong tree, they had learned meanwhile. Half past one was the mere shank of the evening in San Francisco, and Walter had known what he was about in saving his best for that hour. The Orpheum began to fill up only when the legitimate theaters called it a night; and Joe and Lew, in their stubborn insistence on ten o'clock, had risked playing to empty seats. Only the stir roused by Walter's lavish billing had saved them.

Walter signed up Weber and Fields for an additional four weeks before he had finished counting his second night's receipts. Prosperity had changed her local address to the Orpheum. Unhappily, she had brought her big brother, Responsibility, with her. Last week Walter had been by repute a turnip, guiltless of a drop of blood. This week he had money and his creditors fell upon him in a body, each demanding to be paid first and in full. He paid a little here, a little there and spread his receipts out as thinly as a goldbeater.

For three weeks he paid Joe and Lew promptly and in cash that they as promptly sent home. Then, having established a reputation for solvency, he gave them a check for seventy-five dollars and one hundred dollars in gold on the fourth Saturday night. They eyed the check dubiously and said nothing, but at 8:30 Monday morning they were sitting on the front steps of the Nevada Bank and at nine o'clock they were the first customers inside. A teller nodded affably. They had met him, they remembered, with his former associate, Jim Corbett, at the Olympic Club, where the slender and pompadoured Jim was boxing instructor.

"I'll see you in New York one of these days," Corbett had told them. "I'm going to whip John L. Sullivan before long and wear that diamond belt myself."

They had smiled politely and laughed impolitely later. These Californians were too modest for their own good.

Joe tendered Walter's check. The teller consulted a ledger and returned, shaking his head. There wasn't that much money in the Walter account. As early a bird as Weber was not to be daunted by the first empty wormhole. How much money did Walter have in the bank, then? That, the teller explained, he was not permitted by banking ethics to disclose.

"What does a teller tell, anyway?" Fields punned.

Ah, that Weber and Fields! There was no resisting their drolleries. The teller beckoned them closer and whispered. Privately, confidentially and strictly as one good fellow to two others, Walter's balance was sixty-five dollars and the week-end's checks not yet heard from.

"We'll take sixty-five dollars for the check," Weber offered.

The teller was sorry. That, too, would be a breach of the banking code. A check must be paid in full or not at all. With certain customers such a slight overdraft might be condoned, but not in this instance. Joe pondered this thoughtfully, then drew a ten-dollar gold piece from his pocket and shoved it under the wicket.

"I just remembered," he said, "that Mr. Walter asked me to deposit this for him the first time I happened into the bank. No law against that, is there?"

The teller winked, made out a deposit slip and spiked it. Weber pushed the seventy-five-dollar check back through the wicket. The teller scrutinized it soberly, stacked up the equivalent in coin and shoved the cash out.

"Nice day," he observed.

"Never saw a better," Weber and Fields agreed. "Good morning."

They came and went that night with the bland and childlike innocence of Bret Harte's Chinese poker sharp, Walter watching them out of the corner of one eye. He had all but satisfied himself that he had found two trusting hearts in a wicked world, when they appeared with a casual request for twenty-five dollars advance which he could not well refuse. The next night they drew another twenty-five, and the next.

"Vot you boys doin' mit all this money?" he asked when the drawing continued. "I pay you a king's wages and efery night you are broke once more. Maybe I should keep your money for two such babes in de voods."

Walter's Star of Destiny

"Oh, we don't care anything about money," Lew startled Joe by replying. "It's just the fun of being able to brag that you get it."

All the while the two were sending one hundred and fifty dollars of their one hundred and seventy-five dollars weekly by draft to Fields' brother Max, in New York. Max paid the two mothers ten dollars each and banked the one hundred and thirty balance against the autumn and the inception of Weber and Fields' Own Company.

As they passed Walter on Friday night he shouted at them, "Hey, I find out at der bank vot shenanigans you did!"

"Then give us that ten dollars you owe us!" Weber retorted.

"Ha! Vot do you care about money, eh?" he chuckled. "Two pretty smart boys! Dot's a goot joke you play on me. But don't you belief efery ting you hear. Listen! Gustav Walter pays vat he owes. Maybe I was a leetle short for cash; but I pay, I pay. I got money before und I got it again. Don't you worry about Gustav Walter. I'll be running bigger theaters as this one ven you come to California again."

It was many years before Weber and Fields played San Francisco again, but Walter's prophecy had been fulfilled beyond his dreams, though he was dead. From his O'Farrell Street theater, and taking its name, sprang the Orpheum Circuit, which dominates vaudeville from Chicago to the coast. The name "Orpheum" in a facsimile of Walter's rolling script is carried on half a hundred pretentious theaters.

Weathering the panic of 1893, Walter made his Orpheum a San Francisco institution. In 1896 he leased Childs' Opera House in Los Angeles and sent the late Martin Lehman to Chicago to open a booking office for the two theaters. The next year he sold an interest to Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., a San Francisco wholesale merchant, and with the additional capital sent Lehman to Kansas City to open a third theater. The Orpheum Circuit was born; but Meyerfeld died in 1898 on his return from a tour of Europe in search of new talent. The expansion of the circuit went on under the direction of Meyerfeld and Martin Beck. The parent Orpheum was destroyed in the earthquake and fire of 1906 and the present San Francisco house erected on the same site, but the service shelves on the backs of the seats and the waiters in the aisles were gone.

Lively Doings on the Barbary Coast

Weber and Fields jumped their salary to two hundred and fifty dollars for the last four of the ten weeks they played San Francisco and fattened the bank account at home. During their final two weeks at the Orpheum, Walter permitted them to play the Cremorne earlier in the evening at one hundred dollars a week additional on their agreement to take twenty-five dollars less from him. When their eight weeks with Walter ended they added the Bella Union to the Cremorne and maintained the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar pace. The Bella Union lay on the Barbary Coast, that three solid blocks of dance halls set down in the Frisco tenderloin for the delight of the tall-water sailors of the world—a loud bit of hell, in Will Irwin's phrase. Here on a routine night Kanaka Pete of the What Cheer House shot the Cockroach of the Little Silver Dollar in a fight in the Eye Wink Dance Hall over a woman known as Iodoform Kate. The names are taken verbatim from a police story of the time.

A balcony of curtained booths overlooked a first floor of tables. Only wine was served in the balcony, and the pay of the women habitués was reckoned on a percentage of the bottles they induced the male patrons to buy. When a waiter served an order he gave the cork to the girl with the buyer. At the end of the night the women exchanged the corks at fifty cents each at the bar. The character of a San Francisco entertainment was indicated by the hours it kept. A Bella Union night still was young at dawn in summer. Weber and Fields took the stage at four A.M., six hours after finishing at the Cremorne, and played to audiences the like of which they had not known even at Harry Hill's on the Bowery.

A four weeks' engagement at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week at Portland, Oregon, obtained through a booking agent, followed San Francisco. They laid off a week and passed out of the Golden Gate by side-wheel steamer. A veteran variety actor, known only as the Old Soldier, bound for Portland to play on the same bill, was a fellow passenger. The Old Soldier was known from Puget Sound to Coronado Beach for two eccentricities. In four years with the Army of the Tennessee he had become so enamored with camp life that he had declared a permanent boycott on boarding houses and hotels. Tent, blankets, frying pan and fishing tackle were his theatrical baggage. He pitched his camp in the likeliest suburban spot and paid no rent. The second article of his faith was that the Pacific Coast was the Biblical Garden of Eden and he had sworn never to take a backward step across the Sierras.

Of all the rapturous Pacific Slope, give him Portland in midsummer, he asked. He invited Joe and Lew to be his guests at a spot he knew in the deep woods beside a crystal trout stream hurrying down from Mount Hood's eternal snows, and not an hour from the courthouse. The rent-free clause was an argument Weber and Fields could understand, but not the forest-primeval stuff. The Old Soldier, like many another salesman, had overtalked his merchandise. When he dwelt on the charm of being lulled to sleep by the panther's whine he lost two prospects.

The steamer bumped over the dreaded Columbia bar, churned up the mighty Oregon, turned into the Willamette and landed its passengers in a young city of forty thousand persons, still inclosed by the big timber. Its streets were wooden, its sidewalks plank, its buildings frame; the drone and screech of ripsaws smote the ear and the

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incense of fresh-cut pine and burning cedar ravished the nose. All Portland was wooden except its pulse; that leaped and cavorted. At a loggers' hotel, the Bixby House, Weber and Fields found lodging at two dollars a week and three-fifty commutation meal tickets at three dollars. The Old Soldier loaded his duffel into a rowboat and vanished in the Douglas firs across the Willamette.

In San Francisco everyone drank, though there were other interests in life; but in Portland life was one round of drinks after another and every man was expected to do his duty. Both teetotalers, Weber and Fields were reduced to the company of each other. But not for long.

The recruiting of Weber and Fields' Own Company had begun in Frisco. Before leaving they had engaged two acts to come East in September to join the new show—Wilson and Cameron, black-face favorites on the Coast; and Richman and Glenroy, another California team. Selling San Francisco on the existence and glittering future of such a company was no mean feat. They did not look like producers, and there was only their word for it that they were. To live up to this rôle, to create the confidence needed to induce experienced actors to cross the continent to join them, often was a strain both on their nerves and the twenty-five dollars a week they allotted for all expenses. A suppositious millionaire brother, sometimes Weber's, sometimes Fields' and the judicious use of five dollars' worth of gaudy stationery helped, but the decisive factor probably was Wilson and Cameron and Richman and Glenroy's own eagerness to get an Eastern hearing.

Joe and Lew's loneliness was lifted unexpectedly in their second week in Portland. The San Francisco boat brought in three sun-kissed variety actors, broke and looking for work. The three had been among the many who had listened all summer to Weber and Fields brag that the lady on the dollar was their affianced bride. What more natural now than that they should wish themselves on their wealthy friends?

To have refused them would have been fatal publicity to get back to Kearney Street. Joe and Lew declared that this was the happiest of reunions, and took the three to the Bixby House, where they ate up one meal ticket the first time the dinner bell rang. With the mendacious apology that there was not a vacant room in all Portland, they invited the trio to share their one bed, and slept crosswise, five deep.

Barefoot Heroes

The hosts had ten dollars in paper money on them, and the honesty of their guests, though presumptive in law, was conjectural in the jaundiced eyes of experience. Since Bridgeport and the turkey show they had put no confidence in the usual shoe and pillow caches, and the sparsely furnished room suggested few alternatives. The safest appeared to be a framed oleograph of a red, blue, yellow and purple chariot race hung within a foot of the ceiling. While their visitors were out, Fields got on a chair, Weber climbed upon his shoulders and the bills were hung across the picture wire where it joined the frame.

Finishing their turn at the honky-tonk, a Portland version of the Bella Union, at 3:30 A.M., they found their guests already asleep, snaked the two pillows from under the sleepers' heads and crowded in. Fields' sleep was troubled. He dreamed that the hotel was afire, that he heard pistol shots, doors slamming, windows being raised. He tossed uneasily, then came awake. It was no dream! The Bixby House was burning! A belated pedestrian had seen the flames lapping at the kitchen walls and emptied his six-shooter in the air, bringing the sleeping street to life like a trampled ant hill.

To avoid a confusion of shoes each of the five had tied his own together by the strings on going to bed. This was no moment for undoing knotted strings. All fled for the stairs, carrying the first pair of shoes to hand. Joe and Lew were in the street when they remembered the ten dollars. They turned back into the burning building and made the room, already faintly illuminated by the advancing flames. The chariot race still went on furiously and chromatically. Fields, the taller, tried to reach it from a chair, but failed. Weber drew back his right arm and hurled his shoes at the chromo. They settled neatly over the frame by the joined strings and hung there. It was Fields' turn to shoot his shoes for the ten dollars. He broke the glass and rocked the picture for a hopeful instant, but the tied strings played him false too. His shoes stayed with Weber's and the firm's capital. A volunteer fireman, groping his way into the smoke-filled room, found the two shaking their fists at a picture of a chariot race and yelled back to his chief that he had found "a couple of lunatics still up here." He seized one under each arm, dragged them out, and was mentioned for bravery in the Oregonian the next day.

In their bare feet, Weber and Fields watched the tinder-box hotel burn to the ground. They and their guests slept the balance of the morning on the floor of the theater dressing room. Scouting in borrowed shoes for a new eating place, they ran across the Old Soldier emerging from a saloon with a filled jug.

"You two boys better come out and get close to Nature with me now," he lectured them. "That fire was a stroke of judgment. Be a good thing if all houses was to burn. Mankind never was meant to live shut away from the air and the sunlight."

Dwellers in Eden

The chance of recovering their ten dollars and of shaking off the burdens of reputed wealth overcame their urban distrust of the forest and the panther's cry. When their next night's work was done, the Old Soldier rowed them over the Willamette by the light of the setting moon, led them through the whispering shadows of the Douglas firs by a winding path to the grassy bank of a singing stream. With a woodsman's hatchet he hewed a pile of young spruce boughs, fashioned them into two fragrant mattresses, spread blankets over them and talked the boys to sleep. They awoke to a meridian sun and the smell and sizzle of frying fish. The Old Soldier had been up for hours and snared breakfast from a pool. For two weeks the boys lived in the open, sleeping the mornings, lazing away the afternoons, fishing and listening to the veteran's talk of Vicksburg, Island Number 10, the glories of Nature unadorned and the destiny of the Pacific states, and crossing with him at night to play in the sour air of the honky-tonk. None of the three was given much to letter writing, but those two weeks in the Oregon woods left a memory with two tenement-reared youths that inspired a correspondence with their host that went on for fifteen years. They never saw him again. His last letter exhorted them to forsake the Dead Sea fruit of New York and return to the Garden of Eden, "where the sun of destiny is just rising over the purple ranges."

The summer was waning and there was eighteen hundred dollars in the bank in New York to finance the new show. Joe and Lew paid their expenses home by stopping two weeks in Minneapolis and St. Paul. Acts of any note rarely ventured farther west than Chicago, and work was to be had for the asking in the Twin Cities at sixty dollars a week.

A washout held their train up for forty-eight hours near Gloversville, New York, and the passengers had nothing to eat the second day. The Weber and the Schanfield families had made great preparations for the triumphal return of their sons, even to hiring an East Side band to greet them at the station. The welcoming party made three trips to the station to no result. When Joe and Lew arrived eventually the band had dwindled to one violin.

Again train-weary, begrimed and rumpled like two remnants at the end of a hard day in the bargain basement, they looked the conquering heroes as little as they lived up to Gustav Walter's preconception of "New York's Favorites" four months earlier. They were paraded, nevertheless, in the immodest exposure of a low-necked hack to Fields' home at 181 Clinton Street, where a public reception followed.

"I've cooked enough to feed all the East Side, God forbid!" was Mrs. Schanfield's greeting.

Laundered or unlaundered, Fields was a figure of romance to his sister Annie. She proudly introduced him, cinders and all, to her new girl chum. He did not suspect it then, still less did she, but the young woman was destined to become Mrs. Lew Fields.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Isman and Mr. Stout. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

Boyce-ite

The demand has spread across the Nation

A FEW short months ago I produced Boyce-ite, the super-fuel ingredient for gasoline.

Today over 60,000,000 gallons of gasoline have been treated with Boyce-ite and this amount is constantly and steadily increasing.

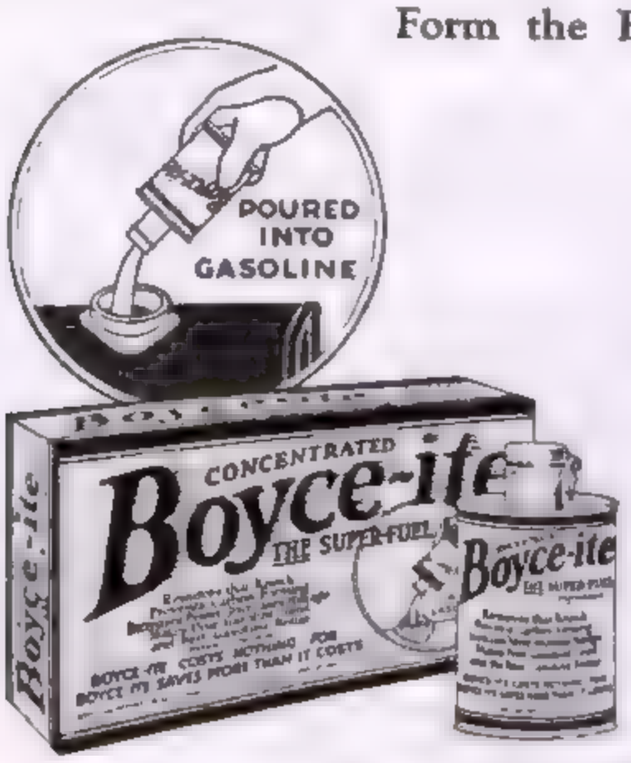
Today thousands of experienced motorists know that Boyce-ite treated gasoline is the best fuel for their motors because Boyce-ite treated gasoline forms no carbon, removes that knock, increases gasoline mileage, makes starting easier and eliminates all necessity for grinding valves and removing carbon.

Form the Boyce-ite habit yourself—it is a good habit. It actually saves money. Old cars run better with Boyce-ite treated gasoline and last longer. New motors stay like new.

When Boyce-ite fails—and it does occasionally—it is because too little has been used or the simple directions not followed.

I want you to start testing Boyce-ite the right way. Use it for 1,000 miles of continuous driving. Keep a mental record of the improvement in your motor and a written record of the gasoline saved. When you have driven that distance, I challenge you to deny my statement that Boyce-ite treated gasoline is the best fuel for your motor.

Convenient touring package, fits the pocket of your car. Contains 3 cans of Boyce-ite. Price $1.00



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Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont

JOHN JACKSON'S ARCADY

(Continued from Page 9)

and hitching post and horse fountain made some strange thing happen inside him, because he had known these things for more than inanimate objects as a little boy. At one shop, catching a glimpse of a familiar face through the glass, he hesitated; but changing his mind, continued along the street, turning off at a wide road at the corner. The road was lined sparsely by a row of battered houses, some of them repainted a pale unhealthy blue and all of them set far back in large plots of shaggy and unkempt land.

He walked along the road for a sunny half mile—a half mile shrunk up now into a short green aisle crowded with memories. Here, for example, a careless mule had stamped permanently on his thigh the mark of an iron shoe. In that cottage had lived two gentle old maids, who gave brown raisin cakes every Thursday to John Jackson and his little brother—the brother who had died as a child.

As he neared the end of his pilgrimage his breath came faster and the house where he was born seemed to run up to him on living feet. It was a collapsed house, a retired house, set far back from the road and sunned and washed to the dull color of old wood.

One glance told him it was no longer a dwelling. The shutters that remained were closed tight, and from the tangled vines arose, as a single chord, a rich shrill sound of a hundred birds. John Jackson left the road and stalked across the yard knee-deep in abandoned grass. When he came near, something choked up his throat. He paused and sat down on a stone in a patch of welcome shade.

This was his own house, as no other house would ever be; within these plain walls he had been incomparably happy. Here he had known and learned that kindness which he had carried into life. Here he had found the secret of those few simple decencies, so often invoked, so inimitable and so rare, which in the turmoil of competitive industry had made him to coarser men a source of half-scoffing, half-admiring surprise. This was his house, because his honor had been born and nourished here; he had known every hardship of the country poor, but no preventable regret.

And yet another memory, a memory more haunting than any other, and grown strong at this crisis in his life, had really drawn him back. In this yard, on this battered porch, in the very tree over his head, he seemed still to catch the glint of yellow hair and the glow of bright childish eyes that had belonged to his first love, the girl who had lived in the long-vanished house across the way. It was her ghost who was most alive here, after all.

He got up suddenly, stumbling through the shrubbery, and followed an almost obliterated path to the house, starting at the whirring sound of a blackbird which rose out of the grass close by. The front porch sagged dangerously at his step as he pushed open the door. There was no sound inside, except the steady slow throb of silence; but as he stepped in a word came to him, involuntary as his breath, and he uttered it aloud, as if he were calling to someone in the empty house.

"Alice," he cried; and then louder, "Alice!"

From a room at the left came a short, small, frightened cry. Startled, John Jackson paused in the door, convinced that his own imagination had evoked the reality of the cry.

"Alice!" he called doubtfully.

"Who's there?"

There was no mistake this time. The voice, frightened, strange, and yet familiar, came from what had once been the parlor, and as he listened John Jackson was aware of a nervous step within. Trembling a little, he pushed open the parlor door.

A woman with alarmed bright eyes and reddish gold hair was standing in the center of the bare room. She was of that age that trembles between the enduring youth of a fine, unworried life and the imperative call of forty years, and there was that indefinable loveliness in her face that youth gives sometimes just before it leaves a dwelling it has possessed for long. Her figure, just outside of slenderness, leaned with dignified grace against the old mantel on which her white hand rested, and through a rift in the shutter a shaft of late sunshine fell through upon her gleaming hair.

When John Jackson came in the doorway her large gray eyes closed and then opened again, and she gave another little cry. Then a curious thing happened; they stared at each other for a moment without a word, her hand dropped from the mantel and she took a swaying step toward him. And, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, John Jackson came forward, too, and took her into his arms and kissed her as if she were a little child.

"Alice!" he said huskily.

She drew a long breath and pushed herself away from him.

"I've come back here," he muttered unsteadily, "and find you waiting in this room where we used to sit, just as if I'd never been away."

"I only dropped in for a minute," she said, as if that was the most important thing in the world. "And now, naturally, I'm going to cry."

"Don't cry."

"I've got to cry. You don't think"—she smiled through wet eyes—"you don't think that things like this hap—happen to a person every day"

John Jackson walked in wild excitement to the window and threw it open to the afternoon.

"What were you doing here?" he cried, turning around. "Did you just come by accident today?"

"I come every week, I bring the children sometimes, but usually I come alone."

"The children!" he exclaimed. "Have you got children?"

She nodded.

"I've been married for years and years."

They stood there looking at each other for a moment; then they both laughed and glanced away.

"I kissed you," she said.

"Are you sorry?"

She shook her head.

"And the last time I kissed you was down by that gate ten thousand years ago."

He took her hand, and they went out and sat side by side on the broken stoop. The sun was painting the west with sweeping bands of peach bloom and pigeon blood and golden yellow.

"You're married," she said. "I saw in the paper—years ago."

He nodded.

"Yes, I've been married," he answered gravely. "My wife went away with someone she cared for many years ago."

"Ah, I'm sorry." And after another long silence—"It's a gorgeous evening, John Jackson."

"It's a long time since I've been so happy."

There was so much to say and to tell that neither of them tried to talk, but only sat there holding hands, like two children who had wandered for a long time through a wood and now came upon each other with unimaginable happiness in an accidental glade. Her husband was poor, she said; he knew that from the worn, unfashionable dress which she wore with such an air. He was George Harland—he kept a garage in the village.

"George Harland—a red-headed boy?" he asked wonderingly.

She nodded.

"We were engaged for years. Sometimes I thought we'd never marry. Twice I postponed it, but it was getting late to just be a girl—I was twenty-five, and so finally we did. After that I was in love with him for over a year."

When the sunset fell together in a jumbled heap of color in the bottom of the sky, they strolled back along the quiet road, still hand in hand.

"Will you come to dinner? I want you to see the children. My oldest boy is just fifteen."

She lived in a plain frame house two doors from the garage, where two little girls were playing around a battered and ancient but occupied baby carriage in the yard.

"Mother! Oh, mother!" they cried.

Small brown arms swirled around her neck as she knelt beside them on the walk.

"Sister says Anna didn't come, so we can't have any dinner."

"Mother'll cook dinner. What's the matter with Anna?"

"Anna's father's sick. She couldn't come."

A tall, tired man of fifty, who was reading a paper on the porch, rose and slipped a

(Continued on Page 102)

THROUGH-THE-WINDSHIELD

Clymer Safety LIGHT

Someone in there— *through MY neglect*

Through dear experience, I have learned the criminal folly of driving blind at night. I was too careful a driver to have anything happen to me. Night accidents were caused by irresponsibles *until I was the cause!*

Because I could not see the aged man walking at the edge of the road, as another car passed, the hospital today holds a poor innocent through no fault of his own. For I could not see—I was blinded when I needed most to see.

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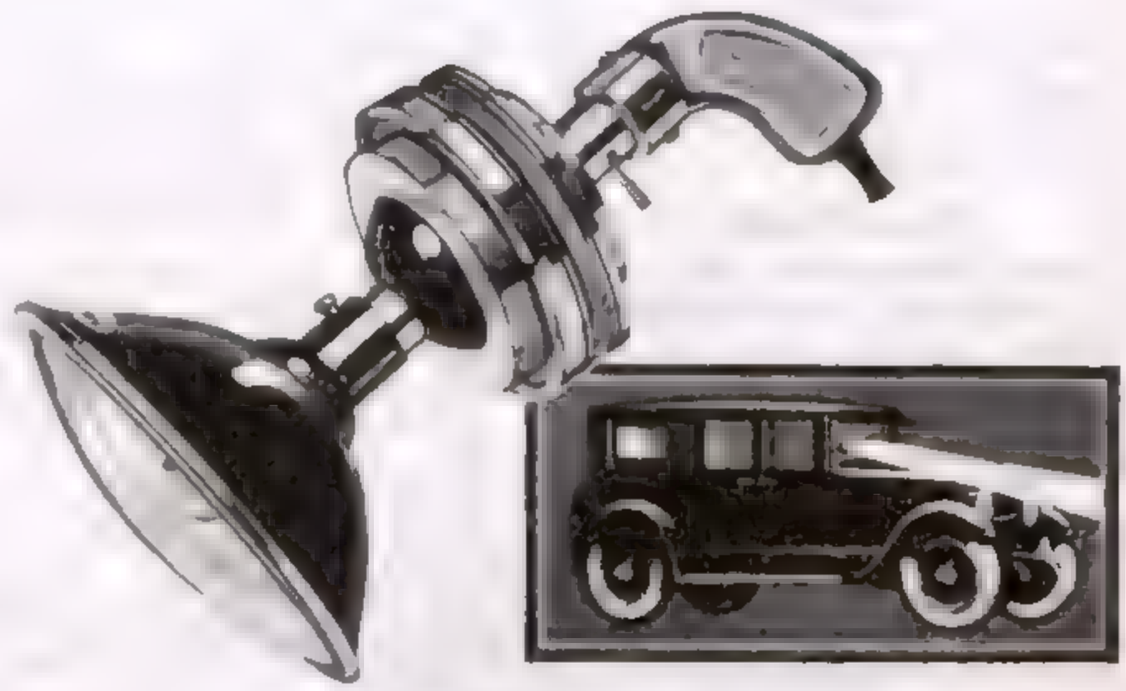

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(Continued from Page 100)

coat over his suspenders as they mounted the steps.

"Anna didn't come," he said in a noncommittal voice.

"I know. I'm going to cook dinner. Who do you suppose this is here?"

The two men shook hands in a friendly way, and with a certain deference to John Jackson's clothes and his prosperous manner, Harland went inside for another chair.

"We've heard about you a great deal, Mr. Jackson," he said as Alice disappeared into the kitchen. "We heard about a lot of ways you made them sit up and take notice over yonder."

John nodded politely, but at the mention of the city he had just left a wave of distaste went over him.

"I'm sorry I ever left here," he answered frankly. "And I'm not just saying that either. Tell me what the years have done for you, Harland. I hear you've got a garage."

"Yeah—down the road a ways. I'm doing right well, matter of fact. Nothing you'd call well in the city," he added in hasty depreciation.

"You know, Harland," said John Jackson, after a moment, "I'm very much in love with your wife."

"Yeah?" Harland laughed. "Well, she's a pretty nice lady, I find."

"I think I always have been in love with her, all these years."

"Yeah?" Harland laughed again. That someone should be in love with his wife seemed the most casual pleasantry. "You better tell her about it. She don't get so many nice compliments as she used to in her young days."

Six of them sat down at table, including an awkward boy of fifteen, who looked like his father, and two little girls whose faces shone from a hasty toilet. Many things had happened in the town, John discovered; the factitious prosperity which had promised to descend upon it in the late 90's had vanished when two factories had closed up and moved away, and the population was smaller now by a few hundred than it had been a quarter of a century ago.

After a plentiful plain dinner they all went to the porch, where the children silhouetted themselves in silent balance on the railing and unrecognizable people called greeting as they passed along the dark, dusty street. After a while the younger children went to bed, and the boy and his father arose and put on their coats.

"I guess I'll run up to the garage," said Harland. "I always go up about this time every night. You two just sit here and talk about old times."

As father and son moved out of sight along the dim street John Jackson turned to Alice and slipped his arm about her shoulder and looked into her eyes.

"I love you, Alice."

"I love you."

Never since his marriage had he said that to any woman except his wife. But this was a new world tonight, with spring all about him in the air, and he felt as if he were holding his own lost youth in his arms.

"I've always loved you," she murmured. "Just before I go to sleep every night, I've always been able to see your face. Why didn't you come back?"

Tenderly he smoothed her hair. He had never known such happiness before. He felt that he had established dominance over time itself, so that it rolled away for him, yielding up one vanished springtime after another to the mastery of his overwhelming emotion.

"We're still young, we two people," he said exultantly. "We made a silly mistake a long, long time ago, but we found out in time."

"Tell me about it," she whispered.

"This morning, in the rain, I heard your voice."

"What did my voice say?"

"It said, 'Come home.'"

"And here you are, my dear."

"Here I am."

Suddenly he got to his feet.

"You and I are going away," he said. "Do you understand that?"

"I always knew that when you came for me I'd go."

Later, when the moon had risen, she walked with him to the gate.

"Tomorrow!" he whispered.

"Tomorrow!"

His heart was going like mad, and he stood carefully away from her to let footsteps across the way approach, pass and fade out down the dim street. With a sort of wild innocence he kissed her once more and held her close to his heart under the April moon.

IV

WHEN he awoke it was eleven o'clock, and he drew himself a cool bath, splashing around in it with much of the exultation of the night before.

"I have thought too much these twenty years," he said to himself. "It's thinking that makes people old."

It was hotter than it had been the day before, and as he looked out the window the dust in the street seemed more tangible than on the night before. He breakfasted alone downstairs, wondering with the incessant wonder of the city man why fresh cream is almost unobtainable in the country. Word had spread already that he was home, and several men rose to greet him as he came into the lobby. Asked if he had a wife and children, he said no, in a careless way, and after he had said it he had a vague feeling of discomfort.

"I'm all alone," he went on, with forced jocularity. "I wanted to come back and see the old town again."

"Stay long?" They looked at him curiously.

"Just a day or so."

He wondered what they would think tomorrow. There would be excited little groups of them here and there along the street with the startling and audacious news.

"See here," he wanted to say, "you think I've had a wonderful life over there in the city, but I haven't. I came down here because life had beaten me, and if there's any brightness in my eyes this morning it's because last night I found a part of my lost youth tucked away in this little town."

At noon, as he walked toward Alice's house, the heat increased and several times he stopped to wipe the sweat from his forehead. When he turned in at the gate he saw her waiting on the porch, wearing what was apparently a Sunday dress and moving herself gently back and forth in a rocking-chair in a way that he remembered her doing as a girl.

"Alice!" he exclaimed happily.

Her finger rose swiftly and touched her lips.

"Look out!" she said in a low voice.

He sat down beside her and took her hand, but she replaced it on the arm of her chair and resumed her gentle rocking.

"Be careful. The children are inside."

"But I can't be careful. Now that life's begun all over again, I've forgotten all the caution that I learned in the other life, the one that's past."

"Sh-h-h!"

Somewhat irritated, he glanced at her closely. Her face, unmoved and unresponsive, seemed vaguely older than it had yesterday; she was white and tired. But he dismissed the impression with a low, exultant laugh.

"Alice, I haven't slept as I slept last night since I was a little boy, except that several times I woke up just for the joy of seeing the same moon we once knew together. I'd got it back."

"I didn't sleep at all."

"I'm sorry."

"I realized about two o'clock or three o'clock that I could never go away from my children— even with you."

He was struck dumb. He looked at her blankly for a moment, and then he laughed—a short, incredulous laugh.

"Never, never!" she went on, shaking her head passionately. "Never, never, never! When I thought of it I began to tremble all over, right in my bed." She hesitated. "I don't know what came over me yesterday evening, John. When I'm with you, you can always make me do or feel or think just exactly what you like. But this is too late, I guess. It doesn't seem real at all; it just seems sort of crazy to me, as if I'd dreamed it, that's all."

John Jackson laughed again, not incredulously this time, but on a menacing note.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

She began to cry and hid her eyes behind her hand because some people were passing along the road.

"You've got to tell me more than that," cried John Jackson, his voice rising a little. "I can't just take that and go away."

"Please don't talk so loud," she implored him. "It's so hot and I'm so confused. I guess I'm just a small-town woman, after all. It seems somehow awful to be talking here with you, when my husband's working all day in the dust and heat."

"Awful to be talking here?" he repeated.

"Don't look that way!" she cried miserably. "I can't bear to hurt you so. You have children, too, to think of—you said you had a son."

"A son." The fact seemed so far away that he looked at her, startled. "Oh, yes, I have a son."

A sort of craziness, a wild illogic in the situation had communicated itself to him; and yet he fought blindly against it as he felt his own mood of ecstasy slipping away. For twenty hours he had recaptured the power of seeing things through a mist of hope—hope in some vague, happy destiny that lay just over the hill—and now with every word she uttered the mist was passing, the hope, the town, the memory, the very face of this woman before his eyes.

"Never again in this world," he cried with a last despairing effort, "will you and I have a chance at happiness!"

But he knew, even as he said this, that it had never been a chance; simply a wild, desperate sortie from two long-beleaguered fortresses by night.

He looked up to see that George Harland had turned in at the gate.

"Lunch is ready," called Alice, raising her head with an expression of relief. "John's going to be with us too."

"I can't," said John Jackson quickly. "You're both very kind."

"Better stay." Harland, in oily overalls, sank down wearily on the steps and with a large handkerchief polished the hot space beneath his thin gray hair. "We can give you some iced tea." He looked up at John. "I don't know whether these hot days make you feel your age like I feel mine."

"I guess—it affects all of us alike," said John Jackson with an effort. "The awful part of it is that I've got to go back to the city this afternoon."

"Really?" Harland nodded with polite regret.

"Why, yes. The fact is I promised to make a speech."

"Is that so? Speak on some city problem, I suppose."

"No; the fact is"—the words, forming in his mind to a senseless rhythm, pushed themselves out—"I'm going to speak on What Have I Got Out of Life."

Then he became conscious of the heat indeed; and still wearing that smile he knew so well how to muster, he felt himself sway dizzily against the porch rail. After a minute they were walking with him toward the gate.

"I'm sorry you're leaving," said Alice, with frightened eyes. "Come back and visit your old town again."

"I will."

Blind with unhappiness, he set off up the street at what he felt must be a stumble; but some dim necessity made him turn after he had gone a little way and smile back at them and wave his hand. They were still standing there, and they waved at him and he saw them turn and walk together into their house.

"I must go back and make my speech," he said to himself as he walked on, swaying slightly, down the street. "I shall get up and ask aloud 'What have I got out of life?' And there before them all I shall answer, 'Nothing.' I shall tell them the truth; that life has beaten me at every turning and used me for its own obscure purposes over and over; that everything I have loved has turned to ashes, and that every time I have stooped to pat a dog I have felt his teeth in my hand. And so at last they will learn the truth about one man's heart."

V

THE meeting was at four, but it was nearly five when he dismounted from the sweltering train and walked toward the Civic Club hall. Numerous cars were parked along the surrounding streets, promising an unusually large crowd. He was surprised to find that even the rear of the hall was thronged with standing people, and that there were recurrent outbursts of applause at some speech which was being delivered upon the platform.

"Can you find me a seat near the rear?" he whispered to an attendant. "I'm going to speak later, but I don't—I don't want to go upon the platform just now."

"Certainly, Mr. Jackson."

The only vacant chair was half behind a pillar in a far corner of the hall, but he welcomed its privacy with relief; and settling himself, looked curiously around him. Yes, the gathering was large, and apparently enthusiastic. Catching a glimpse of

(Continued on Page 105)

AC SAE EXTRA LONG type: factory equipment on Nash Four, *Dort Six, Apperson Six and McFarlan, also recommended for Elgin.

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AC REGULAR METRIC type: factory equipment on *Hudson, *Essex and Duesenberg, also recommended for Wills Sainte Claire.

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Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,737, April 13, 1915; U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,130, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

Just like testing your car on the road—

"Thirty minutes on the Wasson Motor Check tells more about your motor oil than a thousand miles of driving"

HAVE you read what scientists put forth about motor oil? Do you understand their laboratory language? Have you thrilled over their learned explanations about "viscosity" or "body" or "base" or other technical properties?

That sort of thing, the self-conscious laboratory talk about oil, has been going on for twenty years or more and it hasn't made a dent on the real problem of the car owner, whose only laboratory is his car.

The only thing that counts with him is what actually happens inside his motor, and what oil will make the right things happen. On that problem the scientists couldn't seem to agree.

And then, after twenty years, a practical genius in motor performance came along and answered the riddle. He invented a machine, a testing, measuring, weighing machine, that records for the first time the direct effect of oil on motor performance—on all types of cars—new and old. Not laboratory motors, that turn round and round like squirrels in a cage and never get anywhere, but working motors tuned to road service, with bonnets on that have seen rain and snow and a lot of outdoors. Like your car and your neighbor's.

A simple, practical demonstration has a way of confounding the experts—like the curved ball that couldn't be pitched, according to scientific proof. This is what happened when we put the tell-tale Wasson Motor Check to work. It recorded the performance value with deadly accuracy—one oil against another, diluted oil against fresh oil, cheap oil against fine oil, in new cars with all their virtues, in used cars with all their faults.

And the demonstration was always the same—consistent—convincing; that the only true measure of oil is horse power: the finer the oil the greater the power. That is the property in oil that counts; the real proof of quality; the test of what oil is good for any car.

Not its "viscosity," not its "physical structure," not even its lubricating properties—but *power*. Oil is more than oil—it is Power! If it gives power, continuous long-haul power—all these other things are present, each in its true proportion. Forget them!

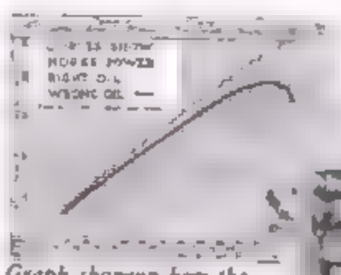
Power is a thing that you in your car can understand. You can feel it, use it, miss it. Your car is laboratory enough for you and the Motor Check has made you more of an expert on oil than any scientist has ever been up to this present.

Power is the test of oil: power in *your* car. Prove it for yourself. Find the man who sells Havoline—a fine, thirty cent oil. Drain your crank case, wash it out, and fill up with this power oil.

You will change your whole point of view toward motor oil. You will think of oil in terms of power.

You will know that it's the last 5c in a quart of oil that counts.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, Inc.
Lawrenceville, Ill.



Graph showing how the right oil builds up power

WHEN we discovered the Wasson Motor Check we began to test all types of cars on it—new and old, to determine the oil-power of different oils under actual running conditions

There was a scale to record horse power at the rear wheels. There was a dial to measure slippage of working charges past the pistons. Instruments to test crank case dilution, how much and how fast. Gauges to measure gasoline consumption, compression, back pressure. Everything was charted

The record for every oil change was positive and consistent. The wrong oil was a power extinguisher; the right oil was power itself.

Havoline Sells for 30c a Quart (slightly higher in Western States and Canada).

(Continued from Page 102)

a face here and there, he saw that he knew most of them, even by name; faces of men he had lived beside and worked with for twenty years. All the better. These were the ones he must reach now, as soon as that figure on the platform there ceased mouthing his hollow cheer.

His eyes swung back to the platform, and as there was another ripple of applause he leaned his face around the corner to see. Then he uttered a low exclamation—the speaker was Thomas MacDowell. They had not been asked to speak together in several years.

"I've had many enemies in my life," boomed the loud voice over the hall, "and don't think I've had a change of heart, now that I'm fifty and a little gray. I'll go on making enemies to the end. This is just a little lull when I want to take off my armor and pay a tribute to an enemy—because that enemy happens to be the finest man I ever knew."

John Jackson wondered what candidate or protégé of MacDowell's was in question. It was typical of the man to seize any opportunity to make his own hay.

"Perhaps I wouldn't have said what I've said," went on the booming voice, "were he here today. But if all the young men in this city came up to me and asked me 'What is being honorable?' I'd answer them, 'Go up to that man and look into his eyes.' They're not happy eyes. I've often sat and looked at him and wondered what went on back of them that made those eyes so sad. Perhaps the fine, simple hearts that spend their hours smoothing other people's troubles never find time for happiness of their own. It's like the man at the soda fountain who never makes an ice-cream soda for himself."

There was a faint ripple of laughter here, but John Jackson saw wonderingly that a woman he knew just across the aisle was dabbing with a handkerchief at her eyes.

His curiosity increased.

"He's gone away now," said the man on the platform, bending his head and staring down for a minute at the floor; "gone away suddenly, I understand. He seemed a little strange when I saw him yesterday; perhaps he gave in at last under the strain of trying to do many things for many men. Perhaps this meeting we're holding here comes a little too late now. But we'll all feel better for having said our say about him.

"I'm almost through. A lot of you will think it's funny that I feel this way about a man who, in fairness to him, I must call an enemy. But I'm going to say one thing more"—his voice rose defiantly—"and it's a stranger thing still. Here, at fifty, there's one honor I'd like to have more than any honor this city ever gave me, or ever had it in its power to give. I'd like to be able to stand up here before you and call John Jackson my friend."

He turned away and a storm of applause rose like thunder through the hall. John Jackson half rose to his feet, and then sank back again in a stupefied way, shrinking behind the pillar. The applause continued until a young man arose on the platform and waved them silent.

"Mrs. Ralston," he called, and sat down.

A woman rose from the line of chairs and came forward to the edge of the stage and began to speak in a quiet voice. She told a story about a man whom—so it seemed to John Jackson—he had known once, but whose actions, repeated here, seemed utterly unreal, like something that had happened in a dream. It appeared that every year many hundreds of babies in the city owed their lives to something this man had done five years before; he had put a mortgage upon his own house to assure the children's hospital on the edge of town. It told how this had been kept secret at the man's own request, because he wanted the city to take pride in the hospital as a community affair, when but for the man's effort, made after the community attempt had failed, the hospital would never have existed at all.

Then Mrs. Ralston began to talk about the parks; how the town had baked for many years under the midland heat; and how this man, not a very rich man, had given up land and time and money for many months that a green line of shade might skirt the boulevards, and that the poor children could leave the streets and play in fresh grass in the center of town.

That was only the beginning, she said; and she went on to tell how, when any such plan tottered, or the public interest lagged, word was brought to John Jackson, and somehow he made it go and seemed to give it life out of his own body, until there was scarcely anything in this city that didn't have a little of John Jackson's heart in it, just as there were few people in this city that didn't have a little of their hearts for John Jackson.

Mrs. Ralston's speech stopped abruptly at this point. She had been crying a little for several moments, but there must have been many people there in the audience who understood what she meant—a mother or a child here and there who had been the recipients of some of that kindness—because the applause seemed to fill the whole room like an ocean, and echoed back and forth from wall to wall.

Only a few people recognized the short grizzled man who now got up from his chair in the rear of the platform, but when he began to speak silence settled gradually over the house.

"You didn't hear my name," he said in a voice which trembled a little, "and when they first planned this surprise meeting I wasn't expected to speak at all. I'm John Jackson's head clerk. Fowler's my name, and when they decided they were going to hold the meeting, anyhow, even though John Jackson had gone away, I thought perhaps I'd like to say a few words' —those who were closest saw his hands clench tighter—"say a few words that I couldn't say if John Jackson was here.

"I've been with him twenty years. That's a long time. Neither of us had gray hair when I walked into his office one day just fired from somewhere and asked him for a job. Since then I can't tell you, gentlemen, I can't tell you what his—his presence on this earth has meant to me. When he told me yesterday, suddenly, that he was going away, I thought to myself that if he never came back I didn't—I didn't want to go on living. That man makes everything in the world seem all right. If you knew how we felt around the office ——" He paused and shook his head wordlessly. "Why, there's three of us there—the janitor and one of the other clerks and me—that have sons named after John Jackson. Yes, sir. Because none of us could think of anything better than for a boy to have that name or that example before him through life. But would we tell him? Not a chance. He wouldn't even know what it was all about. Why"—he sank his voice to a hushed whisper—"he'd just look at you in a puzzled way and say, 'What did you wish that on the poor kid for?'"

He broke off, for there was a sudden and growing interruption. An epidemic of head turning had broken out and was spreading rapidly from one corner of the hall until it had affected the whole assemblage. Someone had discovered John Jackson behind the post in the corner, and first an exclamation and then a growing mumble that mounted to a cheer swept over the auditorium.

Suddenly two men had taken him by the arms and set him on his feet, and then he was pushed and pulled and carried toward the platform, arriving somehow in a standing position after having been lifted over many heads.

They were all standing now, arms waving wildly, voices filling the hall with tumultuous clamor. Someone in the back of the hall began to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow," and five hundred voices took up the air and sang it with such feeling, with such swelling emotion, that all eyes were wet and the song assumed a significance far beyond the spoken words.

This was John Jackson's chance now to say to these people that he had got so little out of life. He stretched out his arms in a sudden gesture and they were quiet, listening, every man and woman and child.

"I have been asked ——" His voice faltered. "My dear friends, I have been asked to—to tell you what I have got out of life ——"

Five hundred faces, touched and smiling, every one of them full of encouragement and love and faith, turned up to him.

"What have I got out of life?"

He stretched out his arms wide, as if to include them all, as if to take to his breast all the men and women and children of this city. His voice rang in the hushed silence.

"Everything!"

At six o'clock, when he walked up his street alone, the air was already cool with evening. Approaching his house, he raised his head and saw that someone was sitting on the outer doorstep, resting his face in his hands. When John Jackson came up the walk, the caller—he was a young man with dark, frightened eyes—saw him and sprang to his feet.

"Father," he said quickly, "I got your telegram, but I—I came home."

John Jackson looked at him and nodded.

"The house was locked," said the young man in an uneasy way.

"I've got the key."

John Jackson unlocked the front door and preceded his son inside.

"Father," cried Ellery Jackson quickly, "I haven't any excuse to make—anything to say. I'll tell you all about it if you're still interested—if you can stand to hear ——"

John Jackson rested his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Don't feel too badly," he said in his kind voice. "I guess I can always stand anything my son does."

This was an understatement. For John Jackson could stand anything now forever—anything that came, anything at all.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

Jack Rabbits down at Redgie's feet to prove it. Redgie he don't say nothing but he turns around and walks off and laughs and laughs—and I think if Redgie hadn't been an Almost Stranger and A Good Paying guest at the Blue Rock Inne the Reptyle Kid would have killed him right there and then.

I might have been born in the Sage Brush but I come from Missouri when it comes to believing all this stuff about any man going out with a Club and a Golf Ball and killing a bird or a Jack Rabbit. Most of them can't do it with a Shot Gun and a Box of Shells. But that ain't the worst of it. Now comes a Doctor Tompkins from St. Louis, laying over here for a while to rest up and get dried out, he says, and the other night he come in and makes even My Frog laugh. He says he got AN EAGLE going from Rattlesnake Gulch to Dead Horse Hills. I told him I used to be the Biggest Liar in Arizona and maybe when he got Dried Out a little more he might get a Mountain Sheep. He turned around, too, just like Redgie von Plunkett did, and walked Off, but he didn't Laugh None and I think maybe he was Mad a little the way he Looked. He better Not get Mad at me or I'll Doctor Him up and hang him on a Cactus until he gets Good and Dried Out so as His Folks will think he is a Twin Brother of Tutt & Amen or some other Egyptian Mummy if they ever Finds him.

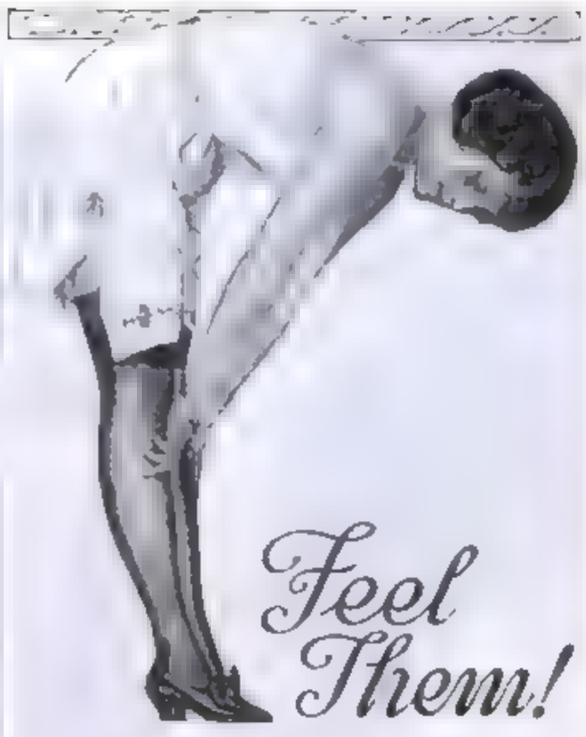
These Golf Liars and Game Laws is getting me worried some and I'm getting my old Hog Leg all oiled up and Loaded, and the First Man that comes in off the Greasewood Golf Course and says as how he got a Frog, I'm a-going to show him how I can get a Golf Player with a Six Gun, even if I can't hit anything but Some Landscape with a Golf Ball. Birdies and Bunnies and Eagles! To hear some of these knee pantsed tenderfeet Talk, the next thing you know it won't be safe for a Cow Boy to ride the range around here No more. I'd give $10 to have one of them Hit old Scar Faced Scroggs on the side of the Head Some Day and me be there to Hear it and help pile Rocks on him after it was all Over—help Scroggs, I mean, of course. There wasn't no Golf Ball ever made that would make a Dent in the Bump he wears His hat on.

—Dick Wick Hall,
Editor, Garage Owner and Golfer.

Not an Expert Job

"BILLY," said the Sunday-school teacher, "don't you enjoy the stories of the heroes of the Old Testament?"

"Well," answered the Hollywood child judiciously, "I gotta admit there's good stuff in 'em, but sometimes the continuity's awful."



IRON CLAD silk. Touch it. Feel it. The exquisite, fairylike beauty of Iron Clad silk hosiery, and the dreamy loveliness of the latest new shades are so tempting—so irresistibly captivating! Graceful feminine curves revealed in dainty silken Iron Clads display a strangely elusive charm that only Iron Clad silk can give.

Ask for Iron Clad No. 801. Pure thread silk and glos with 23-inch boot. Mercerized double hemmed top. 4-ply heel and toe with silk splicing in heel and double sole. If your dealer can't supply you, send us your remittance, stating size (8 to 10½, $1.00 east of the Rockies), and color (Black, White, Cordovan Brown, Leather Grey, French Nude, Mode, New Otter, Jack Rabbit, Beige, Dawn). We'll pay the postage.

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
212 Vine St., St Joseph, Mich.

"Iron Clad"

The first thing people notice is—

your hair

IF *that's* wrong—unsightly, straggly—it spoils your whole appearance.

Now you can keep the most unruly hair smoothly in place all day. One touch of Stacomb in the morning—and your hair stays just as you want it till you go to bed at night.

Women, too, find Stacomb excellent—especially for bobbed hair. It is a light, velvety, invisible cream—not gummy or sticky. In jars and tubes, at all drug and department stores.

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Free offer

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Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

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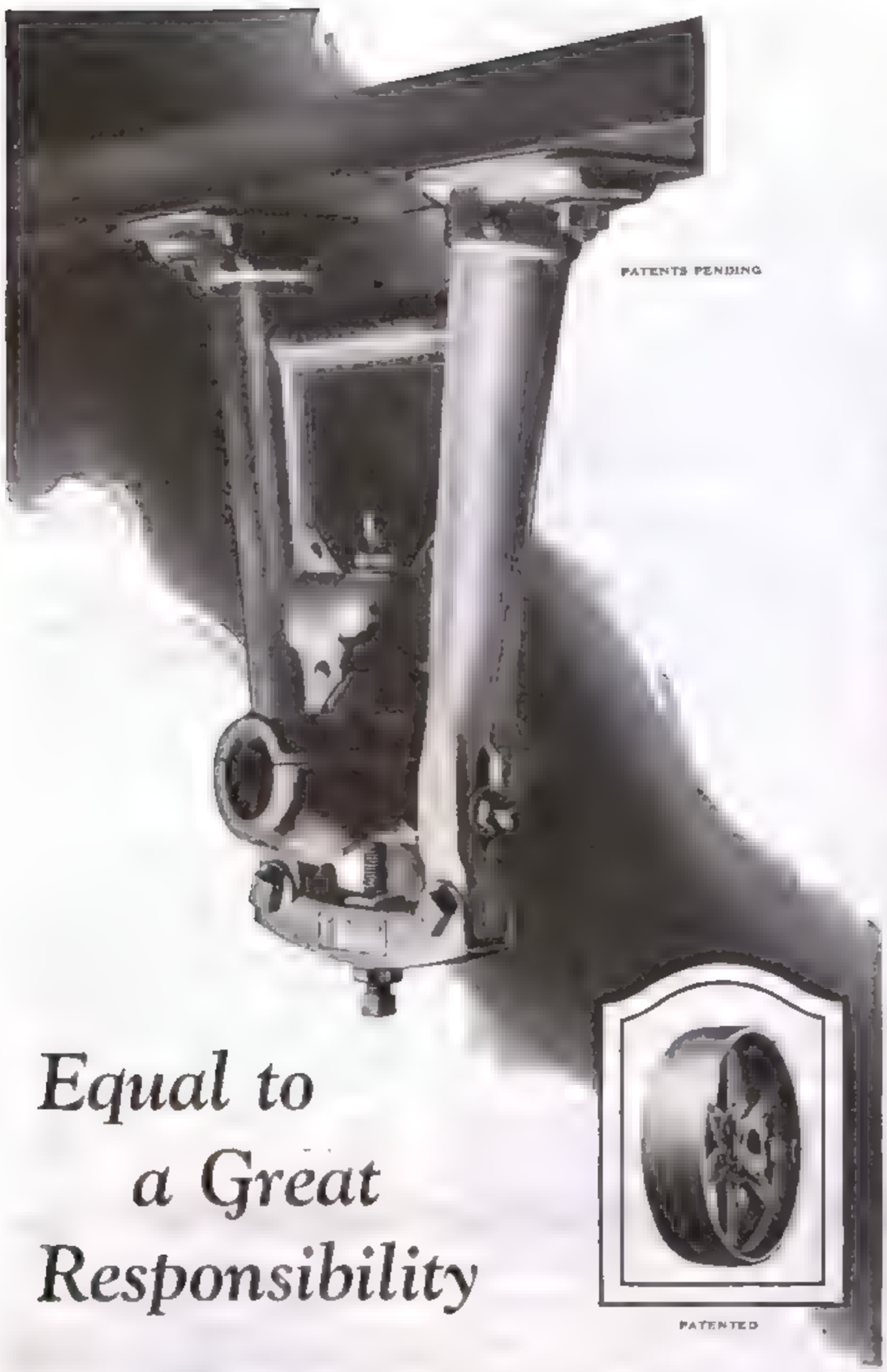

Equal to a Great Responsibility

IT is the task of shaft hangers to support in accurate alignment, power-laden line shafting and pulleys. "American" Pressed Steel Hangers are constructed to endure under this responsibility. Their design embodies the most advanced principles of sound transmission engineering.

The "American" tubular pressed steel construction, with its in-turned flanges, has a strength and rigidity that resist vibration. Quickly adjusted, the "American" Hanger easily maintains accurate shaft alignment.

Yet simplicity marks these American Pressed Steel Hangers—a simplicity of design, that by its grace adds to the good appearance of your shop.

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PRESSED STEEL HANGERS | STEEL SPLIT PULLEYS
PATENTS PENDING. PATENTED

CHARGE IT, PLEASE

(Continued from Page 14)

The customer himself may now take a hand in further restrictions, either at the time of the opening of the account or at any time thereafter.

I heard a man say, a strong, virile he-man: "I want my wife to become accustomed to a budget. There is no reason why she should ever exceed three hundred a month here."

So his subrating was put at three hundred, by request, though his actual rating could have been many times that amount. I also saw him work his budget system.

The three hundred dollars' worth of merchandise had been charged when his wife came in and ordered a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar coat. She wanted to wear the new wrap and have the older one sent. As the limitation was the husband's, he was telephoned the circumstances by the credit office.

"Nothing doing," was his flat retort. "Absolutely nothing doing, tell Mary from me."

The same intelligence, couched in more delicate English, was conveyed to Mary.

"This is some of Robert's smartness," said Mary. And her pretty eyes flashed, while a natural and lovely color flushed her cheeks. Then to the interested saleswoman, "Keep the coat. I will be back in a minute."

And she stepped with considerable emphasis to a public telephone.

In five minutes the credit office was called; same customer.

"On second thought," he said in a tone of genial tolerance, "I believe I will let Mary have that coat. A sort of—er—birthday present. Such a thing as being too tight. . . . What? . . . All right. Thank you."

Mary wore the coat.

Sometimes an entire family may use the same account. In other cases a man permits his wife to use his, but not his children. Very often, however, the wife has a separate account.

Charging it to dad is never done unless dad has included his children at the time of opening the account or has granted special permission over the telephone or by written order.

Jolly situations often arise. I officiated at one in the recent past.

I chanced to be in the radio department when an aisle man halted me.

"Help me out, will you? That lad in the brown suit will not let me approach a phone and he wants me to hand over a five-hundred-dollar set on his father's account."

"Who is he?" I asked as I glanced in the direction indicated and saw a rather arrogant young person of fifteen or sixteen years who was talking to a salesman.

Tricks of the Trade

The aisle man gave a name that means money in many cities, and added, "If the boy can use his father's account I do not want any excitement. But I am obliged to protect myself too."

I agreed that he was right on both counts, took the sales slip with the name and address and stepped to a telephone not too near the department.

But I reckoned without my host.

A light touch on my arm arrested me, and I looked up quickly into the eyes of his father's son.

"You were talking about me," he stated in a tone that admitted of no reasonable doubt. "And you think you are going to call my father. Well, you're not! You can't get him. He is at the shore and he asked me to run down in my own car with this set tonight. He will be delighted when I tell him your tactics. He will!"

"Your father," I repeated pleasantly—"your father is doubtless agreeable, like yourself, and I would be glad to have business with either one of you. But at present"—I looked puzzled—"I am afraid you have the advantage of me."

The boy seemed abashed. Before he had recovered himself the aisle man joined us.

"Sorry to interrupt," he said, turning to the customer, "but your salesman wants to know where your motor is parked. The outfit is packed ready for you."

The boy gave quick directions, tossed a half-shamed grin to me with a "My mistake, all right," and left.

"My assistance ——" I was beginning.

"Was O. K.," finished the floorwalker. "I had time to connect with the credit office while you were staging the second act. He can use his father's account with my blessing too."

But that is the less usual ending to a story. More often the sons or daughters are trying a bit of graft in a nothing-to-lose spirit of venturesome risk.

Two youngsters of some thirteen summers accosted a sales person in custom-made clothing.

"I want a suit made from some dark blue cloth," said the taller one in a tone of absolute confidence.

The salesman showed some cloth samples, not because he had any idea of an authentic sale, but because at the moment he did not have any other customer. After some judicious discussion blue was discarded in favor of a fine piece of English tweed.

The salesman felt that the nonsense had gone far enough, so he said, "I will put this aside for you, and you and your father can stop in any day this week."

"But I want the suit made now," insisted the youngster. "Here I have the money to pay for it." He drew a sizable roll of bills from a pocket.

"Certainly, if you are paying ——"

"On second thought," vouchsafed the youth, "I believe I will let you charge this to me. I have a theater party this afternoon, so I may need the money."

He gave a name and address. The salesman unobtrusively passed it to the aisle man, who came back in a moment with word to stall for a few minutes.

An Indignant Bride

A short talk on styles was cut short by a startled cry from the boy.

He dropped a fashion book and started to run.

"No, you don't, young man!" called a tall, determined-looking gentleman who had just entered the department. "You wait for me!"

But neither the young man nor his companion regarded the remarks as personal, for their speed was unabated.

However, colorful notes are introduced into an otherwise somber day by daughters as well as by sons.

"Do you mean to tell me," I heard one brown-coated, brown-hatted slip of a girl say with great stress on the personal pronouns—"do you mean to tell me that I cannot charge on my own father's account? I will see about you all right!"

She flounced away from the jewelry counter and up to the credit office. There her reception was cool and formal.

"Your father, as you are pleased to term Mr. John Smith, tells us that he has no daughter."

Blank amazement was succeeded by furious rage.

"He dared!" She seized a telephone without any by-your-leave and called a number.

"I want Mr. Smith," she said angrily. "Oh, this is you, is it, father? You have disgraced me. I am at Blank's. . . . Yes, you have! . . . I have not; marriage is no disgrace. . . . He can support me, thank you. . . . All right, he will! . . . I will never see you again! Never! Never!"

Down went the receiver.

"A slight misunderstanding on my part," she explained with desperate effort for control. "Mr. Smith was right; he has no daughter now. But I should like to take the steps necessary to the opening of an account. A joint account, I guess, in my name and my husband's."

High-keyed, but a little thoroughbred!

There are all sorts of special restrictions in regard to individual accounts. A man may leave instructions not to let his son buy more than ten dollars' worth of goods at a time, or not to permit his wife's personal purchases to exceed a given amount, or to allow his family to use his account only when his personal identification coin accompanies the transaction.

Most limitations made by the customers are registered at the opening of the account. A fewer number is added when the account has become quite old in point of service. More than one divorce has been presaged in telephonic instructions.

"Mr. Long speaking for Mr. Jones," I have heard on the wire. "I am Mr. Jones'

(Continued on Page 109)

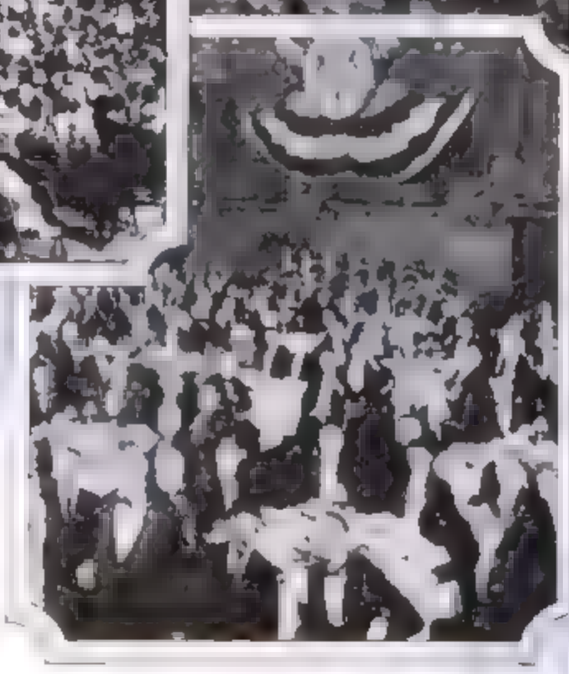
—and everybody there heard every word!

NOT a miracle, but simply the everyday performance of the Western Electric Public Address System. This remarkable equipment amplifies and distributes sound so that an audience of a few hundred in a hall to a crowd numbering in the hundreds of thousands can hear with perfect ease.

The Public Address System is a development of the telephone art. The microphone which catches the speaker's voice, the horns which you see above his head, and the amplifying and control equipment which are concealed—these are all products of the same skilled design and careful workmanship which made your telephone. And like the telephone, this apparatus is complex in construction but extremely simple to use.

You may be interested in further information on the Public Address System, its great usefulness in school auditorium, in church, in hotel, in theatre. If so, write for a booklet to the Western Electric Company, 195 Broadway, New York City.

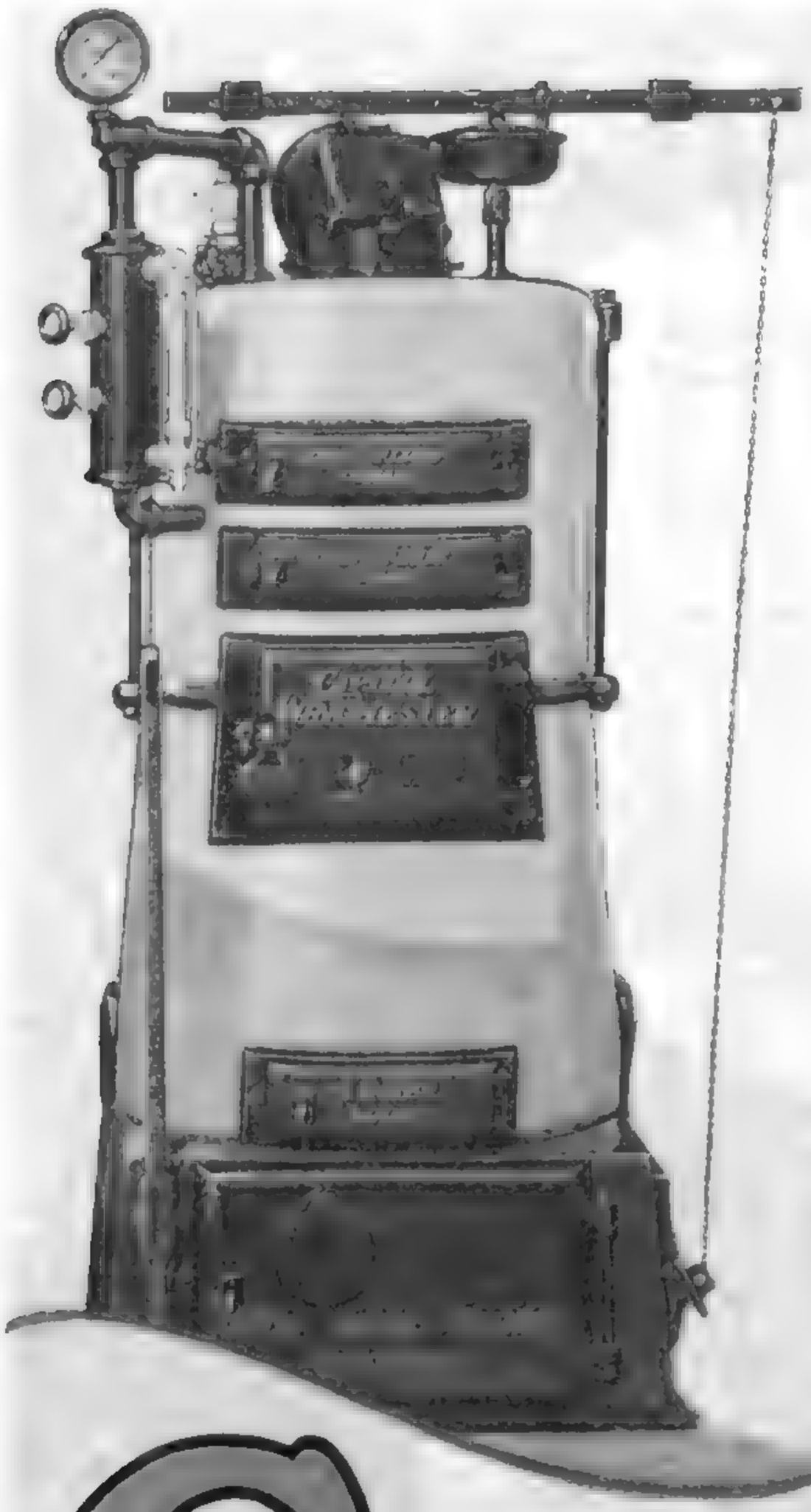
At the St. Louis Municipal Theatre the Public Address System made it easy for the audience of 11,000 to hear.



The Hotel Astor, New York, one of many hotels which give Public Address service to their banquet patrons

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT



Reliability

There are many ways to approach the "heating problem" of your new home. But the simplest way is to eliminate the problem altogether by installing a Capitol Boiler and United States Radiators.

Then, there can be no experiment or speculation. You will have a boiler that is standard the world over—a sound, dependable heating plant that has been approved by thousands of users.

If you talk to a heating contractor he will quickly confirm this statement. To him, United States products mean utterly reliable equipment backed by the broadest guarantee in the heating field.

Upon request we shall be glad to send our illustrated booklet, "A Modern House Warming." It fully describes the advantages of scientific steam and hot water heating.

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*Portland, Me.	Buffalo	*Chicago	*Des Moines
*Providence, R. I.	Pittsburgh	*Milwaukee	*Omaha
New York	*Cleveland	*Indianapolis	*Denver
*Brooklyn	*Columbus	*Louisville	*Seattle
*Harrison, N. J	*Cincinnati	*St. Paul	*Portland, Ore.

*Warehouse stocks carried at points indicated by star

Capitol Boilers

(Continued from Page 106)

legal representative. Mr. Jones wishes his account closed to all except himself. Under no circumstance to be used by Mrs. Jones. . . . Quite right. In case Mrs. Jones does call, there is no need to refer to Mr. Jones or myself. . . . Yes; no responsibility whatever for Mrs. Jones."

With the account open and a satisfactory rating and limitation established, our next consideration is with the account in use.

Practically all large department stores issue coins or small metallic disks to be used as identification by their customers when they wish to carry their merchandise with them. Some present them to all charge customers, while others confine them to persons having a fairly large credit rating. The coin is a convenience to the customer; but it is also a decided responsibility. If the coin does get into someone else's hands it can be used with deadly effect.

Customers generally report lost or stolen coins to the credit office at the moment of discovery. The routine then is to notify every interested person in the house—wrapper, cashier, sales person—by tube or special-messenger system, that merchandise is not to be delivered on those particular numbers. These numbers are blocked in a coin book and cannot be used again until a release comes from the credit office. In ten to twenty minutes after the customer's notification, a coin is completely closed to any purchaser.

But the customer does not always realize her loss on the instant. A woman used her coin to enable her to take some silk material with her. In her hurry she left the coin on the counter and another customer picked it up, unnoticed by any sales person.

Two hours later the first customer called to report the loss of her coin. Quick investigation showed that four hundred and seventy-five dollars' worth of merchandise—shoes, a hat, gloves, lingerie, toilet accessories, books, stationery, a beaded bag, a tea set—had already been delivered on that coin. The purchases had been made within the coin limit—which in different houses varies from ten to forty dollars—of twenty-five dollars, and covered twenty-seven departments. This was fast work!

Of course the coin was closed at once, but no further effort was made to purchase on it, and no trace of it or of its temporary owner has been found since. The original owner was responsible, therefore, for the full amount.

For this reason not a few customers regard the liabilities of a coin as greater than the assets, and not only do not request a coin but point-blank refuse to have anything to do with one.

Identifying Customers

This interprets itself to mean that every time such a customer wishes his goods to accompany him in his machine or under his arm, he will have to establish his identity and to wait while his credit is being ascertained.

It is surprising how many persons of apparent intelligence seem to resent an effort to assure identification. And yet if merchandise were delivered to someone else dishonestly using their accounts, how quickly they would repudiate the bills!

"Do I look dishonest?" asked a well-dressed, gray-haired gentleman. "Do I?"

"Are you insinuating that I am using an account not my own?" And there were very evident signs of displeasure from a woman whom I had seen show apoplectic symptoms at a club meeting over the twisting of a parliamentary law.

"Identification?" drawled another, this time a college youth accompanied by two friends. "Can't say that I have any. Hadn't thought of being killed this afternoon, you know, so the body will not have to be removed to the residence."

Loud laughter by the friends.

"Are you addressing me, my good man?" boomed an important-looking six-footer. "Me! I am Robert Henry George Wilberding!" And he paused to watch his good man collapse.

Only there was no breakdown; there never is one.

Nevertheless, before the goods do change hands, the customer has to prove himself. The process is really quite simple—initials in a watch or ring, a motor license, a railroad ticket. The conscientious objectors would save themselves time and annoyance by simply, if not graciously, producing the evidence.

The matter of identification more or less amicably settled, there remains the credit question. The woman who claims that she is Alice Green, of Misty Hollow, may have proved her point readily enough. But it does not follow as the night the day that she has any account at all, or if she does have one, that it is equal to the strain to which she is about to subject it.

Depending on the routine of the house, that information will be gathered from the credit department, section of accounts, by the cashier, sales person or aisle man. It is generally the aisle man who is held finally responsible, and any question would be referred to him.

In this connection, the sales person is often able to throw a monkey wrench into the works. The sales person, anxious to get to a second customer, comes up with Mrs. White in tow.

"I know Mrs. White," she says blithely to the aisle man. "It is all right to deliver this thirty-dollar hat to her."

All right with whom? With Mrs. White, assuredly. But what about the house?

"Certainly. Just in a moment"—trying to throw the saleswoman a black look and to give Mrs. White a pleasant smile in the same facial grimace.

"What do you mean, in a moment?" This from Mrs. White. "Do I have to wait? What for? Can't you trust your clerks?"

Unfortunately, it is not a matter of trusting clerks. Regardless of the degree of acquaintanceship that may exist between sales person and customer, the extension or withdrawal of credit lies solely in the hands of the credit office.

Accounts Wrongly Used

Of course when Mrs. White presently departs wearing her new hat, the aisle man can, and doubtless will, call the sales person aside and give a terse explanation of proper procedure. And the sales person will remember—until next time.

Some customers are restive under the slightest questioning.

"Oh, bother!" I heard a man say. "I have no time for a cross-examination. Just send these golf shoes home."

A woman after waiting a minute or two remarked, "I did not care much for that centerpiece anyway," and walked out without waiting for her parcel.

When a customer disappears in the course of the interrogating, it is pretty safe to assume that he has no account.

Fortunately, the complications of identification and credit do not enter the normal send transactions. If the merchandise is going to be sent to the same individual to whom it is charged it is not of any great importance to find out who did the purchasing.

After the customer's departure the credit can be established in one of several ways. The cashier may slip the sales slip in a mechanical device attached to an accounts-only telephone, give the information over the phone, and presently find the slip stamped O. K. Or the slip may be sent in a tube to the credit center, there to be authorized and returned. Or the package may be wrapped and sent to the shipping department. There it will be automatically conveyed to the accounts branch in the delivery and passed upon before it leaves the building.

Cases do occur occasionally in which accounts are wrongly used, even in transactions of the simple kind we are discussing.

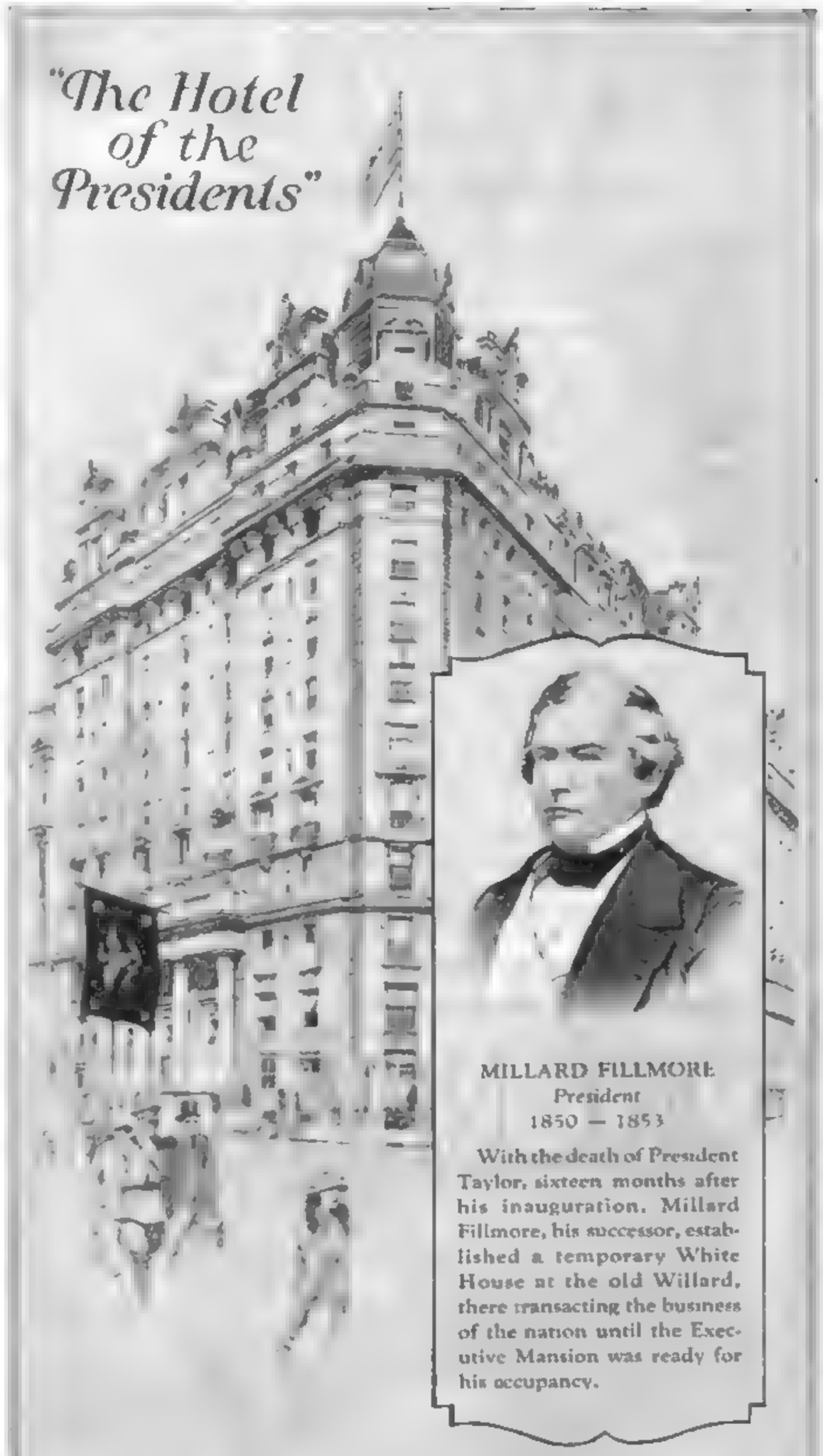
A modishly gowned, attractive-looking young woman stopped one morning at the fur department. After considerable discussion in well-bred English, she made judicious selection of a thousand-dollar fur coat. She explained that she was going on a motor trip at 4:30 the same afternoon and therefore would be obliged to have the coat at four. She gave a name and address for the charge, said "Send it to me at my home," and took her leave.

At four o'clock a special messenger reached the house just as the young woman was going up the steps with her latchkey in her hand.

"Good. You have my coat," she approved as she signed for the package and tipped the boy.

It is still good for her, as far as I know; for she disappeared without a ripple.

The first suggestion of foul play came early the following month when the customer received his bill. He questioned the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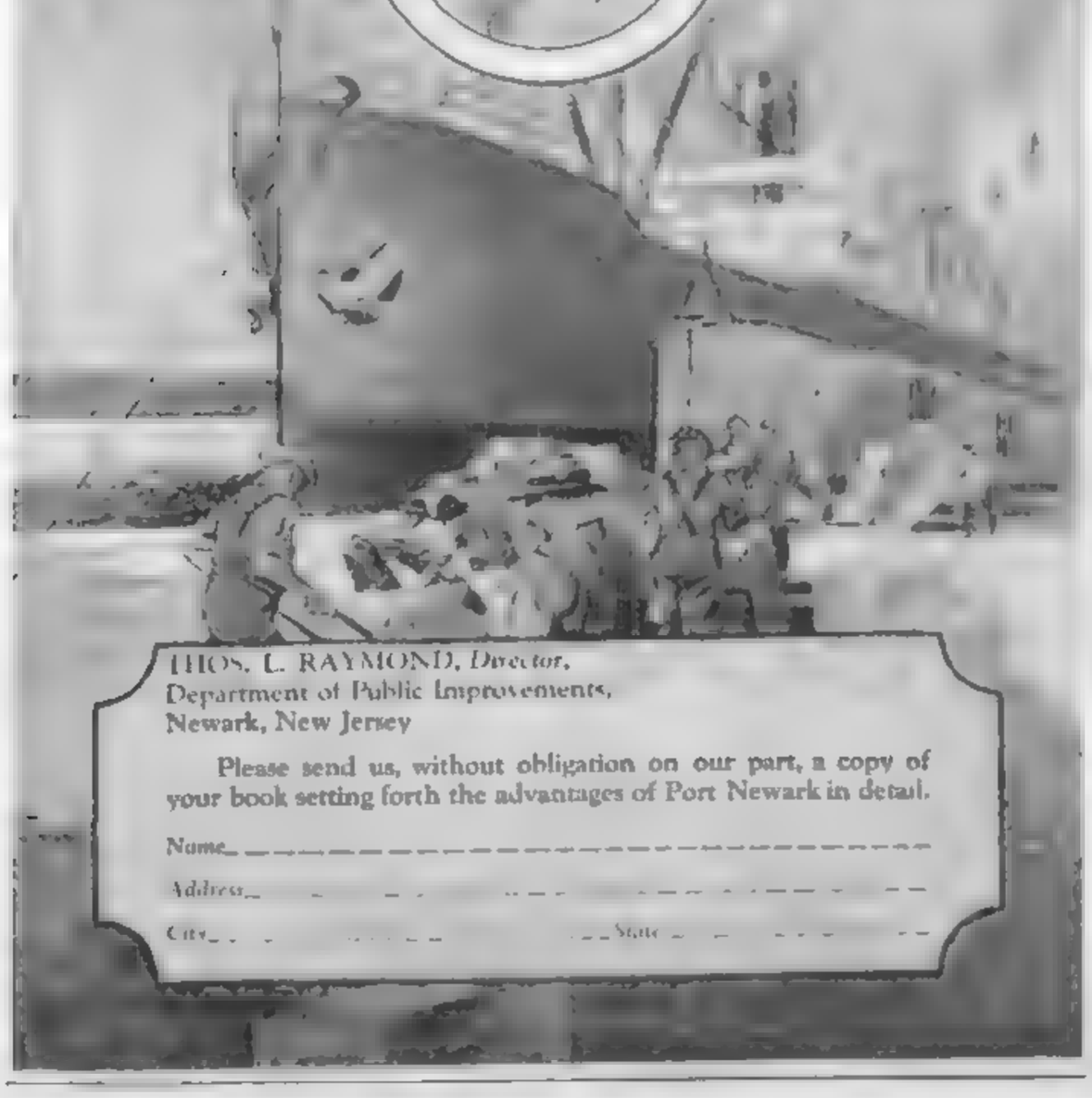

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Please send us, without obligation on our part, a copy of your book setting forth the advantages of Port Newark in detail.

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fur coat immediately, as no member of his family had bought one recently. And gradually the whole story came out. The pretty impostor had laid her plans carefully so that she would know just when to come to the house with the latchkey blind, and she had made a point of selecting a name that spelled prosperity.

A less dramatic case involved a light-fingered maid. She was charging and having articles sent to her mistress and receiving them at the door herself. She put them all away. Her scheme, as she afterwards confessed, was to take quiet leave at the end of the month before the bill came. But her greed outbalanced her better judgment.

She tried on and bought a gay silk frock and gave the usual name and address.

A near-by sales person said to the one who had completed the sale, "I know that Mrs. Johnson. She is an old customer of mine."

"Wasn't that Mrs. Johnson?" was the question.

"I should say not. Mrs. Johnson is an elderly woman."

They decided to see what the aisle man thought, and reported the circumstance to him.

He telephoned Mrs. Johnson personally and asked her if she needed the dress that day; the sales person had not been quite sure.

"What are you talking about?" asked Mrs. Johnson. "I did not buy any dress today. Why should I? I don't need any."

When he told her all the answers, an investigation was under way which eventually returned all the mischarged purchases to the house.

Such cases are rare, exceptions.

However, if the merchandise is being sent to an address different from the charge, the purchaser is detained for identification. If he is buying on his own account he is within his rights to send to whom he pleases. If he is buying on someone else's charge, that person will be consulted before any goods reach the shipping department.

I mentioned early in the article the establishment of credit rating. The question naturally arises: What happens when the upper limit has been reached? Answer: Nothing, as far as the customer is concerned. He just does not receive his goods.

It works in this way: Customers who have attained their credit limit are entitled to no further charging for the current month. Lists of them are compiled daily and furnished to all who handle accounts. If they try to purchase they will have an experience like Mrs. Rawton's.

The Stop Signal Released

She had had a brisk month and had unquestionably charged her full quota when she spied one day a bargain of a blouse which she felt must be her own. She offered to carry it to save the trouble of sending.

In a moment she was called to the telephone.

"Reed, of the credit office, speaking."

And what Reed and the customer finally agreed was that the customer should pay for the blouse before she took it. She did. If she had sent the purchase the result would have been the same. It would have been stopped in the shipping department and held until she called and paid for it, or had it sent C. O. D.

The same routine would be followed with a customer who did not pay his bill for two or three months. Customers often realize this and volunteer gratuitous information.

"I want a pair of brown suede oxfords, 5 AA," said Mrs. Grey. "It is all right. I have just paid my bill."

The question had not been raised, but she was evidently telling the truth, for the account, which had held a stop signal, was released.

But though most of the interest settles about opened and active accounts, there is a certain amount of consideration to be given to closed and closing accounts.

If a customer fails to make any use of his charge for two or three months he will receive a tactful letter, hoping that he is pleased with the service of the establishment and assuming that he has been away. At the end of six months, and again at the end of a year, gentle follow-up letters will be written. If the silence remains unbroken the account is shifted from Temporarily Inactive to Inactive and is regarded as closed.

Oftentimes the letters are answered, however, giving details of foreign trips, or notice of a decease, or a frank opinion of the firm. In fact, occasional customers do not require letters to release their eloquence, but come in person to close the account.

A woman of the overstuffed variety catapulted herself into a chair at a desk in the credit office and ordered her account closed at once. When the credit man had reduced her to partial coherence she gave the reason. She had been insulted, grossly insulted. Further, she explained:

"I asked for a little dress, a simple little muslin. And the girl said, 'Have you tried the stylish stouts at the end of the aisle?' Just like that, with no provocation for personal or offensive remarks at all. No provocation!"

Spilling the Beans

Tactful handling saved that account. But it was not equal to the occasion in the hat case. A woman had purchased a forty-dollar hat and told the salesman that she wanted it to appear on the bill as a fifteen-dollar hat. He accepted the twenty-five dollars cash payment and felt that he had handled the transaction. The fly in the ointment appeared when the statement came as follows:

Hat	$40.00	Cash	$25.00

The husband, who was evidently not of the type that a little child could lead, demanded to know the price of the hat.

The wife answered, "Fifteen dollars."

He drew the bill on her like an unsheathed rapier and then ——

The customer came in to close her account, and she added the time too: "Forever and ever."

On rare occasions a house may arbitrarily strike a customer off the books.

There was a man whom we might as well call Wandon who was a general nuisance. His bill was never right. He wanted allowances, adjustments, restatements. His requests were generally made in person and included harsh and disagreeable language. Finally, after several years' endurance, he was told that the establishment did not want his trade at any time, under any circumstance.

"I will come in this store and buy whenever I want," he threatened.

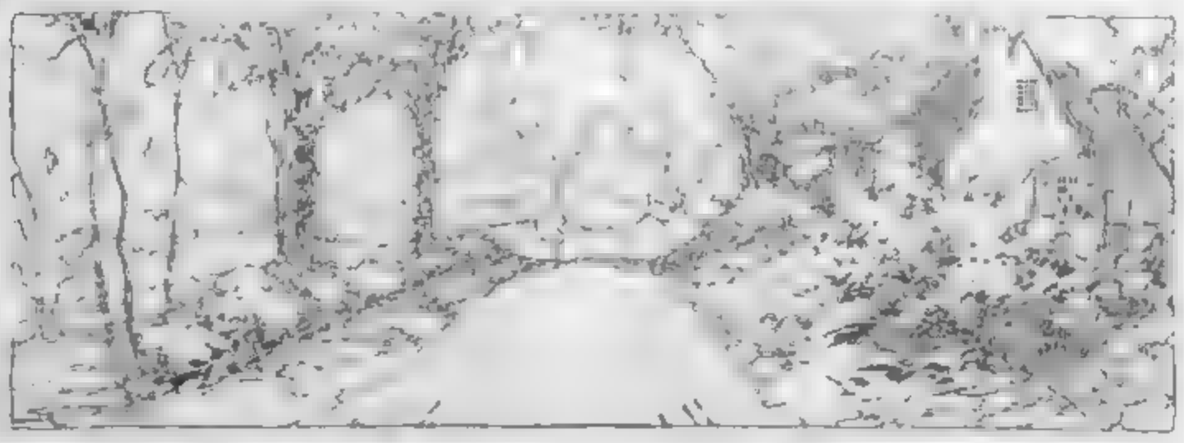
"You will not," came the answer. "Get out and stay out."

"You'll see!"

From that time Mr. Wandon appeared at regular intervals, bought merchandise and paid cash for everything. His sly grin indicated that he felt he was stealing jam, and proud of the achievement.

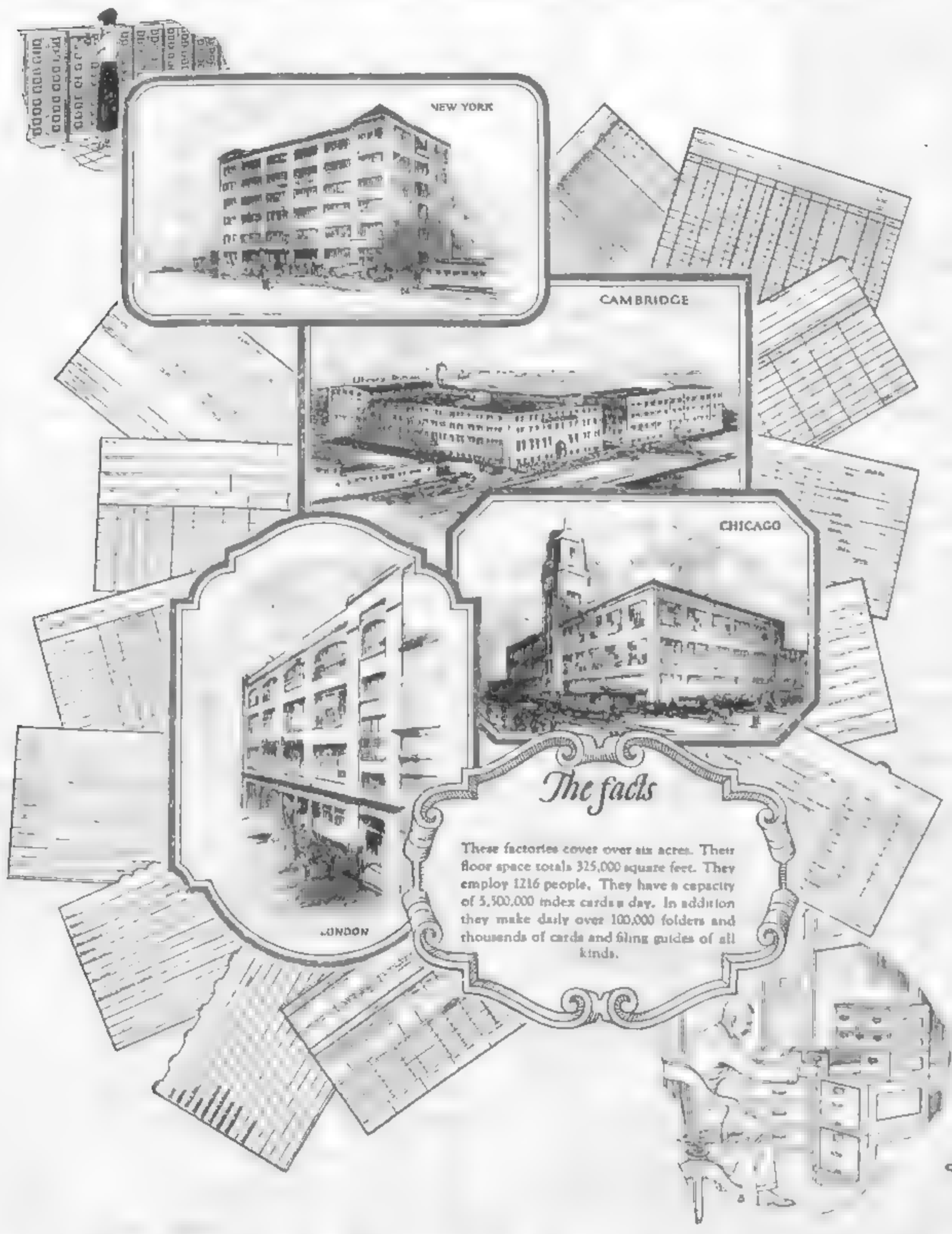
The credit office cared not at all, as long as he was out of the way. His money has the same purchasing possibilities as greenbacks generally. As he is no longer a charge customer he is no longer a bother.

Most of us, however, would not like to be in his place. We regard an account in the category of telephones, electricity, motors—a modern convenience, almost a necessity. Continued practice has almost enabled us to compact the expression in a single breath: "Charge it, please."



May we lay the cards on your table?

This is addressed to the remaining firms whose index and record cards are not supplied by Library Bureau.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The facts
These factories cover over six acres. Their floor space totals 325,000 square feet. They employ 1216 people. They have a capacity of 5,500,000 index cards a day. In addition they make daily over 100,000 folders and thousands of cards and filing guides of all kinds.

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Beware of Fat

DO you know whether you weigh too much or too little? If your weight is just right, congratulate yourself. Probably not one person in ten knows what his proper weight should be nor realizes how important it is to maintain that weight.

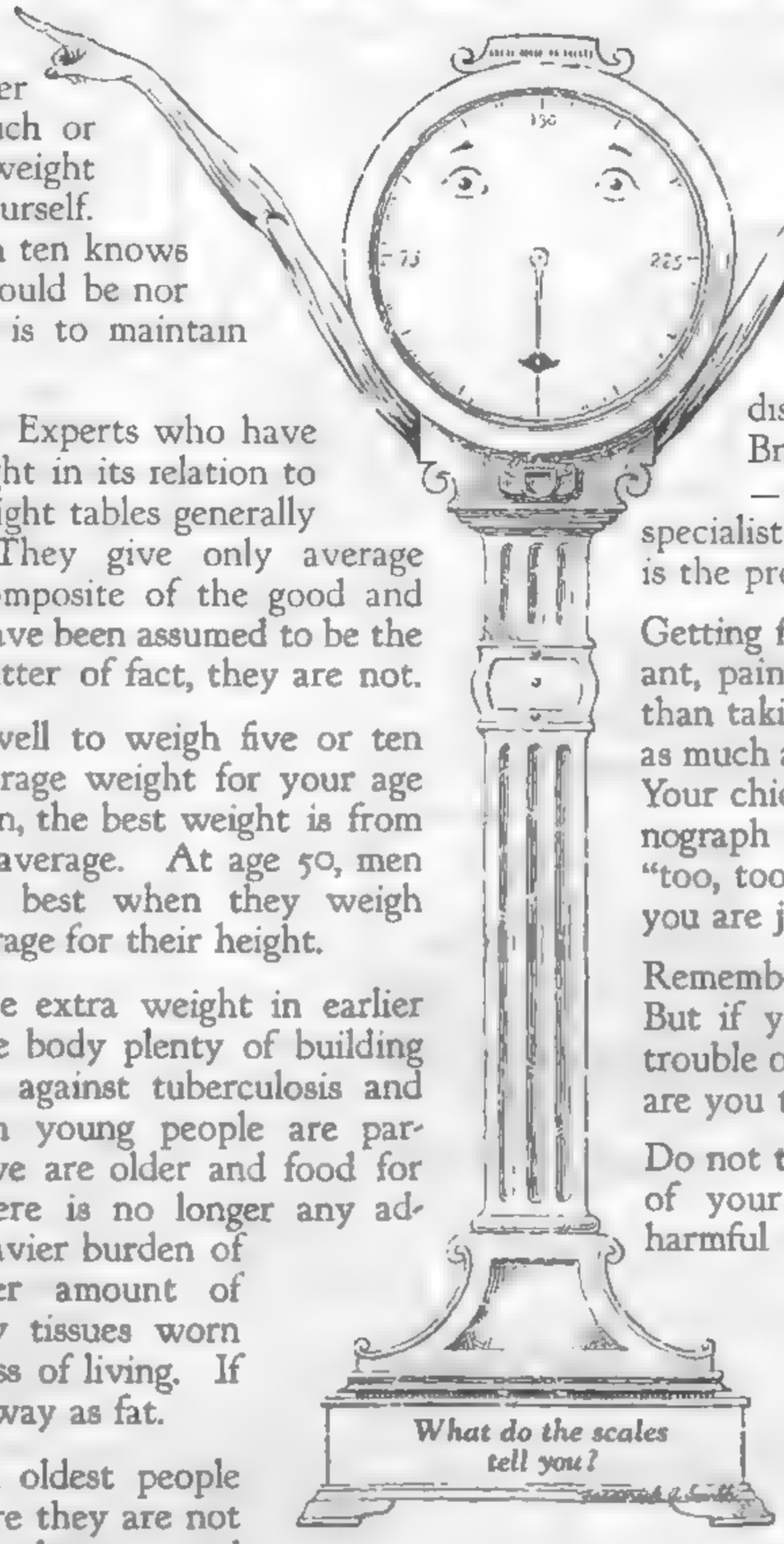
What is the right weight? Experts who have studied the subject of weight in its relation to health tell us that the weight tables generally in use are misleading. They give only average weights, which are the composite of the good and the bad. These averages have been assumed to be the correct weights. As a matter of fact, they are not.

Up to the age of 30, it is well to weigh five or ten pounds more than the average weight for your age and height. But from 30 on, the best weight is from 10% to 20% less than the average. At age 50, men and women are at their best when they weigh considerably *below* the average for their height.

The reason is simple: The extra weight in earlier years is needed to give the body plenty of building material and to fortify it against tuberculosis and other infections to which young people are particularly subject. When we are older and food for growth is not needed, there is no longer any advantage in carrying the heavier burden of weight. A much smaller amount of food will replace the body tissues worn out in the everyday business of living. If more is eaten it is stored away as fat.

Stop and think of the six oldest people you know. The chances are they are not fat. Life insurance statistics have proved that as a rule the fat do not live to be really old men and women.

Fat is dangerous—a definite menace to life. And this is why: People who drag masses of flesh around are putting a strain upon their vital organs. High blood pressure, trouble with heart, kidneys or lungs often follow along in the train of excessive weight. The heart has to work extra hard pumping blood to tissues that the body *never was meant to have.* The digestive tract has a remorseless burden put upon it trying to dispose of food that the body does not need. Breathing becomes difficult and there you are—on the toboggan—going down! An eminent specialist says that in at least 40% of the cases—fat is the predisposing cause of diabetes.



One person out of every seven between the ages of 35 and 45 is overweight! That is the story the scales are telling day after day. But the scales cannot tell the grim danger of overweight and its serious consequences. And yet most cases of overweight can be controlled—safely.

Getting fat is an insidious thing and usually a pleasant, painless process—lots more fun putting it on than taking it off. You eat everything you like and as much as you like. You ride when you should walk. Your chief exercise is putting a record on the phonograph or tuning in the radio. Little by little that "too, too solid flesh" appears and before you know it you are j-u-s-t p-l-a-i-n F-A-T!

Remember, prevention is the better part of reducing. But if you *are* fat and don't want to have heart trouble or any of the diseases that fat induces—what are you to do about it?

Do not take any "fat reducers" except on the advice of your physician. They are usually viciously harmful and reduce nothing but your pocketbook. Have your doctor find out whether there is anything wrong with you physically. Sometimes glandular disturbances will cause fat. Overweight is not always due to overeating. Exercise does not always reduce. But 90 times out of 100 the trouble is too much and too rich food and too little exercise.

If you are overweight do not let laziness or complacency permit you to remain fat. Begin to reduce *right now.*

People past their youth who weigh 20% more than the average have a one-third greater death rate than the average. Those who are 40% overweight have a 50% greater death rate than the average.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes overweight as so serious an impairment among its policyholders that it has issued a booklet which contains much valuable information for those who wish to reduce their weight.

This is the booklet that tells of the methods we have used in bringing a certain group of our own Metropolitan employees back to normal weight. This simple regime of diet and exercise has been found to be most effective. In several cases as much as 50 pounds have been eliminated—safely and comfortably.

In this booklet will be found a weight table prepared according to the latest study on the subject, as well as a complete program of diet and exercises that will help you to reduce your weight if you are organically sound.

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HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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THE STAGE MANAGEMENT OF CRIME

Continued from Page 15

young matron with a baby, followed by a deferential maid. She is charming, for, like the ingénue in a theatrical play, she must hold attention by making people like her and want to serve and please her. But she is a criminal and the maid is another; even the baby is a teething crook.

Turning to the most alert clerk on duty, she asks for something least likely to be found in a jewelry store—a rattle for the baby. He has been such a good baby! She has decided to buy him the best rattle obtainable. The perplexed clerk tries to remember whether there are any baby rattles in the store, and where they were put, and the charming young mother simply will not let him say, "Yes, we have no rattles," until he has ransacked the most unlikely places.

At eight minutes to one a totally different character enters the store. He is a middle-aged gentleman who wants to purchase something very inexpensive, and is so nearsighted that another salesman whom he is to cover catches the infection and is soon intensely peering at the merchandise too. A perfectly respectable customer, with neat silver-gray whiskers parted in the middle—who would suspect him?

Another minute, and a rough-looking fellow who might be a truck driver enters to cover the third and last employe in the store the inexperienced young apprentice.

"Anybody by the name of Simpkins here?" he demands loudly, and insists upon knowing where Simpkins is. "Anybody of that name ever work in this store, young fellow? Would he be upstairs, now?"

Yet another minute, and a fine closed car draws up outside the store and a well-dressed gentleman, evidently a millionaire, with a pair of crutches beside him on the seat, beckons to the door man and begins making inquiries of him, detaining and keeping him away from the front door. His wife, he says, left the car half an hour ago to do some shopping, and he has lost track of her. This jewelry store was one of the places she intended to visit. Has the door man seen a lady answering such-and-such a description?

The Art of Pennyweighting

In these three or four minutes another character has entered the store, but invisibly. He is the heel man, undersized, inconspicuous in appearance and dress, absolutely unnoticed. His part in the drama is to enter the place while attention is distracted, get to a certain cabinet, quietly and stealthily break into it or manipulate a spring lock, take jewels that have been marked as of greatest value, as many trays as he can empty into a cloth carrier about his body, and get out again. Literally, he is there for two or three minutes, yet is not seen. One of the clerks may notice an insignificant stranger standing around a moment to be waited on, but his own attention is distracted by the watchful crook covering him, and the next moment the stranger has vanished into thin air. He has "ducked for the damper," in the vernacular, gone to "pull the sneak."

The robbery may be committed without discovery. In pennyweighting jobs, where worthless duplicates of valuable jewels are substituted, the loss may not be discovered for several days, and then it is often difficult to convince the merchant that the work was done by outside criminals.

I was engaged upon one pennyweighting case some years ago in which jewels to the value of many thousands of dollars were stolen by substitution, repeated thefts over several weeks, the criminals coming again and again. The proprietor of the establishment would not believe that it was the work of outside criminals, but suspected that it was an inside job by his employes, and had them shadowed, their handwriting studied by an expert, and investigated in other ways. We caught the crooks in their work. They were all professionals—mostly from Western cities, little known in the East.

Should the robbery be committed without attracting attention, the drama quickly comes to a natural and happy ending. The truck driver departs to look next door for Simpkins, the nearsighted gentleman decides he will have to come in again, the charming young mother finds no rattle good enough for the baby, the crippled gentleman in the automobile is finally convinced that the door man is not concealing his wife.

Should the heel man be discovered, however, each actor in the drama helps his get-away by new devices for distracting attention. The nearsighted customer joins in the cry of "Stop thief!" set up by the jeweler's clerks, the charming mother faints, the baby cries, the truck driver says loudly, "Say, why, I could 'a' stopped that guy if I'd 'a' seen him a minute sooner!"

Outside on the street there are two or three more actors to help with the get-away. One distracts attention from the heel man and his real rôle by insisting that he saw a fellow run down another street. Another assures a pursuer, "It's all right, the cop on the next corner got him!" Still another is anxious to help capture the thief, and stops a pursuer to find out what he looked like. Along the real route taken for the get-away there will be one or two direction changers to divert possible pursuers in harmless directions.

By one o'clock the drama is over and the actors have disappeared in ways that arouse no suspicion. The truck driver is pursuing the thief down the street. The nearsighted customer is so shocked that he walks out forgetting he was about to make a purchase. The maid soothes the baby, and the charming young matron regains consciousness, exclaims, "Well, can you beat it?" and departs.

Ring down the curtain; the play has been a splendid success, but its run is over.

The Burlington Arcade Job

While the director casts, rehearses and produces such a play, the actual stage management is handed over to the heel man the moment action begins. This for the reason that it is he who takes the greatest chances, commits the most serious crimes, and if caught and convicted gets the longest sentence. His liberty may turn upon clever or careless acting by one member of the cast, so his interest in securing a perfect performance is easily understood.

Such a performance is sometimes staged in pennyweighting; but as only a single article can be taken by substitution, and the proceeds have to be split too many different ways, the drama is not so elaborate—box-office receipts will not pay for the performance. The finder in this kind of thievery enters the store as a customer, examines a valuable piece of jewelry closely and departs without purchasing. During his scrutiny he has made a careful mental picture of the article, so it can be reproduced in base metal and imitation jewels, and has given especial study to the price tag. This is only a tiny slip of cardboard, apparently insignificant; but it differs in each jewelry store in size, shape and color, and is often different in the same store for various kinds of jewelry.

This tag must be duplicated so exactly that when the substitute article is put back in the tray by the jeweler he will not notice the difference.

Some years ago a notorious American woman pennyweighter, undertaking a job in the Burlington Arcade, London, was caught because the tag on the substitute article was salmon-colored, while that on the real thing was yellow. A trifling mistake made by her finder, but it landed her in prison. I should have explained that two different parties, or mobs, usually work in pennyweighting, one making the first visit to note the design and price tags and the other making the actual substitution later when the first visitor has been forgotten.

These thieves cleverly use showmanship in disposing of their loot—nowadays almost entirely valuable jewels. By dramatizing the sale in various ways they are not only able to avoid paying the heavy percentage demanded by a fence, or receiver of stolen property, but will often actually get more money for a stolen article than was asked by the jewelry establishment that lost it.

For example: Scene, a beauty parlor. Enter madame, maybe Mrs. Bootlegger, to have her hair permanently waved. Madame is no longer young, but the fact that she spends fifty or one hundred dollars on

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Film has been the great tooth problem. A viscous film clings to your teeth, enters crevices and stays. Millions of teeth are dimmed and ruined by it.

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Germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of many troubles local and internal. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

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Dental science has now found ways to daily combat that film. Careful tests have amply proved them.

They are now embodied, with other most important factors, in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

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Its five effects

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It highly polishes the teeth, so film less easily adheres.

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Modern authorities deem these effects essential. Every use of Pepsodent brings them all.

This test, we believe, will bring to your home a new era in teeth cleaning. And benefits you never had before.

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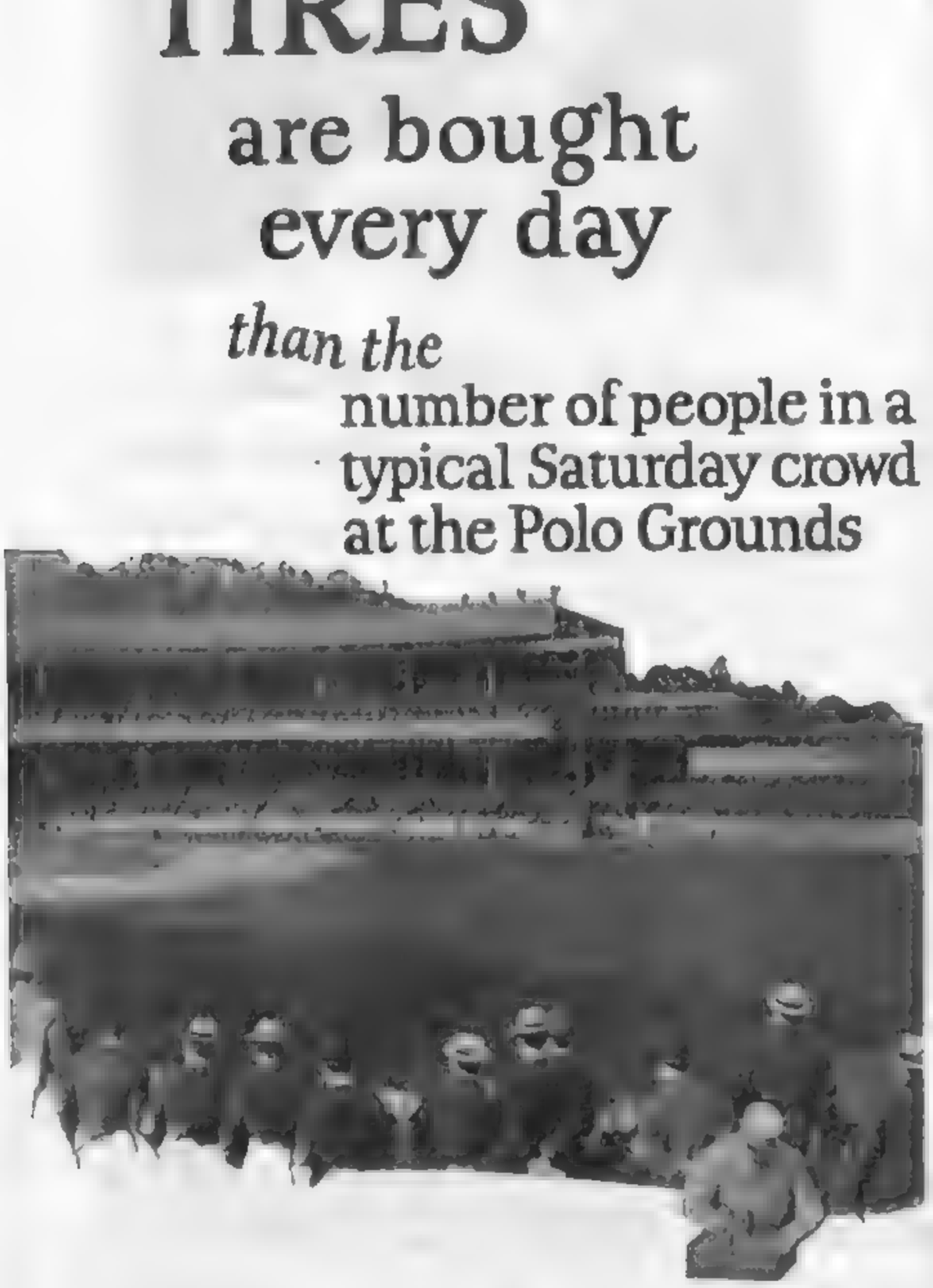

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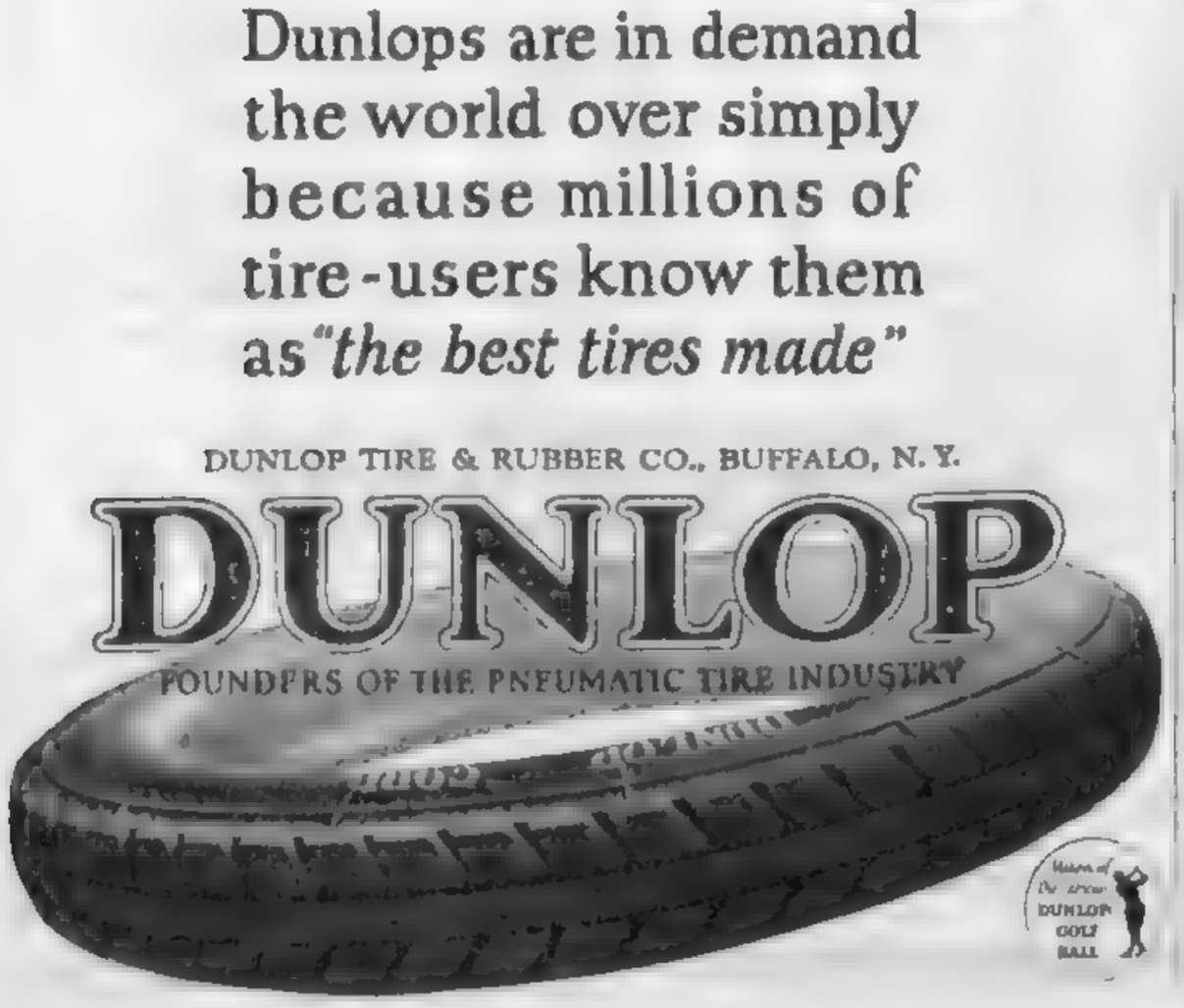

beauty shows that she has money—is getting it easy somewhere. She wears jewels, indicating that she is fond of them. The daylight jewel-wearing habit has greatly increased since Mr. Volstead's amendment was annexed to our Constitution. Not only is she fond of them but everywhere she goes—the beauty parlor, the mah-jongg parties, the theater, the cabaret—it behooves her to wear larger and more expensive jewels than her less fortunate sisters. The permanent waver—in most cases a man—smooth, oily, genteel, ingratiating, flattering, having gained madame's confidence, mentions a bargain he knows about. One of his customers is short of cash, will sell a valuable ring or lavallière at a sacrifice.

But—pst! There may be dropped a hint that the transaction is a little shady, the article stolen, for many otherwise honest citizens would much rather purchase jewelry from the underworld, paying more than is asked in the shop, for the thrill of the thing. It is the same tang of adventure that makes otherwise law-abiding women enjoy smuggling a few articles past the customs officers.

Again, a glimpse of the underworld may stimulate buying interest and close a sale.

"Next time you come to New York," says a man about town to his friend in an inland bank or store, "I'd like to show you some interesting haunts off the beaten track." He explains that, having accidentally made the acquaintance of a crook who is a sort of king in the underworld, he often goes about on the inside, seeing how things are worked.

Next time the inland banker or merchant visits New York he is taken on what might be called a rubberneck bus tour of criminal haunts, and sees crime committed purely for his own entertainment—inside stuff, never dreamed of by regular New Yorkers. Thieves deftly relieve each other of valuables right before his eyes. In the course of the evening everybody is robbed and nobody robbed. Like the dens of Chinatown, all staged for the sight-seer, the stranger seeing New York's wickedness views it largely through his own imagination, which makes Leong and Hip Sing highbinders and tong slayers of peaceful Chinese restaurant keepers and waiters. After seeing with his own eyes how the article of jewelry offered him is obtained, he is pretty certain to purchase, if not in the belief that he is getting a bargain, then just for the adventure of it.

A Biting Retort

The romance of Chinatown has departed. The police put the skids under it. Practically every opium den shown to strangers was faked up. American beauties from Mott, Doyers and Pell streets and from Chatham Square made a regular business of being depraved, confirmed opium smokers for about two dollars a deprave. They were just planted in the hop joints until the uninitiated saw them actually lead their terrible lives with Chinks. I remember a lot of society ladies visiting Chinatown with Prince Louis of Battenberg some years ago. I was their guide and escort.

One of the society women, studying the supposed Irish-American wife of a Chinaman through her lorgnette, observed, "How could you live with this half-civilized Celestial?"

The girl answered, "How can you be the wife of that old geezer that's with you? Beat it back uptown where you come from, you rummies!" The "geezer" was just an ordinary millionaire!

The inclination in certain quarters to purchase jewels and furs irregularly is astonishing. People who have and are making unheard-of wealth—easy-come-easy-go money—themselves in many cases violators of the law, are the biggest customers of thieves. All thieves like to buy from one another, and there are quite a few people, not thieves, but within-the-law citizens, who are always looking for bargains in the underworld.

The staging of a wire-tapping and goldbrick drama is much more elaborate, a piece of criminal theatricalism often approaching a Drury Lane melodrama in its wealth of characters and scenes. For it is a show that must convince a carefully chosen audience of one person—the victim. Doubtless you have wondered, when reading newspaper accounts of experienced business men losing thousands of dollars in wire-tapping swindles, how such frauds, old as the Laurentian Hills and described again and again in the public press, still make their successful appeal to human credulity.

"Oh, well, there's a sucker born every minute!" you say to yourself, and turn to the comic strips.

It is commonly believed that such swindles are worked on jays of the Reuben Glue hayseed type, innocent of city ways. But the simple devices of the city bunko steerer with the wondering visitor from the country are no longer effective on a scale big enough to make them profitable—except possibly coin matching. Bunko steering proper is now done chiefly among newly arrived immigrants. They continue buying an interest in the Brooklyn Bridge or Grand Central Station, but the present-day wire tapper needs a wholly different type of sucker for victim.

The ideal victim is one not green, because he must have enough business ability to have acquired sufficient money to make it profitable to take him. His keenness for money and shrewdness in bargaining are necessary traits in trimming him. These crooks look for the victim who wants to get fifty to one for his money and is willing to be crooked himself for big game.

Finding the victim is the biggest part of the job. In New York and most of our large cities there are dealers in sucker lists who, in various ways, get knowledge of out-of-town people classable as soft marks. They deal, not in the ordinary list, containing thousands of names, used by get-rich-quick promoters, but a sort of sucker list de luxe, comprising maybe but a few chosen persons about which a great deal of information has been gathered and is still being gathered.

"Anybody ripe?" asks a swindler.

Silk Hat Harry Begins Operations

"Why, there's So-and-So," replies the sucker-list specialist, describing some business man in an upstate city. He is one of the directors in the local bank, a well-to-do merchant. Always lived in that upstate town. Never had any fun or dissipation. Very close with his money—keen on making a big profit with a small investment. Ripe because the atmosphere of New York will intoxicate him, excite his greed, drug his business caution.

"All right, what do you want for So-and-So?" asks the swindler.

"You can have him for twenty bucks," agrees the dealer in suckers, who will later realize that he lamentably underestimated the value of this prospective victim.

Or the swindler may go afield looking for a victim. Silk-Hat Harry turns up in, say, Scranton, Pennsylvania, registers at the best hotel as Franklin E. Turnbull, of New York, strolls down the street and inserts an advertisement in the principal newspaper announcing that he is in Scranton seeking anthracite coal lands for a British syndicate.

Probably dozens of interested newspaper readers write or come to see him. Some have lands that are good, others worthless; but Mr. Turnbull is really seeking something else—an owner of coal lands who is well-to-do in available cash, and also of an overreaching temperament when it comes to making money.

You must not imagine Silk-Hat Harry as a crook in appearance or manner. On the contrary, he is a likable fellow, fully up to the part of agent for a big British syndicate, well supplied with credentials—has engraved cards and stationery, receives business correspondence from London and is a gentleman, a seasoned man of affairs, and he lives on the scale of a gentleman. For the staging of a criminal drama like this, in which he is playing Prologue, is readily financed in New York to the extent of five or ten thousand dollars if the criminal producer has a reputation for putting on successful shows.

Several weeks may pass before Silk-Hat Harry finds a suitable victim. Various owners of coal lands have been investigated and found wanting—generally lacking money. Finally, the right person is located in, say, Elmer Ellsworth Higginbottom, a general storekeeper in a near-by town, with a satisfactory commercial rating, mortgages on surrounding farms and several hundred acres of coal land. He is a member of certain fraternal orders, a married man with children, of such-and-such lineage, and so forth—points about which it is important to get information for transmission to New York. Should it suddenly develop that Elmer is Scotch, for example, he

(Continued on Page 117)

Every Wednesday—everywhere

Wednesday is Raisin Bread day. Bakers everywhere prepare special bakings of the finest Raisin Bread for mid-week. In homes everywhere it has become a custom to serve it regularly on Wednesdays.

Your family too will enjoy the rare fruitiness and flavor of this famous "Wednesday special." It comes to you fresh from the ovens—perfect loaves generously filled with plump and juicy Sun-Maid Raisins. It gives you so much goodness at such low cost. And it's as healthful as it is delicious.

Make sure of having it every Wednesday. Place a standing order with your baker or grocer. Ask him to deliver or reserve a loaf for you each week.

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This great pier, extending far into the ocean, invites Atlantic City visitors (they number ten millions a year) to rest and enjoy the ocean breezes; to inspect its interesting exhibits of art objects and curiosities of educational and artistic value from all parts of the world; to make use of the writing and reading rooms with files of daily papers; to see the moving pictures and listen to the lectures on the evolution of food making and to learn more about the 57 Varieties by putting them to the test of taste.

To all or any of this, all are welcome.

(Continued from Page 114)

would be quickly dropped for reasons connected with the well-known canniness of that race.

Silk-Hat Harry impresses Mr. Higginbottom with the wealth of the British syndicate and the gullibility of British promoters, who know little of American business methods. Elmer has already set upon his land a price an acre twice as much as it is really worth. Silk-Hat Harry suggests that he hold out for a high price and explains that he will expect a commission for helping him get it.

It seems to be a characteristic of the greedy man that he has an unshakable belief in his own judgment. Thinking he is smart enough to handle this deal himself, Elmer takes no one into his confidence, not even an attorney. Silk-Hat Harry cleverly inflates him with a sense of his own importance and stresses the idea that the fewer people he tells about this deal the better.

Suddenly Elmer's eagerness is brought to a fine edge with the news that Lord Culmbank, representing the British syndicate, has just arrived in New York, and may be persuaded to investigate this property himself. Silk-Hat Harry calls up his lordship's secretary on long-distance and tactfully asks if his lordship can grant an interview to Elmer and himself. The secretary has to consult the engagement book before answering. He replies that several other field agents have made appointments with his lordship, but that it will be possible to grant an interview that day next week. Silk-Hat Harry puts his hand over the receiver and whispers these various pieces of intelligence to Elmer, who scents competition in the sale of his land and naturally becomes the more eager to get the deal going. Thus there is a week to put on the show. The cast includes his lordship, with a wardrobe, accent and manner that fit the part absolutely.

Among my theatrical friends I know no better actor than Paper-Collar Joe, a notorious pool-room swindler, now dead, who for years passed in New York's night life as a well-to-do Englishman of noble family, though he was actually identified with most of the notorious swindles of that day. There never was anybody like Paper-Collar Joe, either as a personality, an actor or a stage director of criminal drama. I recall his chagrin and indignation when, in certain circumstances, he was identified mistakenly as the doortender of a gambling palace.

"Me, the doortender in a roulette joint?" he said dejectedly, as deeply wounded as though, a real British nobleman, somebody had mistaken him for a commissionaire.

His lordship will need a secretary and a valet—principals. He is to be interviewed at his apartment in an élite but quiet uptown hotel, so there must be some other callers—supers. The second act of this drama will be set in a pool room, and there must be bookmakers, bettors and minor characters, played by supers, the pool-room cashier, and the villain who brings it to a climax and a close. This is the pool-room proprietor, a chief actor, like the cashier.

Playing Up to Lord Culmbank

"His lordship has been unexpectedly detained," explains Jarvis, the agitated secretary, hurrying down to meet Elmer and Harry in the hotel lobby when they are announced. He wears a monocle and is very English. "His lordship deeply regrets the delay and asks your pardon, and if you can be patient with him for not more than twenty minutes he will see you with pleasure."

When they reach his apartment, Lord Culmbank is everything an English nobleman ought to be—for a brief appearance. He does many characteristic things during a twenty-minute interview that is all very regular and natural, and works to make Elmer feel certain of selling his coal lands at twice their value, coming into considerable cold British cash, and therefore careless about money for the time being—that is, careless for him. Harry shows him how to bow to his lordship. Jarvis and Jenkins, the valet, salaam respectfully, so does Silk-Hat Harry, and Elmer does it, too, in a clumsy way. The effect is to create respect for the character who is going to talk about his coal lands. After acting a perfect little playlet, his lordship asks Jarvis if all arrangements have been made for dinner that evening, announces that he will lie down for half an hour, instructs Jenkins to have his "bawth" ready. He dismisses Elmer, assuring him that everything seems to be satisfactory, and that he will turn the matter over to his solicitor for final adjustment. But he asks Harry to stop behind for a moment.

Remember that, besides the prospect of coming into considerable wealth in a few days, Elmer Ellsworth Higginbottom has never been anywhere in particular, never had much excitement or fun, and certainly has never been in the stimulating atmosphere of New York under such auspices. Most visitors to the city drop caution, let dull care go hang itself and set out to live like people who have inhaled the rejuvenating gas of Mr. Wells' wandering comet. Mr. Higginbottom is given whiff after whiff of the concentrated stuff.

Something happened down in the hotel lobby while they were waiting to see Lord Culmbank—apparently a trivial incident, but really the main thread of the drama, the portent of coming loss for Elmer.

This was a chance meeting between Silk-Hat Harry and a respectable fatherly gentleman in his early sixties—Judge Glory, impersonated by Silverfox Gray. Fatherly, but not grandfatherly, a likable fellow, well informed about people and affairs. Without paying particular attention to Elmer, Silk-Hat Harry inoculates him with the idea that he has been taking his own years too seriously and missing a lot of fun. Judge Glory knows a good many names in Elmer's section of the country, all carefully learned from Harry. He also approves Elmer's coal deal, saying that the English are grabbing our resources and that it is only fair to get as high a price as possible.

Elmer and the Judge

Elmer meets the judge when he comes downstairs again and, as they chat, the latter's attention is attracted by a young man who enters the lobby.

"Now, I pride myself on my memory," the judge says, "and I swear that young fellow over there is the son of my old friend Henry Rutherford, in Nyack."

The young man comes nearer and the judge finds that he is Henry Rutherford's son, to his great delight, asks him what he is doing in New York, and young Rutherford replied that he is getting on in business wonderfully.

"What kind of business are you in, Johnny?"

"Why, judge, I couldn't tell you—for you'd tell my father," says the youngster hesitatingly.

Gradually it develops that Johnny acts as messenger for certain men who have advance information on horse races and who make large sums daily by betting at a certain pool room. Johnny also bets a little himself. The judge is horrified and advises Johnny to get out of that business immediately. But the boy insists that there is nothing wrong in it; bookmakers are all crooked anyway. Beating them is no crime. Elmer gets interested and suggests that they test the boy's story by betting a small amount. Silk-Hat Harry comes back. He agrees with the judge that Johnny shouldn't be in such a business, but agrees with Johnny that getting the better of pool-room gamblers is fair enough. Lord Culmbank denounces the game when they tell him about it next day, but has to admit that the same thing is done in England, and, in fact, wherever horse racing and gambling go on.

Well, to condense the action of this drama, Elmer and Harry eventually visit the pool room, a fake establishment filled with alleged players. They hear bets entered for the Goulds, the Astors, Vanderbilts, Belmonts, and for several days win moderate wagers at conservative odds. Incidentally, they win without putting up much money, being taken for responsible sportsmen whose word is good, betting as charge customers of the pool room. Naturally, the ease of making a wager without putting up any money, and being paid their winnings in cash, has a further disintegrating effect upon Elmer's caution.

Then comes a day when there is a fifteen-to-one shot, Johnny brings advance information that Zenobia has won, and Elmer and Harry, acting on a prearranged plan, bet a thousand dollars each. You can picture the excitement of Higginbottom when the cashier starts to pay them each fifteen thousand dollars—in real money!

It is here that the villain of the piece steps in—the pool-room proprietor, who is a truly hard guy.

"What is this transaction?" he demands of the cashier. "Did these gentlemen put

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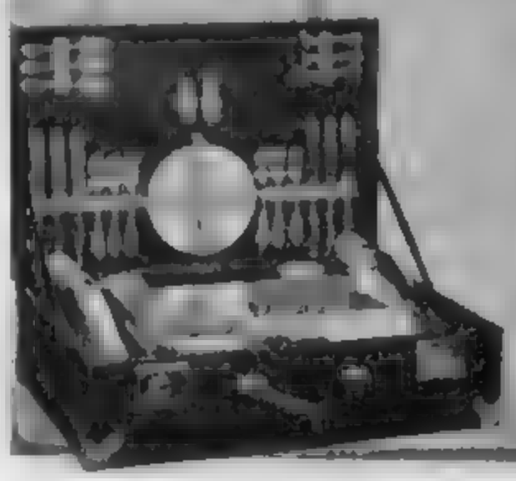

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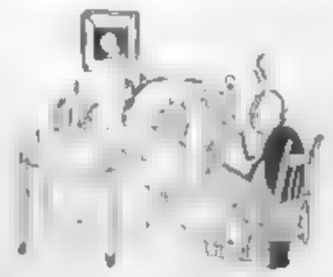

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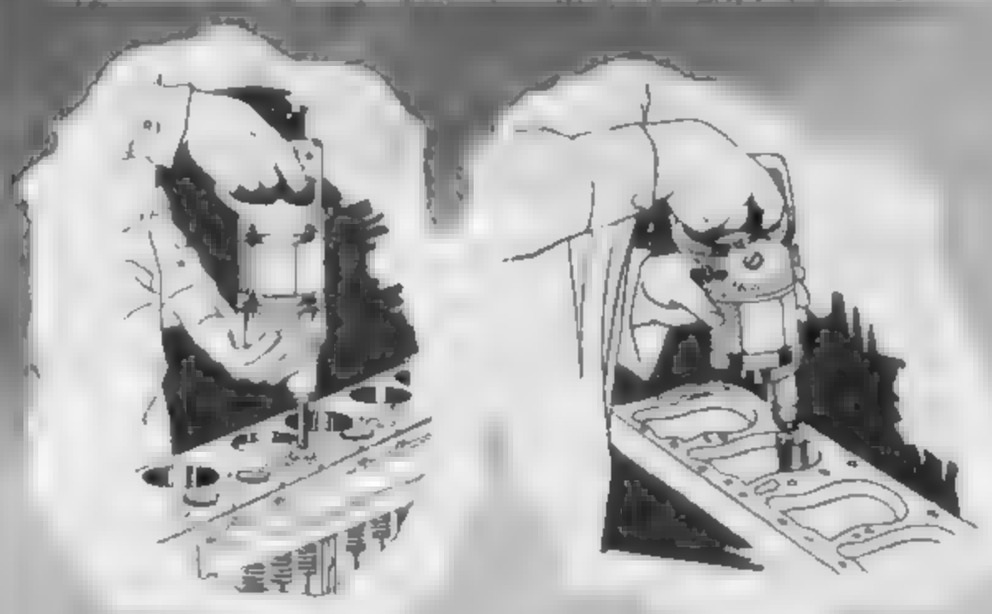

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up their own money in betting? How do we know they have that much money? Don't pay the bet until they show an amount equal to the wager."

The cashier half takes the bettors' side, says the men are respectable, that he has known Silk-Hat Harry for years, that they have plenty of money. But the proprietor is now angrier than ever and calls his cashier an easy mark.

"The next thing I know you'll be giving away our whole bank roll to business bums like these. Do what I order you to do. If you don't, quit the window and I'll put Sonny Marks in your place."

The cashier is livid at these insults by the boss. Johnny takes a hand, whispering to Harry and Higginbottom to go and get a good bank roll and be ready for a big winning on a sure thing in a day or two. They'll show up this burly, loud-mouthed, blackleg pool-room keeper when they clean up on the old first-past-the-post info, when they get the name of the actual winner minutes before the pool-room keeper gets it.

"He'll get a good trimming," Johnny says. "The skunk! And I brought you in here—to be treated like that!"

Not only have they the big money they are going to win in prospect, but revenge—oh, sweet revenge! Harry gets his ten thousand dollars. Elmer goes back home and draws his out of the bank in cash. They both come back and bet on the sure thing on the day Johnny gives it to them. It loses. They cast out Elmer. He returns home a sadder but wiser coal-land owner.

What do most people seek in the theater? Why, adventure, romance, something that takes them out of their own lives.

The impresario of criminal drama knows this so well that the appeal to the universal love of adventure is seldom left out of his show. The bait is there for greed, and flattery for the sucker's confidence in his own shrewdness; but, no matter how cautious, old and drab the victim may be, the adventure appeal is there too, and in the form of the ready-made adventure people find in the theater and movies. The only difference in the criminal drama is that the audience of one—himself—participates in the show and pays for the whole production.

The Genial Animal Buyer

There was Hey-Rube Skelly, now dead, a famous finder for the wire-tapping game in his day.

"Well, sir, this is my last trip for a good many months," he would announce to the prospective victim, a perfect stranger, met "accidentally" on a train coming into New York. "I go right from New York to Indy to buy animals for the Ringling circus."

Can you put together in that many words a statement with more appeal to curiosity and the love of adventure? Going to Africa and India to get circus animals! Nobody too old, short of second childhood, to want to know more about that!

The bluff, humorous circus man, whose every utterance takes the listener into a colorful world, who knows nothing of business or routine work, and says nothing about money—what more natural than his telling the chance acquaintance something about his daughter in New York, and her husband, the telegraph operator, who has charge of the race-track wires downtown in the Western Union, and makes a good deal of money besides his salary by placing bets after he knows the real winner, before word has reached the pool room?

In New York he and the victim see a good deal of each other for several days, viewing the sights. Little is said about the telegrapher son-in-law, but the victim's mind comes back to him again and again. Finally, Skelly is persuaded to take him downtown and introduce him to the son-in-law, who comes out of a roomful of clicking telegraph instruments, in shirt sleeves, with a green shade over his eyes, tells them he is not supposed to see visitors during working hours, nor have they any right to be in that part of the building. He is obstinate in his refusal to let the victim have word of a good winner. Why, if he did such a thing, and it became known, he'd lose his job!

Drama again—staged in real life, and cleverly fitted into the characters, actions, desires and weaknesses of everyday people.

There is the gold-brick drama, with the miner and Indian who have several bars of gold they cannot sell openly for certain reasons and are therefore willing to dispose of them at nominal value. A specimen bar is shown the victim and the three go to a local jeweler, who drills into a plug of real gold at a certain point on the bar, declares it genuine, but declines to give an opinion as to value. However, a representative of the United States Assay Office happens to be stopping at one of the hotels, and after a search he finds and gives them the assayer's card. The assayer is one of the crooks. He tests the brick, weighs it and advises the victim to buy it as a great bargain. The brick turns out to be gold-plated brass. The crime is as old as the hills, and has been described over and over again in the newspapers, but still finds victims.

The greatest impersonations in the gold-brick game are of the miner and the Indian. The miner must be an old fellow, streaked gray whiskers, grubstake blue eyes, illiterate, with "that thar" Western dialect; dressed in black, with a blue shirt and double-side heavy watch chain with a hunting-case watch hooked to it. "Fond of likker, by cracky, and out for sportin'." The Indian is so wild he can't sleep indoors; stays in the woods; don't trust white man nohow. The miner has to talk to him from a distance. Can you imagine one of these oily genteel con men from Broadway out doing a stunt like this, and the fun they have after it is all over?

The Exploits of Black Bart

Every crime has to be stage directed. The recent double murder and forty-eight-thousand-dollar West End Bank robbery was located by a finder and tipped off to the hold-up men and murderers. The finder, an amateur beginner in crime, was double-crossed, did not get a cent. The murderers double-crossed the middlemen and chauffeur.

How often have we read and heard of Black Bart? He was his own stage manager, director and troupe in his many hold-ups of stages in the Sierras of California from 1877 to 1883. He seldom robbed passengers, was affable to the ladies and usually departed with the treasure box or safe of the Wells-Fargo Express Company. Gold shipments were his game. He stuck up twenty-three stages in his time. When he located the place where he intended to do the stick-up, he would plant behind a clump of bushes eight or ten sticks about six feet tall and put black slouch hats on the sticks. These hats would just peer over the brush. Bart pretended they were his stand-by men.

"Stay where you are, boys," he would say to the black hats. "Don't shoot or make a move till I give you orders; but keep your eyes on them until they're out of sight."

Every victim always thought the black hats on the sticks were part of Black Bart's gang. A linen cuff carelessly left behind in a camp by him resulted in his arrest by the San Francisco police, where he was known as Charles E. Benton and Charles E. Bowles. He lived in an unpretentious boarding house, posed as a mining man and was never suspected as a hold-up man. He was originally from Decatur, Illinois, served three years as a soldier in the Union Army, and was a teetotaler

"Chief, what is the real cure for crime?" a good many people have asked me.

I can tell you in a dozen words: Stop the manufacture as well as the sale of firearms. Just as the crimes of nation against nation, like war, are made possible by armament, the tools of force, so the crimes of individuals against property and against others are facilitated by firearms—personal armament.

Go over the day's criminal calendar and you will find that much wrongdoing would be impossible without firearms. Stopping the sale and making it a criminal offense to possess firearms unlawfully is not enough—stop manufacture.

And in studying crime from this viewpoint of its stage management, I have sometimes wondered how much wrongdoing would be impossible if acting and stage management could be prohibited to criminals by some form of law. Of course, the thing is impossible and the suggestion perhaps fantastic. Yet every one of the time-worn swindles depends upon stage effects, and many of the crimes against property. Like the playwright, story-teller and moving-picture director, the criminal works by suggesting to his victim "Let's pretend," and his success is based upon the instinct of people everywhere for make-believe.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr Dougherty. The next will appear in an early issue.

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Write for our new booklet, "A Glimpse Inside." It explains why Chase VELMO is the ideal Travel Fabric.

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Letters From Theodore Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt Cowles

(Continued from Page 7)

Latin recitation with a meek-eyed Professor, who calls me Mr. Rusee-felt (hardly any one can get my name correctly, except as Rosy). Then I go over to the gymnasium, where I have a set-to with the gloves with "General" Lister, the boxing master—for I am training to box among the lightweights in the approaching match for the championship of Harvard. Then comes lunch, at which all the boys are assembled in an obstreperously joyful condition; a state of mind which brings on a free fight, to the detriment of Harry Jackson, who, with a Dutch cheese and some coffee cups, is put under the table; which proceeding calls forth dire threats from Mrs. Morgan. Afterwards studying and recitations took up the time till half past four; as I was then going home, suddenly I heard "Hi, Ted! Catch!" and a baseball whizzed by me. Our two "babies," Bob Bacon and Arthur Hooper, were playing ball behind one of the buildings. So I stayed and watched them, until the ball went through a window and a proctor started out to inquire—when we abruptly separated. That evening I took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Tudor, and had a very pleasant homelike time. I like both of them very much. Ask Bamie why she never thanked her for the handkerchiefs. When I returned I studied for an hour, and then, it being half past ten, put on my slippers, which are as comfortable as they are pretty, drew the rocking chair up to the fire, and spent the next half hour in toasting my feet and reading Lamb.

Usually there is more study and less play than this, but I generally manage to have my evenings free, except for perhaps an hour's work, and there is always something to do, if we don't go in to Boston there may be a whist club or coffee party going on. I do not go often to the Theatre, as I don't care for it, and it might hurt my eyes. On Friday evening I usually go to the dancing class. Yesterday (Saturday) I went in town in the afternoon to pay several party calls—among them one on Miss Madeleine Mixter, who unfortunately was out. I dined with one of my friends, and in the evening went round to the Andrews, where there was quite a little party, and where I had a very pleasant time. I have lately met a very sweet girl, Miss Elsie Burnett, whose brother owns the Deerfoot Farm. I think you know him. I have been going out a good deal lately, but in two or three weeks we will have a spell of examinations, so we will now have to begin to grind again. I have had two examinations since Christmas, and I passed one fairly (over 50 per cent.) and one very well. I have so much to do that I am not at all homesick. I have been very much astonished at this, and also at my good health. Excepting a little asthma in November, I have not been sick at all. During the Spring I expect to do a good deal of collecting work with Harry Minot and Fred Gardiner, both of whom have similar tastes to mine. By the way, as the time when birds come back is approaching, I wish you would send on my gun, with all the cartridges you can find and my various apparatus for cleaning, loading it, etc. Also send on a dozen glass jars, with their rubbers and stoppers (which you will find in my museum) and a German dictionary, if you have one. Our lessons will be over by the twentieth of June, and then Harry Minot and I intend leaving immediately for the Adirondacks, so as to get the birds in as good plumage as possible, and in two or three weeks we will get down to Oyster Bay, where I should like to have him spend a few days with us. He is a very quiet fellow, and would not be the least trouble, for you can put him anywhere.

I am having a very nice time with my Sunday-school class, and like my scholars very much, although I do not at all approve of the plan the school is conducted on, which makes the poor little children stay all through the afternoon service, so that they have to remain for an hour and a half, which is of course an awful trial to them. My library has been the greatest possible pleasure to me, as whenever I have any spare time I can immediately take up a book. Aunt Annie's present, the "History of the Civil War," is extremely interesting.

Lately I have been around at the boys' houses quite often, and have seen a good deal of their home life; they have all been so kind that it makes it very pleasant for me. I can't help being more and more struck by the fact that if the parents are good and *wise*, the son generally does pretty fairly too, although of course this does not always hold.

With best love to Bamie, Pussie, Aunt Annie and Uncle Jimmie, I am

Your Loving Son,

THEE, JR.

Aunt Annie and Uncle Jimmie were Mr. and Mrs. James K. Gracie.

16 WINTHROP ST., Dec. 16th, '77.

DARLING BAMIE: I am very uneasy about Father. Does the Doctor think it anything serious? I think that a travelling trip would be the best thing for him; he always has too much work on hand. Thank fortune, my own health is excellent, and so, when I get home, I can with a clear conscience give him a rowing up for not taking better care of himself. The trouble is the dear old fellow never does think of himself in anything. We have been very fortunate, Bamie, in having a father whom we can love and respect more than any other man in the world.

I got 90 in two other examinations recently—Rhetoric and History. I shall probably reach New York Friday morning. Remember me to Miss Jennie Hooper.

Your Loving Brother

THEE, JR.

After his father's death, on February ninth, his letters cease to seem those of a boy.

16 WINTHROP ST., Mar. 3d, 1878.

MY BELOVED SISTER: I have put your dear letter up with some of Father's, among my greatest treasures; my own, sweet sister, you will have to give me a great deal of advice and assistance, now that our dear Father is gone, for in many ways you are more like him than any of the rest of the family. I really feel badly when I think how *much* you over rate my abilities; but I shall try my best to reflect credit on Father's name. I am so glad you are keeping up your knowledge of all the charities he was especially interested in; do write me about them from time to time. I often wish I were at home, so as not to let so much of the burden fall to your share, dear sister; but I know that you, like him, are never so happy as when you are employed. Give my best love to old Nell.

Goodbye, sweetest sister.

Your Loving Brother

THEODORE.

16 WINTHROP ST., Mar. 24th, '78.

DARLING MOTHERLING: I have just been looking over a letter of my dear Father's in which he wrote me, "Take care of your morals first, your health next and finally your studies." I do not think I ever *could* do anything wrong while I have his letters; but it seems very sad never to write to him.

I had a three hour examination yesterday; of course I do not yet know what mark I got in it. I shall be home two weeks from next Friday. Give my best love to Bamie and Pussie.

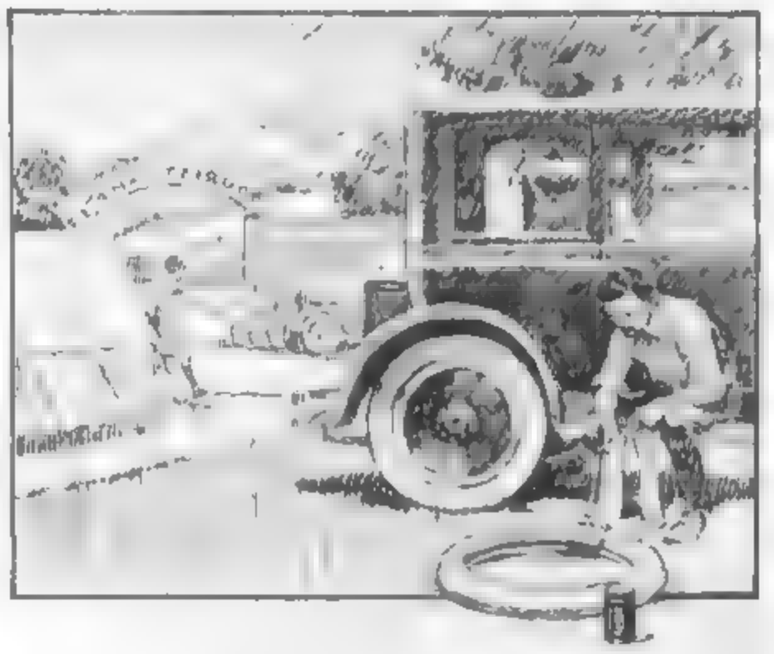
Your Loving Son

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

16 WINTHROP ST., Apr. 7th, '78.

MY DARLING Hoosier Sister: I suppose that when you come home you and Mrs. A. will be able to give us the latest style of Western slang, and otherwise deport yourselves as belles of the per-airies. My life during the past week has been cheerful but monotonous and I have not even fulfilled my customary vocation of tutor, A—— having decided that, as there is no possible chance of his getting through, there is no especial use of his trying; and when an idea once gets into A——'s head it fills it about up, so that it is perfectly useless to argue with him.

I return to New York next Tuesday in the night boat, and shall stay there two weeks, so you must prolong your trip just as much as possible; but you must come back in time to let "pretty Teddy" have one or two days with his sister Bye, whom he loves so dearly. After I have been away from home about a month I always begin



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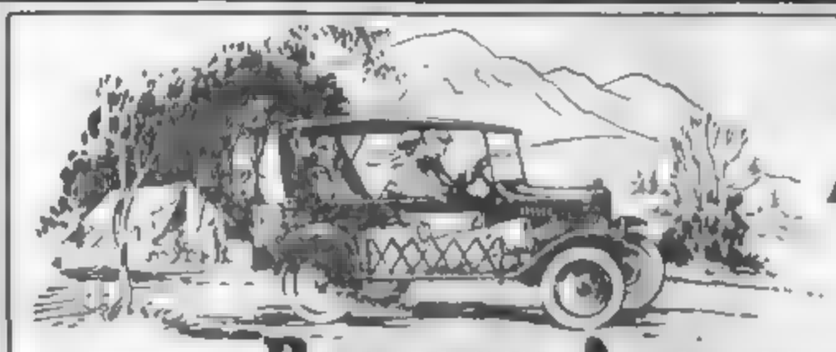

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GIVE your light car TWO-PURPOSE PERFORMANCE! With this remarkable device, you have a combination of POWER and SPEED that has heretofore been impossible to obtain. This new automotive principle means—

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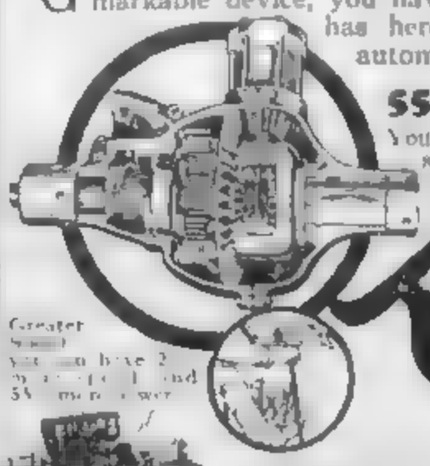

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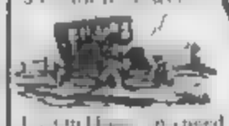
Climbs practically all grades on "high;" goes through roads ordinarily impassable. Provides remarkable flexibility for [illegible]ing in traffic, placing Increased Power and Speed under instant control. Reduces stress and strain, thus giving more durability and wear. Only three working parts in actual operation and these are fool-proof. Workmanship and materials guaranteed to be [illegible] quality.



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Double strength and security if it's a Cook's Solid Leather Billfold—"*Twin Stitch for Double Wear.*" Just as two posts and two nails give twice the strength and permanency to a crosspiece, so does this extra line of stitching double the life of your billfold.

A gentleman's billfold—handsome and compact, guaranteed by bond. Solid leather, each one "*Twin Stitch for Double Wear*" as originated by Cook.

160 styles—$1.00 to $5.00. Plenty of space (without bulkiness) for paper money, lodge or license card, pockets for business cards and papers. *An appreciated gift.*

More than 25,000 dealers sell them as well as Cook's other Guaranteed Leather Goods. If your dealer has not received his supply, write to us

CHAS. K. COOK COMPANY, Inc.,
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Cook's Solid Leather Bill Folds

"Twin Stitch *For Double Wear*"

to long for the petting and spoiling I always get when I am with the family.

Give my best love to Mrs. Alexander.

Your Loving Brother

THEE.

PORCELLIAN CLUB, Mar. 16th, 1879.

DARLING MUFFIE: I got home this morning at 11 o'clock, too late for church, the cars being delayed six hours; and have just returned from Sunday School. How did darling Bysie enjoy her trip to Boston? The only thing I minded was missing her. I never have passed a pleasanter two weeks than those just gone by; I enjoyed every moment. The first two or three days I had asthma, but, funnily enough, this left me entirely as soon as I went into camp. The thermometer was below zero pretty often, but I was not bothered by the cold at all, except one night when I camped out on the trail of a caribou (which we followed two days without getting more than a glimpse of the animal). Out in the opens when there was any wind it was very disagreeable, but in the woods the wind never blows and as long as we were moving about it made little difference how low the temperature was, but sitting still for lunch we felt it immediately.

I learned how to manage snowshoes very quickly, and enjoyed going on them greatly. . . .

Your Loving Son

THEE.

16 WINTHROP ST., Oct. 13th, 1879.

DARLING BYSIE: I am very curious to see how the cup I am having made for the Porc. will turn out; if it is half as great a success as my other extravagance for this year, my cart, I shall be more than contented.

My studies have so far been tolerably difficult, but interesting. The other day I found out my average for the three years, 82%. I stand 19th in the class, which began with 230 fellows.

Goodbye, Your Loving

THEE.

PORCELLIAN CLUB, Jan. 11th, '80.

DARLING MUFFIE: Please send my silk hat on *at once;* why has it not come before? Also send my rubbers on.

I have fairly started work again (getting "very good" in another hour examination); and I have been going out a good deal too, in fact to four parties last week. Today I am going to drive over to Chestnut Hill to see the girls and talk over the New York trip.

A good deal to my amusement and rather to my disgust I have been requested to resign my Sunday School Class unless I would join the Episcopalian Church! This I refused to do, and so had to leave. I told the clergyman I thought him rather narrow minded; especially as I had had my class for three years and a half, and as even he said it was the only boys' class in the school where the attendance was at all regular. So now I have my afternoons to myself.

Best love to all.

Your Loving Son

THEE.

WILCOXES FARM, Aug. 22d, 1880.

DARLING BYSIE: After spending a day in Chicago we decided to come out here to a farm house and stay ten days and then to make a four weeks trip through Iowa and Minnesota, not getting back to New York till about Oct. 1st, when I shall go straight on to Chestnut Hill.

For the present send any letters to Dr. R. N. Isham, 47 Clark St., Chicago. If any letters come to me from Cambridge open them, as I have written about my missing clock and pictures.

We have had three days good shooting, and I feel twice the man for it already. As today is Sunday we are laying off, and, there not being any church near us, have been writing letters, reading, etc. The farm people are pretty rough, but I like them very much; like all rural Americans they are intensely independent, and indeed I don't wonder at their thinking us their equals, for we are dressed about as badly as mortals could be, with our cropped heads, unshaven faces, dirty gray shirts, still dirtier yellow trousers and cowhide boots; moreover we can shoot as well as they can (or at least Elliott can), and can stand as much fatigue. I enjoy being with the old boy very much; we care to do exactly the same things. The flies here are a perfect plague of Egypt; and things are not very clean, in fact the reverse; but we are having a lovely time.

Your Loving Brother

THEE

ON HIS twenty-second birthday, October 27th, Mr. Roosevelt was married to Alice Hathaway Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Lee, of Boston and Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. After their marriage they came to his mother's home in New York, where they spent the winter. During this winter of 1880–'81 he began his active interest in politics, attending the Republican district meetings one evening a week with the greatest regularity. It was also during this winter that he wrote, or at all events began to write, his book on the War of 1812. The following summer was passed traveling in Europe, and in November, 1881, he was elected to the state legislature. The greater number of his relations, aside from his immediate family, considered his entering on a political career as being more or less of a disgrace to his name. Such was the peculiar attitude of the greater number of the people we knew in regard to public life at that time.

STATE OF NEW YORK
ASSEMBLY CHAMBER

ALBANY, Feb. 20th, 1883.

DARLING MOTHERLING: My speech went off very well; I did not forget a word, nor was I at all embarrassed. But I doubt if it really pays to learn a speech by heart; for I felt just like a schoolboy reciting his piece. Besides I do not speak enough from the chest, so my voice is not as powerful as it ought to be.

Good bye, my own dearest little Mother.

Ever Your Fond Son

THEE.

The winter of '82–'83 he had a house in New York, 55 West Forty-fifth Street, and had a room in Albany, returning to New York for all the week-ends. The following winter was spent at his mother's, 6 West Fifty-seventh Street, he again having a room in Albany and coming down for the week-ends. On February 12, 1884, his daughter Alice was born and on the 14th her mother died. His own mother died on February 14, and the double funeral took place at Doctor Hall's church, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, on Saturday, February sixteenth.

ST. PAUL, June 8th, 1884.

DARLING BYSIE: Many thanks for your sweet note. Can you tell Douglas to get me files of the "Times" and "Sun" for the week ending June 7th? Also of the "Post." I would like to see them. I am now on my way to the Little Missouri; I shall probably be back about July 10th, but will write or telegraph to you before; perhaps I shall be back much earlier, as I intend to take quite a long hunting trip this fall, there being now no necessity of my taking part in the political campaign.

Well, the fight has been fought and lost, and moreover our defeat is an overwhelming rout.

It may be that "the voice of the people is the voice of God" in fifty-one cases out of a hundred; but in the remaining forty-nine it is quite as likely to be the voice of the devil, or what is still worse, the voice of a fool.

I am glad to have been present at the convention, and to have taken part in its proceedings; it was a historic scene, and one of great, even if of somewhat sad, interest. . . .

Yours always

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

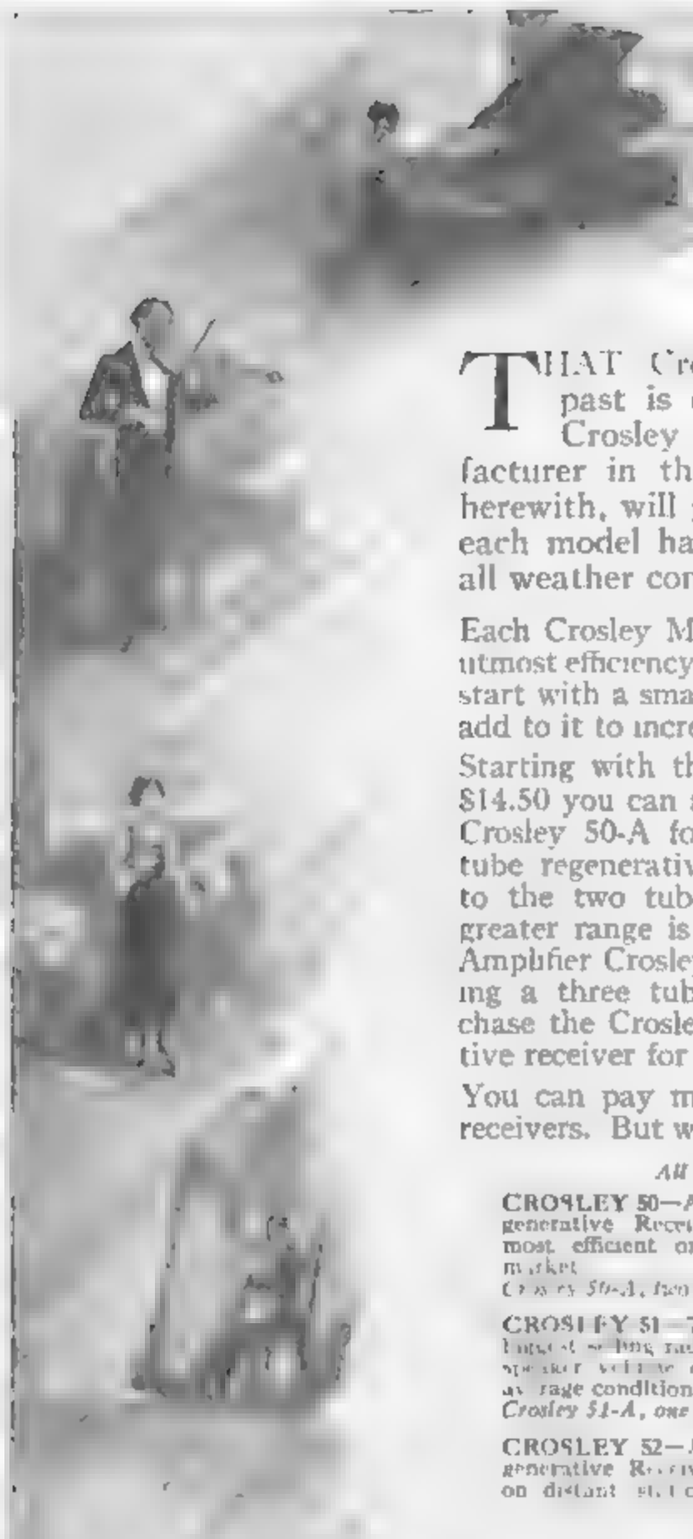
A large part of this letter had to be omitted, but it marked his entrance into national public life.

LITTLE MISSOURI, June 17th, '84.

DARLING BYSIE: I hope you got my letter about the convention; it was a long one for me. Here my opportunities for writing are limited; so show this to Elliott and Douglas, both of whom have written me. I was very glad to get your letters. The "interview" in the St. Paul's Despatch was made up out of the whole cloth; it was very annoying; I had not spoken a dozen words to any reporter.

Well, I have been having a glorious time here, and am well hardened now. I have just come in from spending *thirteen* hours in the saddle. For every day I have been

(Continued on Page 125)



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Still Better

New Crosley Radio Receivers

THAT Crosley Radio Receivers have given complete satisfaction in the past is evidenced by the fact that, during the last twelve months, The Crosley Radio Corporation produced more receiving sets than any manufacturer in the world. That the new line of Crosley instruments, illustrated herewith, will give even better service is assured by the exhaustive tests to which each model has been subjected both in our laboratories and in actual use under all weather conditions.

Each Crosley Model is designed to give the utmost efficiency at the lowest cost. You may start with a small receiver and as you desire add to it to increase its range and volume.

Starting with the one tube Crosley 50 for $14.50 you can add the two stage Amplifier Crosley 50-A for $18.00 and have a three tube regenerative receiver for $32.50. Or, to the two tube Crosley 51 for $18.50, if greater range is wanted, add the one stage Amplifier Crosley 51-A for $14.00 thus making a three tube set for $32.50. Or purchase the Crosley 52 a three tube regenerative receiver for only $30.00.

You can pay much higher prices for radio receivers. But we have yet to find one at any price that will out-perform the Crosley Trirdyn 3R3 at $65.00 or set in special cabinet $75.00, the last word in Radio engineering.

For selectivity, ease of tuning and nicety of calibration, this instrument has astounded radio experts wherever it has been tried. The other Crosley Models will give comparatively equal performances. No matter which you choose, the clearest possible reception from exceptionally long distance is assured you.

Before you purchase a radio receiver listen in on a Crosley. Compare its performance with any other instrument on the market. We know then that you will choose a Crosley.

All Crosley Regenerative Receivers licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent, 1,113,149

CROSLEY 50—A new one tube Armstrong Regenerative Receiver. We believe this to be the most efficient one tube receiver ever put on the market ..... **Price $14.50**
Crosley 50-A, two tube amplifier may be added at $18.00

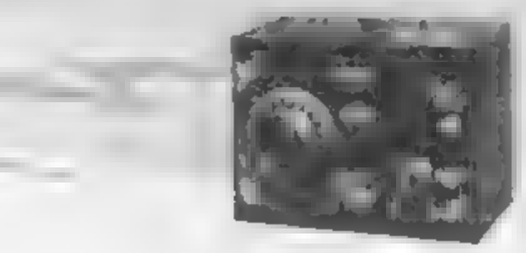
CROSLEY 51—Two tube regenerative receiver, the largest selling radio receiver in the world. Gives loud speaker volume on local and distant stations under average conditions ..... **Price $18.50**
Crosley 51-A, one tube amplifier may be added at $14.00

CROSLEY 52—A new three tube Armstrong Regenerative Receiver. Provides loud speaker volume on distant stations under practically all conditions **Price $30.00**

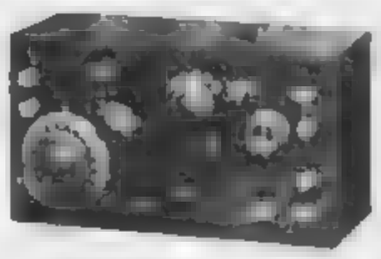
CROSLEY 51-P—This is our new portable set. It is the Crosley Model 51 two tube receiver mounted in a leatherette covered carrying case, battery space and all self-contained..... **Price $25.00**

CROSLEY TRIRDYN 3R3—This three tube receiver gives the efficiency and selectivity of five tubes. We believe it is the most efficient receiver on the market at any price for bringing in long distance stations **Price $65.00**

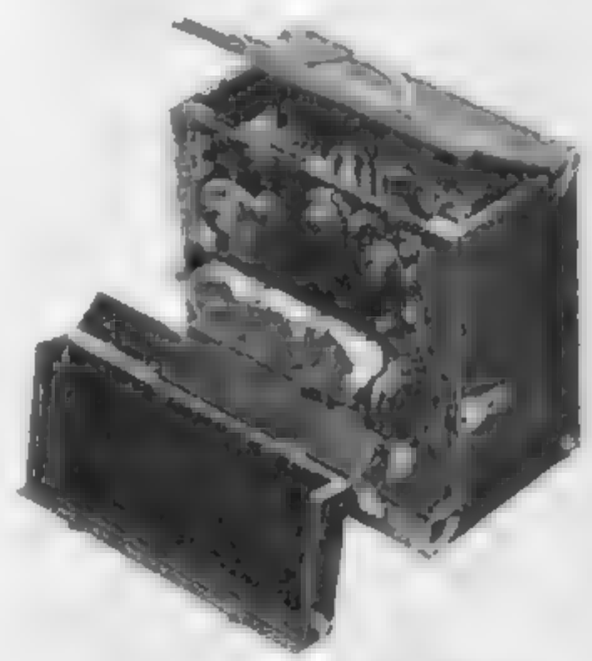
CROSLEY TRIRDYN 3R3 SPECIAL—The same as the Trirdyn 3R3 except cabinet is larger to contain "A" and "B" dry cell batteries and accessories. A beautiful set to match the highest grade of furniture..... **Price $75.00**



Crosley 50, $14.50



Crosley 51, $18.50



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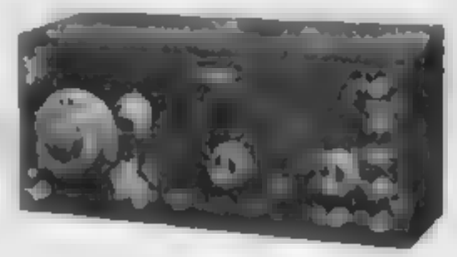

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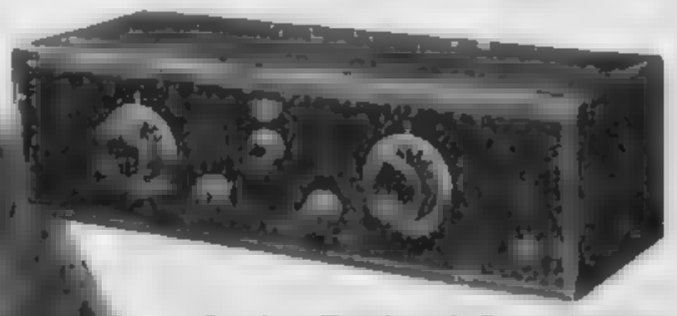

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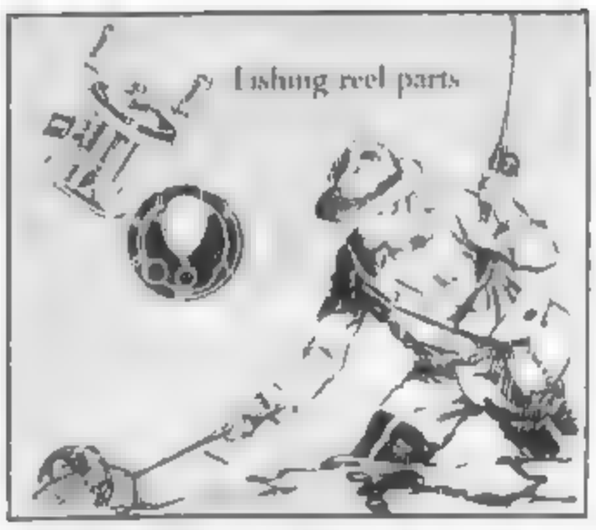

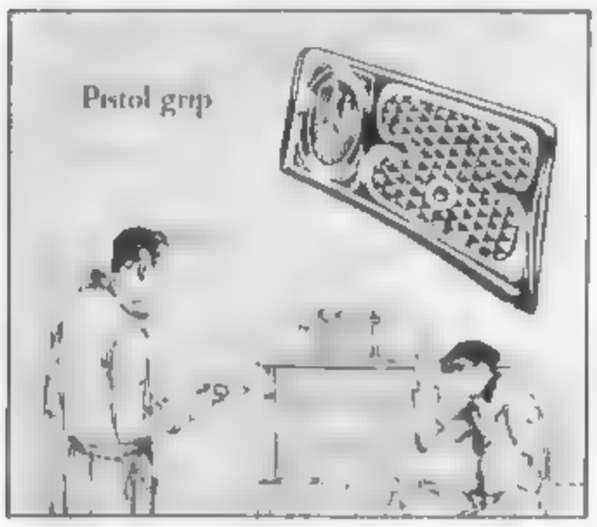

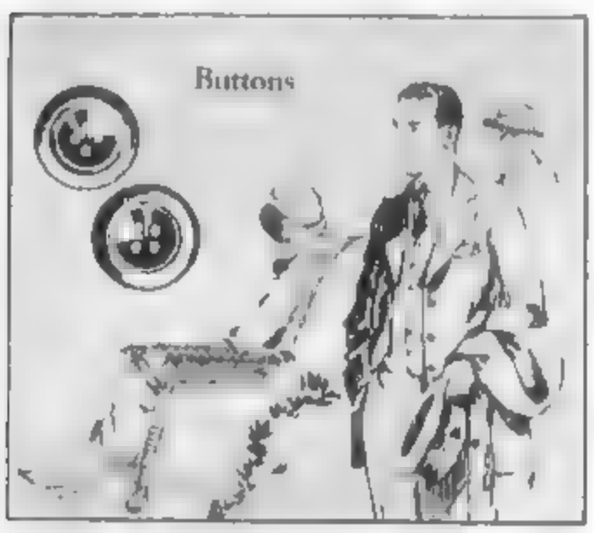

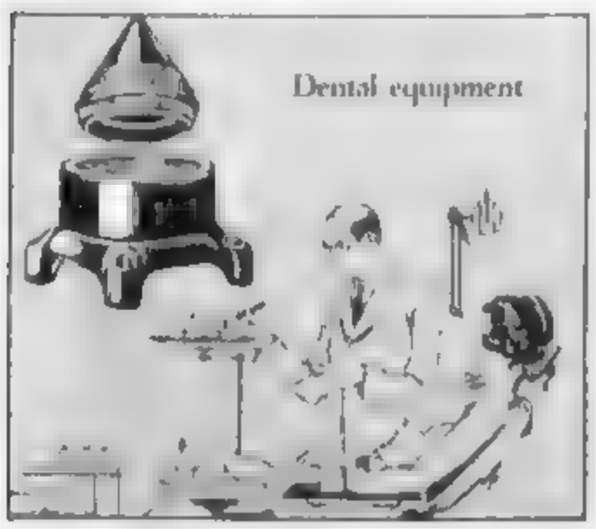

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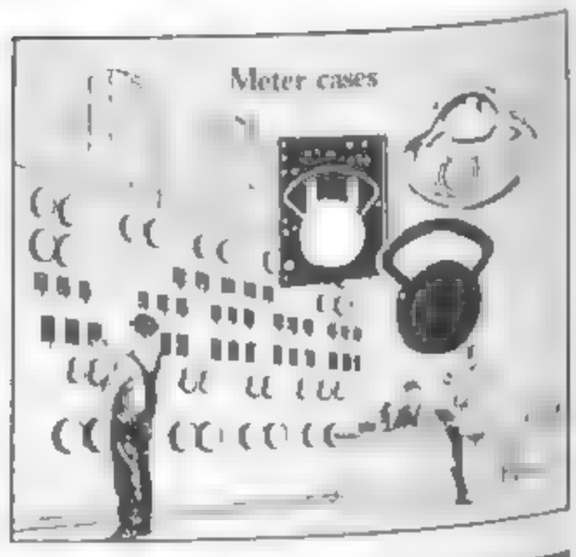

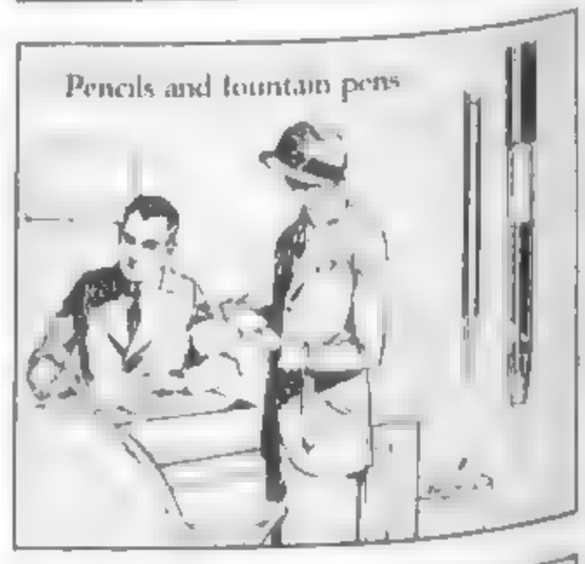

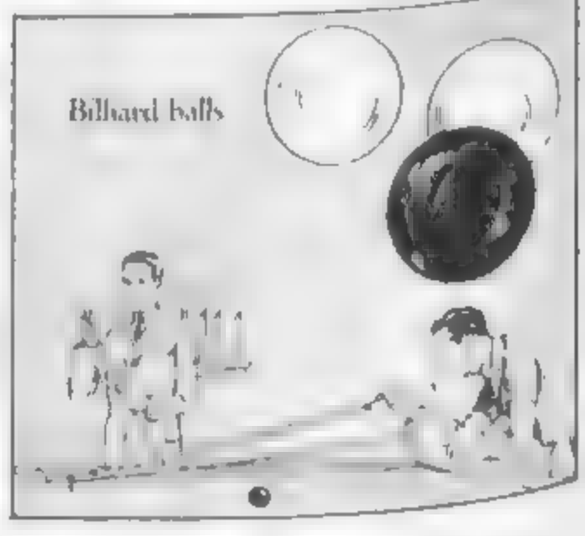

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THE MATERIAL OF A THOUSAND USES

(Continued from Page 122

I have had my hands full First and foremost, the cattle have done well, and I regard the outlook for making the business a success as being very hopeful This winter I lost about 25 head from wolves, cold, etc.; the others are in admirable shape, and I have about a hundred and fifty-five head. I shall put on a thousand more next year and shall make it my regular business. In the autumn I shall bring out Bill and Dow and put them on a ranche with very few cattle to start with, and in the course of a couple of years give them quite a little herd also

I have never been in better health than on this trip. I am in the saddle all day long either taking part in the round-up of the cattle, or else hunting antelope. I got one the other day; another good head for our famous hall at Leeholm. I am really attached to my two "factors," Ferris and Merrifield; they are very fine men.

The country is growing on me, more and more; it has a curious, fantastic beauty of its own; and as I own six or eight horses I have a fresh one every day, and ride on a rope all day long. How sound I do sleep at night now! There is not much game, however; the cattle men have crowded it out and only a few antelope and deer remain. I have shot a few jackrabbits and curlews, with the rifle; and I also killed eight rattlesnakes.

Tomorrow my two men go East for the cattle; and I will start out alone to try my hand at finding my way over the prairie by myself. I intend to take a two months trip in the Fall, for hunting, and may, as politics look now, stay away over Election day; so I shall return now very soon, probably leaving here in a week.

Give my best love to all, especially to your own dear self

Your loving brother

THEE.

CHIMNEY BUTTE RANCHE,
Aug. 17th, 1884.

DARLING BYSIE: We have been delayed nearly a week by being forced to get some extra ponies; however, I was rather glad of it, as I wished to look thoroughly through the cattle before going. Tomorrow morning early we start out. Merrifield and I go on horseback, each taking a spare pony, which will be led behind the wagon, a light "prairie schooner" drawn by two stout horses, and driven by an old French halfbreed. I wear a sombrero, silk handkerchief, fringed buckskin shirt, deerskin chaparajos, or riding trowsers, alligator-hide boots; and with my pearl-hilted revolver and beautifully finished Winchester rifle, I shall feel able to face anything. How long I will be gone I can not say; we will go in all nearly a thousand miles. If game is plenty and my horse is good, I may return in six weeks, more probably I shall be out a couple of months; and if game is so scarce that we have to travel very far to get to it, or if our horses give out or run away, or we get caught by the snow, we may be out very much longer—till towards Xmas, though I will try to be back to vote.

Yesterday I rode 72 miles between dawn and darkness; I have a superb roan pony, or rather horse; he looks well, with his beautifully carved saddle, plaited bridle, and silver inlaid bit, and seems to be absolutely tireless.

I grow very fond of this place, and it certainly has a desolate, grim beauty of its own that has a curious fascination for me. The grassy, scantily wooded bottoms through which the winding river flows are bordered by bare, jagged buttes; their fantastic shapes and sharp, steep edges throw the most curious shadows, under the cloudless, glaring sky; and at evening I love to sit out in front of the hut and see their hard, gray outlines gradually grow soft and purple as the flaming sunset by degrees softens and dies away; while my days I spend generally alone, riding through the lonely rolling prairie and broken lands.

I am afraid that it may not be possible for me to get where I can write again till I return from my trip

Your Loving Brother

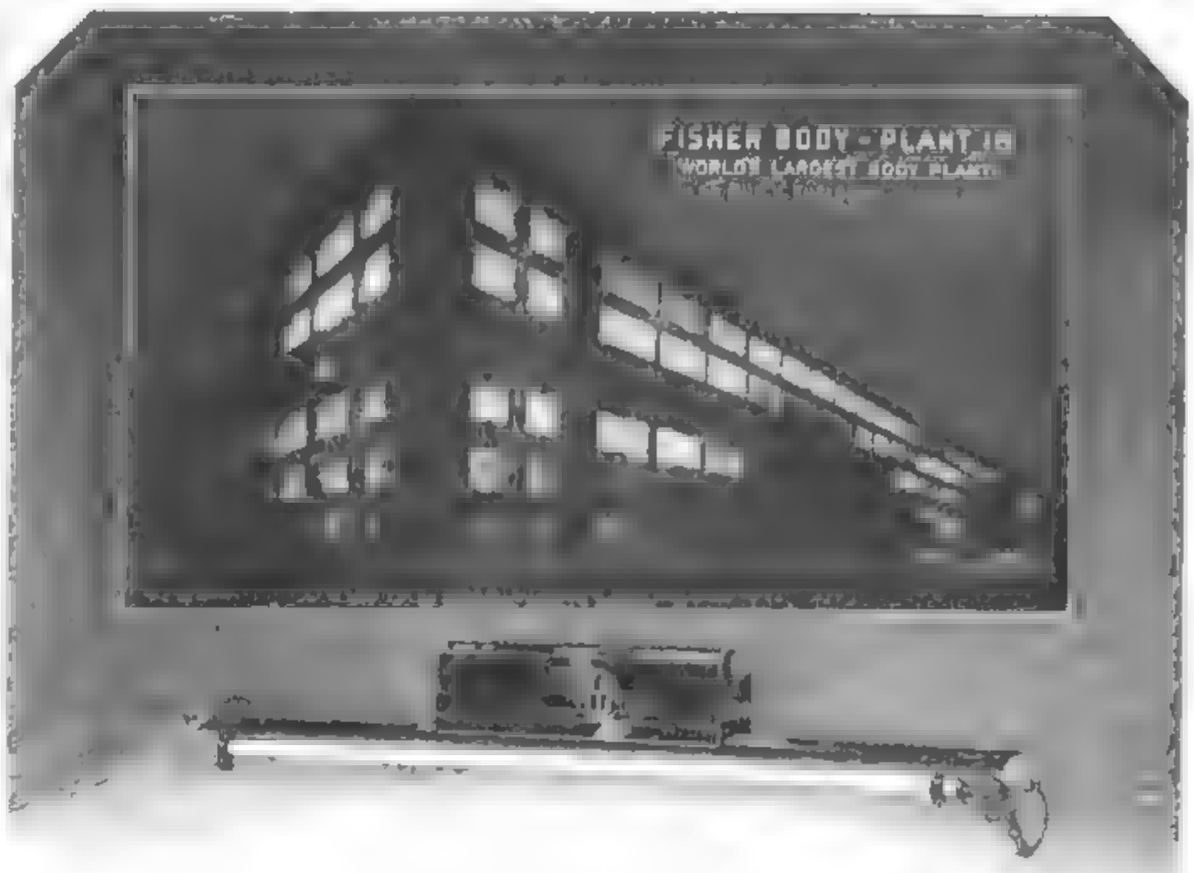
THEE.

FORT MCKINNEY, WYOMING TERRITORY,
Sept. 20th, 1884.

DARLING BYSIE: For once I have made a very successful hunting trip; I have just come out of the mountains and will start at once for the Little Missouri, which I expect to reach in a fortnight, and a week afterwards will be on my way home. I hope to hear from you there.

It took sixteen days travelling (during which I only killed a few bucks) before I reached the foot of the snow-capped Bighorn range; we then left our wagon and went into the mountains with pack ponies, and as I soon shot all the kinds of game the mountains afforded, I came out after two weeks, during which time I killed three grizzly bear, six elk (three of them have magnificent heads and will look well in the "house on the hill") and as many deer, grouse and trout as we needed for the table; after the first day I did not shoot any cow or calf elk, or any deer at all, except one buck that had unusual antlers, for I was more anxious for the quality than for the quantity of my bag. I have now a dozen good heads for the hall. Merrifield killed two bears and three elk; he has been an invaluable guide for game, and of course the real credit for the bag rests with him, for he found most of the animals. But I really shot well this time.

We met or heard of a dozen parties either of English or Eastern amateurs or of professional hunters, who were on the mountain at the same time we were; but not one of them had half the success I had. This was mainly because they hunted on horseback, much the easiest and least laborious way, while Merrifield and I, in our moccasins and buckskin suits, hunted almost every day on foot, following the game into the deepest and most inaccessible ravines. Then again, most of them would only venture to attack the grizzly bears if they found them in the open, or if there were several men together, while we followed them into their own chosen haunts, and never but one of us shot at a bear. Merrifield, indeed, who is a perfectly fearless and reckless man, has no more regard for a grizzly than he has for a jackrabbit; the last one we killed he wished to merely break his leg with the first shot "so as to see what he'd do." I had not at all this feeling, and fully realized that we were hunting dangerous game; still I never made steadier shooting than at the grizzlies. I shall not soon forget the first one I killed. We had found where he had been feeding on the carcass of an elk; and followed his trail into a dense pine forest, fairly choked with fallen timber. While noiselessly and slowly threading our way through the thickest part of it I saw Merrifield, who was directly ahead of me, sink suddenly to his knees and turn half round, his face fairly ablaze with excitement. Cocking my rifle and stepping quickly forward, I found myself face to face with the great bear, who was less than twenty-five feet off, not eight steps. He had been roused from his sleep by our approach: he sat up in his lair, and turned his huge head slowly towards us. At that distance and in such a place it was very necessary to kill or disable him at the first fire; doubtless my face was pretty white but the blue barrel was as steady as a rock as I glanced along it until I could see the top of the bead fairly between his two sinister looking eyes; as I pulled the trigger I jumped aside out of the smoke, to be ready if he charged; but it was needless, for the great brute was struggling in the death agony, and, as you will see when I bring home his skin, the bullet hole in his skull was as exactly between his eyes as if I had



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measured the distance with a carpenter's rule. This bear was nearly nine feet long and weighed over a thousand pounds. Each of my other bears, which were smaller, needed two bullets apiece; Merrifield killed each of his with a single shot.

I had grand sport with the elk, too, and the woods fairly rang with my shouting when I brought down my first lordly bull, with great branching antlers; but after I had begun bear killing other sport seemed tame.

So I have had good sport; and enough excitement and fatigue to prevent overmuch thought; and moreover I have at last been able to sleep well at night. But unless I was bear hunting all the time I am afraid I should soon get as restless with this life as with the life at home.

I shall be very, very glad to see you all again; I hope Moustekins will be very cunning; I shall dearly love her.

I suppose all of our friends, the unco good, are as angry as ever with me; they had best not express their discontent to my face unless they wish to hear very plain English. I am sorry my political career should be over; but after all it makes very little difference.

If any Englishmen named Tarqualn, Lee or Grenfell call, get Douglas or Elliott to do anything they can for them; I met them hunting.

Tell Douglas to write me when the last day of registry comes.

Your Loving Brother

THEE.

MEDORA, DAKOTA, April 22d, '86.

DARLING BYSIE: I got all of your letters in a bunch, and I need not say how glad I was to hear from you. Your Mexican trip must be pretty nearly ideal; from your description hardly any European trip would be as fascinating or through more curiously foreign and strange a land. The Janviers must be very pleasant and I hope they will turn out desirable additions to our limited list of "intellectual" acquaintances and further material for that far distant salon wherein we are to gather society men who take part in politics, literature and art, and politicians, authors and artists whose bringing up and personal habits do not disqualify them for society; where the clever women will neither dress too prismatically nor yet have committed the still graver crime of marrying dull husbands, and where the pretty women who know how to dress and dance will not have brains of the type of ——.

Why is it that even such of our friends as do things that sound interesting do them in a way that makes them very dull? The ——s are two fine looking fellows of excellent family and faultless breeding, with a fine old country place, four in hands, tandems, a yacht and so on; but, oh, the decorous hopelessness of their lives! The —— s could be very pleasantly portrayed, but in actual life they are as nearly impossible as any equal number of respectable civilized beings could be. —— is a fine looking, stalwart man, a gentleman who is taking part in politics, has a good taste for poetry, much general information and a great interest in sport; but, heavens, what a nightmare his companionship is! What perverse Providence made each of the —— boys with something indescribable but essential lacking in his mental outfit?

I have just returned from the Stockmen's Convention at Miles City, which thriving frontier town was for three days thronged with hundreds of rough-looking, broad-hatted men, numbering among them all the great cattle and horse raisers of the northwest. I took my position very well in the convention, and indeed these Westerners have now pretty well accepted me as one of themselves, and as a representative stockman. I am on the Executive Committee of the Association, am President of the Dakota Branch, etc., all of which directly helps me in my business relations here.

Have I not been quite a good correspondent so far? And before I received any letters, too.

Your loving brother

THEE.

Editor's Note—This is the first of four articles containing letters written by the late Theodore Roosevelt. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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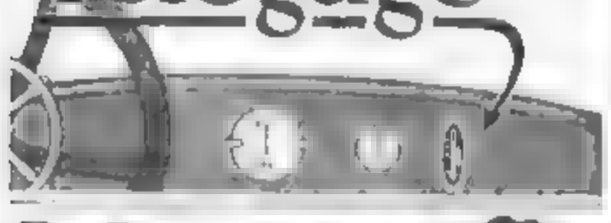

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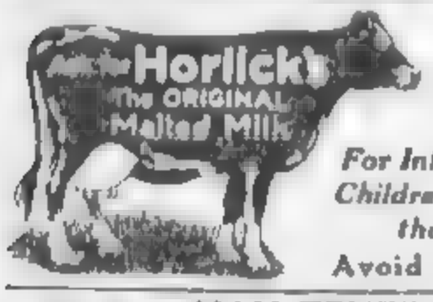

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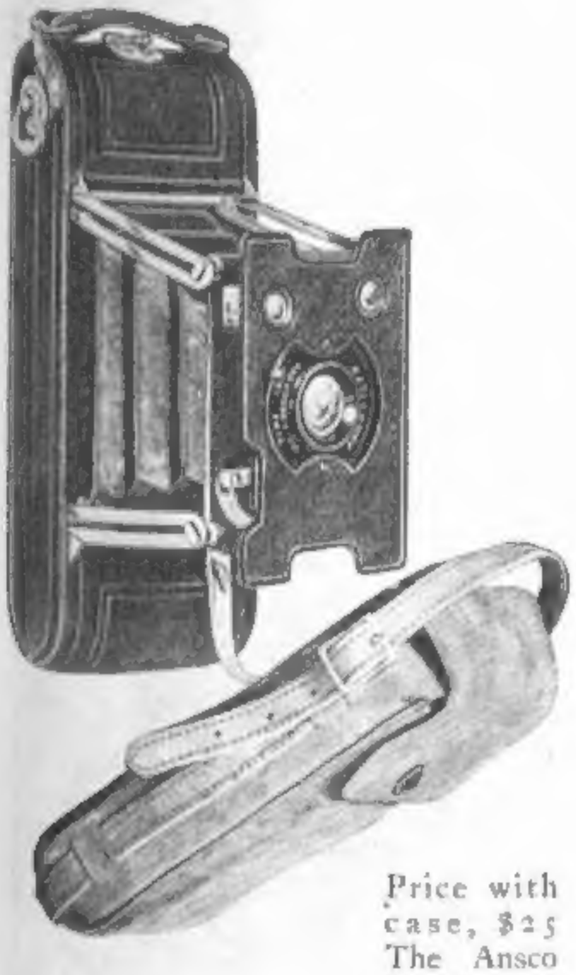

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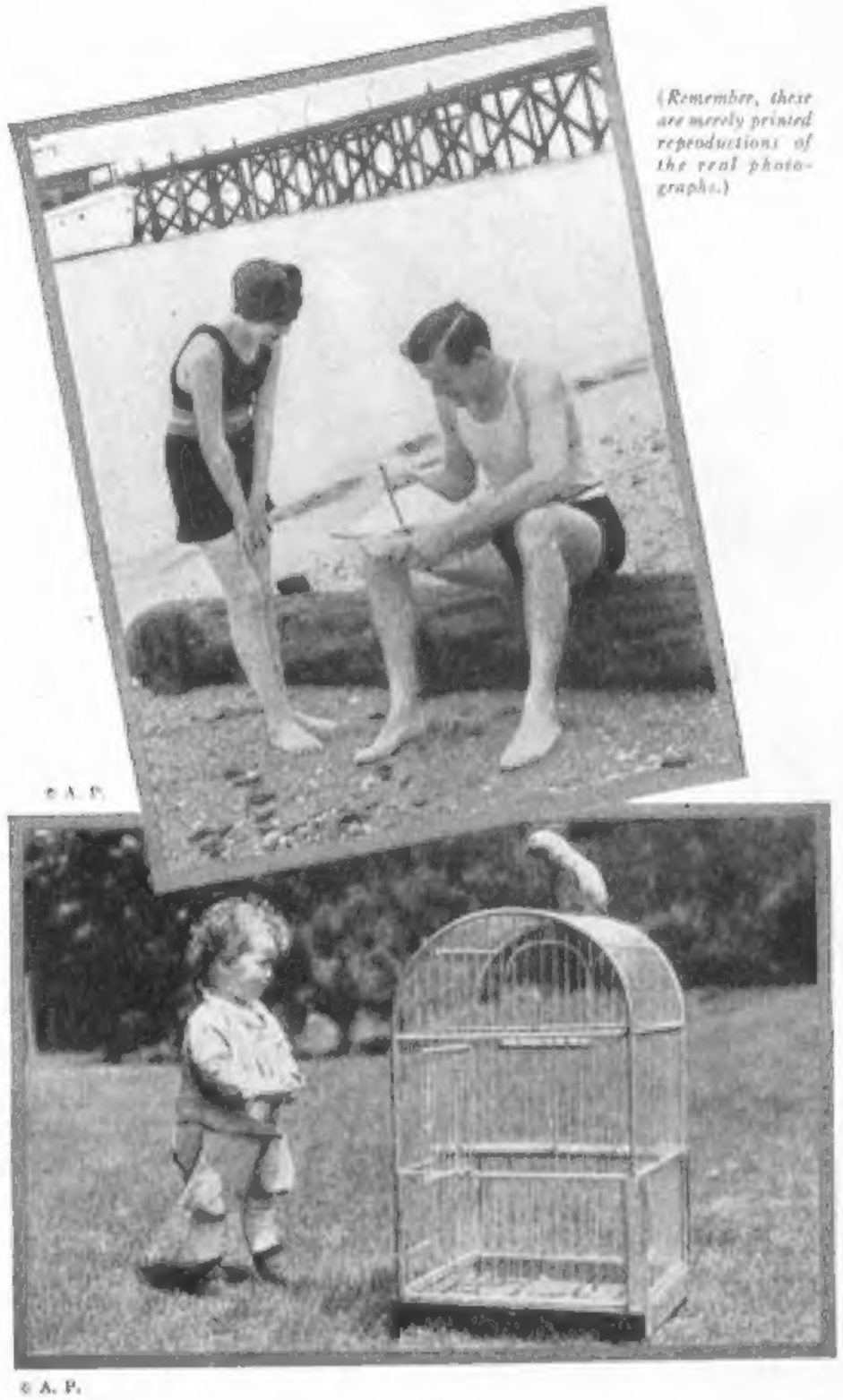
This camera is unlike any other camera you have ever tried. Three mechanical adjustments do your worrying for you. The Ready-Set is made for you to get good pictures regardless of your previous knowledge or experience in picture taking. That's why it gets the kind you always hoped you'd get before—and couldn't.

Because the universal focus in the Ready-Set "sets" your camera for you *ready to take the pictures you want*, it's the ideal camera for everyone to use. It has also a fool-proof, self-adjusting shutter which automatically makes the lens opening smaller or larger when you want time exposures or snapshots. The third improvement is two finders for horizontal and vertical pictures which make you get every detail you see in the finders.

If your camera dealer has not been advised of the latest improvements in cameras and hasn't an Ansco Ready-Set, send us twenty-five dollars and we will immediately send you one of these marvelous new cameras.



(Remember, these are merely printed reproductions of the real photographs.)

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A new kind of film

You don't have to worry about the light if you use Ansco Speedex Film. You don't have to be an expert. This film is made *for you as you are and the light as it is!*

With Ansco Film you take pictures as you always have taken them—in brilliant sunshine or in dull light. And after giving Ansco a fair trial compare the results with pictures you have taken in the past and see how much finer your Ansco ones come out!

Send a dollar for Ansco Film to try on your next pictures.

Illustrated catalog sent free on request.

Fits any make of camera

It's easy to get good pictures with

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

Emergency Coupon—Use only if your dealer cannot supply you.

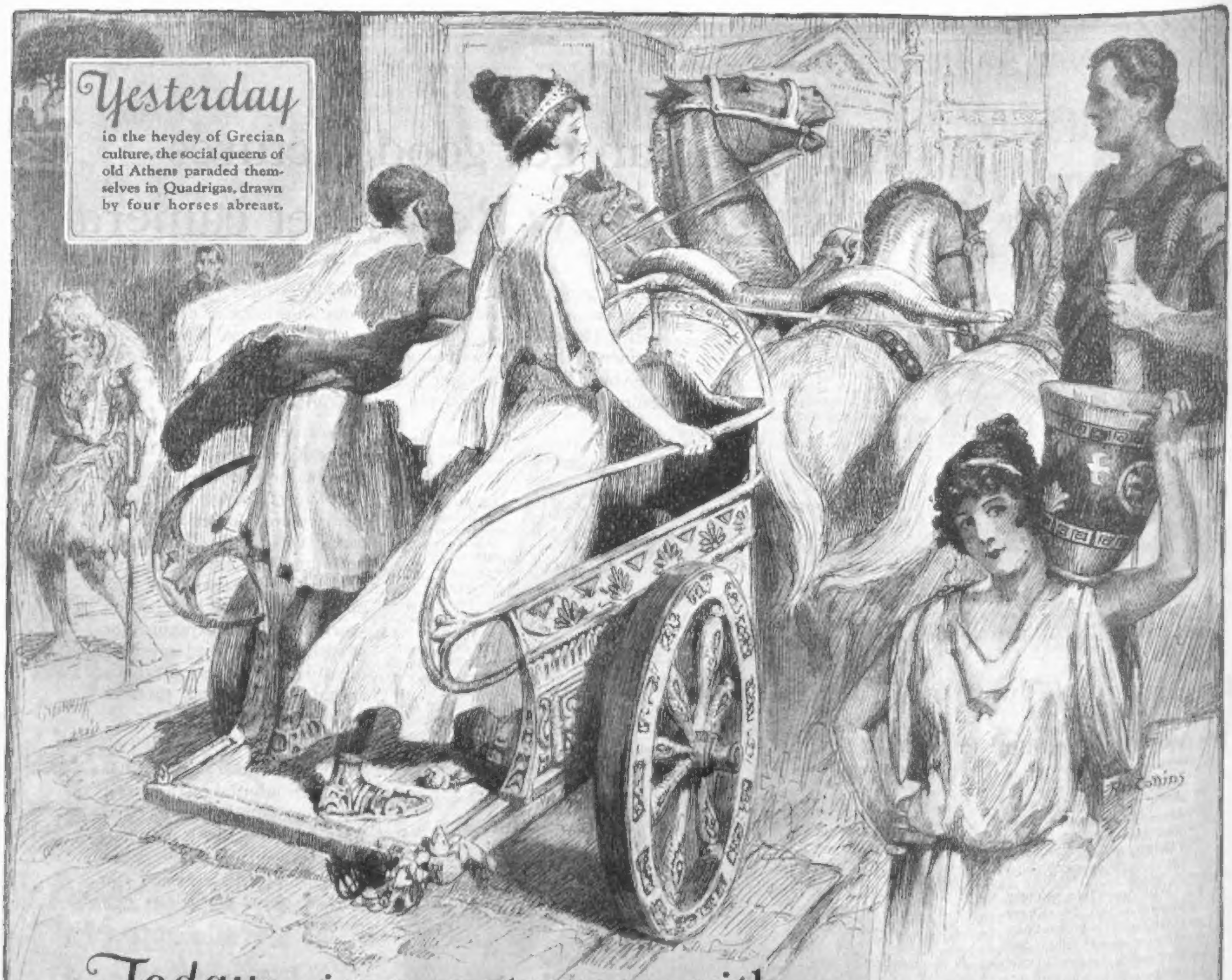
ANSCO PHOTOPRODUCTS, Inc.,
Binghamton, N. Y.
My dealer didn't have the new Ansco Speedex Film so I'm sending:
☐ One dollar for four rolls (3 rolls if size is 3¼ x 4¼ or larger) of Ansco Speedex Film.
☐ Twenty-five dollars for the wonderful Ready-Set.

Name _____
Address _____
Size of film _____ No. _____ Cam. Model _____

For Dealers

Pin your card or letterhead to this coupon for immediate information about the new Ansco Sales Plan.

S. E. P.—1-26


Yesterday
in the heydey of Grecian culture, the social queens of old Athens paraded themselves in Quadrigas, drawn by four horses abreast.

Today in a motor car with

Wilson *built* Body

. . . all the destinies of coachbuilding reach a brilliant climax of luxury. With modern tools and methods, the Wilson craftsmen hew the materials of their craft into long-lived coachwork of beauty, elegance and restful comfort. Building strength beneath charm. Cloaking quality in character. Coupling zeal and skill in their headwork and handwork. And withal, keeping ever mindful that the true art of coachbuilding is, after all, to enrich and ennoble the motor car's utility and serviceability.

C. R. WILSON BODY COMPANY, Detroit and Bay City, Michigan

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"But, DOROTHY, *salad forks go on the* INSIDE!"

Dorothy changed the forks with a start. She resented Mary's tone of mingled surprise and reproval. But she resented more the fact that she *didn't* know where the salad forks went. No wonder, either. There were no salad forks at home, nor bouillon spoons, nor many of the other beautiful things they used at Mary's house. Dorothy felt as though she had missed much—because her mother hadn't enough silverware.

Have you enough silverware of beauty and correctness?

DOES your silverware make possible correct and gracious serving at every family meal? Does it help your children to be so familiar with correct usage that good table manners are their natural inheritance?

Perhaps not! Even now you may be "getting along" with silverware that falls short of your taste and desire—all because you fear the expense of purchasing the necessary pieces.

But you need not fear it. In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you can complete your silver service at surprisingly little outlay. You may purchase in quantities as small as you desire the important niceties of table setting—bouillon spoons, salad forks, coffee spoons or serving pieces. Thus you may acquire, a little at a time, silverware whose beauty and durability will give you lasting satisfaction.

And when you need more pieces in the chosen pattern, you will be able to get them easily; for leading dealers always have the newer 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns in their stock.

May we send you a copy of our booklet U-90 "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense," with authoritative table settings made in the Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations? You will find it full of suggestions for successful entertaining. Write for it today.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Every big event in music is a reason for having a Victrola

Each season in succession new artists create a sensation through their portrayal of famous operatic characters and old favorites add to their multitude of admirers through their achievement of still greater artistic accomplishment. In the season just closed outstanding features were the performances of Victor artists. So it is year after year and has been for two decades. So it will be next year.

Victrola Instruments are made especially to reproduce the marvelous variety of Victor Records by the world's greatest artists, in twenty-one styles at from $25 up—all identified by the Victor name and trade marks.

© Underwood & Underwood

SCHIPA
Victor Artist

Schipa's Victor Records testify that here is a tenor who sings with ease of production, with lyric smoothness, yet with wholesome manliness, everything he does. A singer of original mind choosing to sing only what suits his voice and method, he is an excellent judge, as a hearing of the following of his records will show:

	Double-faced	
Granadinas Princesita	827	$1.50
Pagliacci—Serenata d'arlecchino Manon—Il Sogno	828	1.50
Barbiere di Siviglia—Ecco ridente in cielo Barbiere di Siviglia—Se il mio nome	965	1.50

© Townsend

WERRENRATH
Victor Artist

Werrenrath's baritone, clear, smooth and sympathetic is at its best today. He began early making records for the Victor Company and gained instant favor with the large Victor public. By sheer merit, he has won a place among the greatest in the Red Seal section, and that this was inevitable is amply indicated in the following:

	Double-faced	
Dreaming Alone in the Twilight Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses	843	$1.50
Story of the Rose Tell Me Daisy	846	1.50
Danny Deever On the Road to Mandalay	6360	2.00

© Mishkin

MELBA
Victor Artist

"Heavens, it's me!" was Melba's first comment on her first Victor Record. From that day to this she has never varied in her opinion. That Victor recording should have scored so great a triumph in so diversified a repertoire will be the more readily understood by listening to the following:

	Double-faced	
Rigoletto—Caro nome Traviata—Ah, fors' è lui	6213	$2.00
Faust—Air des bijoux Hamlet—Scène et Air d'Ophélie	6215	2.00
Good-Bye Oh, Lovely Night	6222	2.00

Victrola No. 50 (Portable)
$50
Mahogany or oak

Victrola No. 80
$100
Mahogany, oak or walnut

Victrola No. 215
$150
Mahogany, oak or walnut

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG U S PAT OFF

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.